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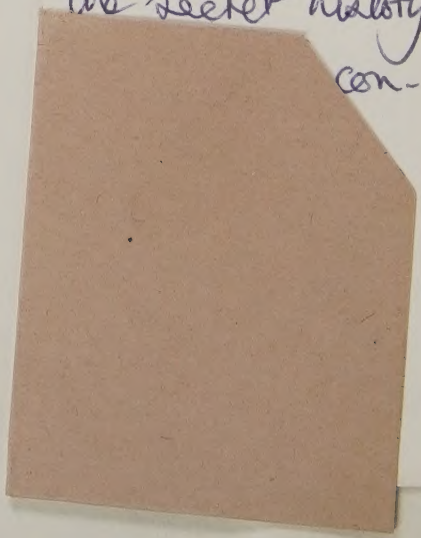

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF

THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY

ITS ORIGIN, OBJECTS, & RAMIFICATIONS.

BY

JOHN RUTHERFORD.

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THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

RECENT times have produced nothing of equal importance, which is so little known generally, or so much misunderstood, as what is called "The Fenian Conspiracy." As yet the subject has found no impartial historian. It is no longer, indeed, discussed by ephemeral writers; but the impression made by such writers still remains. This we think something more than unfortunate. In our opinion there are strong reasons why Fenianism should be fairly dealt with from a literary point of view, and adequately appreciated by Englishmen.

So far, those who have written of Fenianism have written to distort. The mere journalist, or magazine essayist, had little or no purpose save to be interesting. Among the indisputable facts that came under his notice, it was natural that he should prefer the sensational, receiving all else the while, that was not indisputable, with small hesitation, provided that it harmonized with his views and temperament.

As to the partisans who treated of Fenianism. It was

the purpose of antagonists to depreciate and throw ridicule over the whole affair, to make it out contemptible in its proportions, absurd in its projects, criminal in its motives, and sanguinary in its actions, in short, a thing as detestable and repulsive as it was insane. There is no end to the errors promulgated by such writers. For example, the *Quarterly Review* (January 1867) represents the Fenian organization as "an inconsiderable thing," and again, as "simply a sort of Jacquerie, an indefinite and fanatic rising against property, government, and law." In a similar spirit writes an Edinburgh reviewer (April 1868). "It was not till January 1865, that, reckoning on immediate war between England and America, the members of the Fenian Societies resolved to include Ireland, England, and its dependencies within the sphere of their operations. Accordingly, James Stephens and his band of organisers transferred their activity to Ireland, *which had, up till January* 1865, *been perfectly free from Fenianism.*"* After a few unimportant sentences, the reviewer adds—"Thus Fenianism, though a plant of seven years' growth in America, had only as many months' growth in Ireland."

As to the statements of the "Edinburgh" reviewer, it was proved beyond dispute, during the State trials of 1865 and the following years, that Fenianism had been in vigorous action in 1861. It was proved also, in the State trials of 1859, that Stephens had been disseminating his conspiracy so far back as 1855. So much for the "Edinburgh" reviewer; he is egregiously at variance with facts in his statements. And the assertion of the "Quarterly"

* The italics are our own.

reviewer is just as egregiously at variance with the action of the Government. From the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, late in 1865, up to June 1866, no fewer than seven hundred warrants were issued by the Government, and nine hundred arrests made. This of itself would be sufficient to prove the formidable nature of the conspiracy.

Nor are the statements of those who wrote on the side of Fenianism more trustworthy than the statements of their antagonists. For this there are various reasons. They wrote as advocates and apologists; not as narrators of simple facts. Even had they been disposed to relate things as they really happened, few of them could tell a complete narrative. The rank and file knew very little; and most of their leaders were confined to their respective districts or departments, beyond which their positive knowledge did not extend. Of course none of these could tell aught like the whole startling truth. And of those who could do it not one would. The best of them —the purest and most patriotic—were bound by the interests of the Brotherhood, to withhold many facts and to distort as many. And the more ignoble, while influenced by the like considerations, were compelled by their own interests, to far larger suppression and distortion, whenever they ventured into print.

A great number of leaders lived, and lived well, on the conspiracy. They had large fixed incomes; and they received far larger sums from the treasury, under the heads of "expenses" and "secret service money." These men were guilty of so many follies; they were personally so profligate

and profuse,—in short, they misused so much of the money drawn from the Irish people that, to such of them as survive, it is a matter of serious consequence, we might add, *of life and death*—to consign to oblivion, as far as they can, all precise information respecting their doings. With such people as these it was the fashion to assert that the organization was miserably poor, and that they themselves worked at the conspiracy under the greatest pecuniary difficulties. Statements more unfounded could not have been made.

In addition to the reasons we have given, there is another why the truth about Fenianism has not yet been laid before the public. The thing was dangerous. There was one man who, though not belonging to the Brotherhood, yet was nearly as well informed concerning it as the renowned Head Centres—for there were two—themselves. That man—a brilliant writer and a still more brilliant orator, the late Thomas d'Arcy Magee—did expose Fenianism and its chiefs, *to a certain extent*, with power and effect. He amazed and terrified the fraternity by his intimate acquaintance with their secrets and with the details of their organization, but still more by a boast—most imprudent as it proved, though very truthful—that he could learn all their projects within forty-eight hours of their formation. He exasperated the conspirators by the use he was making, and meant to make, of the information concerning them and their doings at his disposal. And *he died.*

When we say that little trust is to be reposed in anything that has been written of Fenianism, by Fenians, our

meaning has a limit. Every Fenian who wrote anything of the conspiracy in which he took part and of his share therein, wrote with a purpose and under circumstances which compelled him to suppress and distort. But though no reliance is to be placed on his statements as a whole, it must not be supposed that there is *no* truth at all in those statements; there is truth, and a good deal of it, therein, if one only knew how to get at and extract it from the mass of falsehood that surrounds it. Fortunately for those who possess this knowledge, and who desire to use it in studying the history of Fenianism, there is no single event of any importance in the whole conspiracy, from first to last, which has not been the subject of fierce literary discussion between bitterly hostile partisans. The two great branches of the conspiracy in Europe and America were eternally in rivalry; each of these branches was divided into factions, and the leaders of branches and factions were incessantly writing at and accusing one another, and eternally justifying themselves. There is no leading event which has not been described and explained by at least a dozen different people, each in his own way. The difficulty is to select from these rival accounts what is trustworthy on either side, and to reject what is untrustworthy. And, save under favourable circumstances, the difficulty would be insurmountable.

The judicious comparison of rival accounts by one who has watched the open events of the conspiracy—closely, impartially, and cautiously—may enable one to make some little selection with accuracy. But, in the majority of cases, coolness and judgment, coupled with

a knowledge of open events, will not assist us. Here we shall find opposing accounts very plausible, and equally plausible; for most of the leading Fenians were professional journalists—some of them able ones.

O'Mahony was a journalist; Savage was a journalist; Doheny was a journalist; O'Leary, Luby, Meehan, Kickham, Mulcahy, Meany, &c., &c., were all journalists. Stephens himself was a journalist; he had written for ultra-revolutionary journals in France, and he continued to write for ultra-national journals in Ireland, up to the establishment of his own journal, the *Irish People;* and after the establishment of the *Irish People* he took a large share in writing and conducting it. Even of those who were not journalists, there was hardly a man who could put three sentences together, in tolerable English, who did not write. And a good many who could not do this, yet could and did write, after their fashion.

The "itch for scribbling," indeed, was universal among the Fenians; and never was the plague developed in greater strength. Cluseret wrote; his Belgian, Italian, American colleague, Fariola, wrote; Ricard Burke wrote, in curious rhapsody for the most part; "Colonel" Thomas J. Kelly, of Manchester notoriety, wrote in thoroughly plebeian but inimitable style; even O'Donovan Rossa—that eminently truculent, vulgar, and illiterate demagogue wrote largely, handling the pen as with the rough paw of an unlicked bear, but always with coarse vigour and often with effect.

In the midst of so much adverse and equally plausible writing, it is impossible to exercise discrimination without adequate guidance. Such guidance has been ours. And

possessing this advantage, we have made the utmost use of it. Wherever we could, we have given the very words of the Fenians themselves. It would have been easier for ourselves, and our book would have read more agreeably, had we merely extracted the matter of these passages and clothed them with our own language. But, on due consideration—knowing well the people with whom we have to deal—knowing that Fenianism, though making little sign of existence, is anything but dead—knowing that its chiefs are unscrupulous and unprincipled in all that concerns their conspiracy, whatever they may be as men; knowing that the spirit of Fenianism is malignant and vindictive in the extreme towards its enemies, and that there is no weapon, lie, libel, pistol, knife, or bludgeon, to which it has not resorted in times past, and to which it is not ready to resort in times future, in the punishment of those who offend it—knowing that we make, as duty compels us, numerous statements of fact which cannot but prove terribly offensive to Fenianism—we guard ourself against unscrupulous contradiction and malignant lie and libel, as far as the thing can be done, by giving, wherever it is possible, the *ipsissima verba* of the Fenians themselves.

Should the actual words tend to damage reputations unsuspected of complicity with Fenianism, or of countenancing it, that is no affair of ours, beyond this:—It would be wrong in us to suppress them. Either they are true or false. If the latter, then the subjects will owe us an opportunity of stamping them as falsehoods in the face of the world. If they are not false, then true Englishmen will owe us something for enabling them to

appreciate more correctly certain personages. In giving these *ipsissima verba*, we have been careful to confine ourselves to such as have already been in circulation and received, so far as our knowledge extends, no authoritative contradiction.

We have tried to guard ourselves against lies and libels against ourselves. We have also done our best to avoid lies and libels against others. There is another risk attached to our task. It is not safe to write of Fenianism, except from a Fenian point of view. The last is a risk that we could not avoid. If we have disregarded it in the course of our task, it is not because we have underrated it.

Perhaps no country ever offered greater opportunities to a daring conspirator than the Ireland of the past generation. The Celtic race, forming the vast majority of its people, was thoroughly disaffected. It hated the Saxons and their institutions with an intensity which is hardly comprehensible to a stranger. It had been habituated to conspiracy for centuries; and O'Connell's prolonged agitation had excited all the vengeful memories and all the national aspirations and passions of his countrymen to the fiercest extreme. Then, all over the country there was spread a net-work of Ribbon lodges. The name might vary in the various provinces, but the thing was always and essentially the same. We therefore may fairly include all these lodges, which extended from Belfast to Bantry, and from Castlebar to Carlow, under the general term "Ribbon." Between them there was a general connection, they had common aims and like modes of operation; but

it required an extraordinary crisis, and leaders of commanding character to stir them to simultaneous action. Sometimes provincial circumstances would band the lodges of a province for a period; sometimes an individual of exceptional energy and daring would excite half-a-dozen districts and keep them in semi-rebellion for a couple of seasons, or, it might be, years. But, in the one case, the crisis would quickly pass; in the other, the leader would be captured, sooner or later; and, in either case, things would revert, without much noise or result, and in comparatively short spaces, to their former state.

And that state would be something as follows:—The lodges would still continue in existence, each numbering from fifteen to thirty members, according to local circumstances, and of these circumstances, not the least influential would be the number which the most convenient tap-room could accommodate. They would continue to perform the work for which they had been established. This work was of many kinds. Ribbonism was a league, offensive and defensive, against the Saxon and the Orangeman; it protected the interests of the artisan and the peasant, being largely a trades-union; it intimidated grasping employers, harsh landlords, and their agents, and carried on ceaseless warfare with excisemen, and it punished delinquents. The word "delinquent," in the mouth of a ribbonman, was one of wide significance. It meant offenders beyond the Society, and offenders within the Society. Now, though the lodges were formed, in part at least, to oppose the Orangemen—the latter, as a body, were by no means regarded as delinquents. Without the Orangeman, a principal *raison*

d'etre of the Ribbonman would cease to exist. Therefore the Ribbon lodges did not pursue Orangemen with any especial vindictiveness. The members of the former railed at their opponents, and engaged in riot with them, now and then; but the latter was rather as a pleasant excitement than by way of fierce warfare. These things apart, both associations lived and let live, much as other people. It was only when some individual Orangeman showed himself intolerably aggressive and prying that he was dealt with as the employer, agent, or landlord who disregarded the customary three notes of warning.

The delinquent proper belonged either to the Society, or to the classes over which it claimed to exercise control. Within the sphere of that control were included all the lower orders of the "ould blood" and "ould Creed," to be protected or punished according to circumstances. Ribbonism, too, had an eye to see, and a terribly strong arm to strike many offences of which the law takes no notice. Those whom Ribbonism condemned were punished according to the nature of their offence; they were fined, exposed to ignominy—this being a relic of the good old times, which English law gave up with the pillory—beaten with more or less severity, and put to death. Individual lodges had power to deal with small offences; crimes esteemed capital by Ribbonism were the subject of wider investigation. Delegates from various lodges met and considered the thing in all its bearings. Sentence being pronounced there were various methods of executing it. If the punishment was likely to excite active inquiry on the part of government, as when inflicted on an in-

former or a landlord, much precaution was observed. The assassin was chosen by a distant lodge, despatched to the scene, and provided with every facility for effecting his purpose. In this he was not hurried; he was allowed a week or two to enjoy himself in his new quarters, which he did to the top of his bent. The deed done, he was smuggled out of the country. Neither the executioner of Ribbon Law, nor the class to which he belonged regarded the act as aught but honourable. In their eyes, it was a piece of necessary justice, a thing the execution of which was essential to their well-being; and as it was attended with danger, he who wrought it was regarded as a sort of hero. It is a subject on which a stranger can seldom induce an Irishman to open his mouth. The thing, however, can be done; and when it is done, it is really astonishing to hear how pointedly and vigorously—even passionately—the murders perpetrated by order of Ribbonism are justified.

Should the offence to be punished by Ribbonism be neither political, agrarian, nor one affecting a trade, inquiry is more limited and execution less carefully prepared.

Here one instance will be worth pages of disquisition. We give one; it occurred under our own observation, and we knew the parties chiefly concerned. It was many years ago, in our early youth; but the incident made an impression on our memory that cannot be effaced; we recollect the details as vividly as though it were but yesterday.

In the town of —— situated in the West of Ireland, there dwelt a widow and her daughter, of good class, but narrow means. She managed to eke out these by letting

furnished lodgings, educating her daughter more in accordance with what had been than with what was. At sixteen, Ellen G——, pretty, amiable, and retiring, as well as highly trained, was one of the most attractive girls of the place. Her suitors were numerous: but she accorded small favour to any. At length a distant relative, of the "ould blood and creed," like herself, became the tenant of the widow's apartments. He was a young man of showy person, insinuating manners, and profligate habits. Not an open profligate; he had brains enough to know that open licentiousness limits its owner's powers of mischief, but one of the quiet dangerous order, otherwise Mrs G—— would not have admitted him beneath her roof. He remained long enough to effect his purpose, the seduction of Ellen, then he quitted the house. More than that, he boasted of his success, and refused to make reparation.

The case was a gross one: the widow and her daughter were generally pitied, and the seducer as generally condemned. The Ribbon lodges of the locality took the matter in hand. In a very short period the seducer received a note, ordering him to undo the mischief he had done, by marrying his victim. This notification he disregarded, as he did a second and a third of like import. But, though disobeying them, the gay Mr X—— knew that these mandates were not to be despised. He looked well to his goings and his comings, he selected his paths and ordered his hours, and he always went armed to the teeth.

Four or five weeks went by, and people began to forget the affair, particularly as the mother and daughter had left the town. One Sunday evening—we remember

it well—the weather was remarkably fine; it was after church time, just as it began to gloom in early autumn. We must explain that the favourite evening promenade of the people of —— lay through, or rather round, the centre of the town, which was traversed by a broad river connecting a neighbouring lake with the not distant sea; and this river was crossed by two bridges. The bridges might be half a mile asunder, and the streets adjoining were spacious and well built, by far the handsomest of the town. "Round the Bridges"—old denizens of —— will remember the phrase—was, we repeat, the favourite evening walk; the circuit might, perhaps, be twelve furlongs or thereabouts.

On this particular Sunday evening it was alive with well dressed people of both sexes and all ages—ourselves among the throng, with two companions of our own age. As we sauntered slowly along down R—— Street, we were passed by the gay Mr X——, walking at his usual pace, towards his lodgings in the same street. Immediately afterwards there passed three young men, whom we also knew, walking somewhat faster. The three soon came up with X——. Then—almost simultaneously—we saw three rapid blows dealt, and heard a dull sickening sound. X—— fell at once. His assailants threw their bludgeons over the houses and ran off. The street was full of people, many of whom saw the whole; but no attempt was made to arrest the assassins. X—— was raised and borne to his lodgings: he still breathed, but he never spoke again, hardly groaned. He was dead before morning, his skull having been beaten in.

We hurried home to relate what we had seen; but hardly had we got through the opening sentences when a hand was laid upon our lips, and we were ordered to be silent about the matter, under the sternest penalties. It was the same with our companions; the same, indeed, with all the town.

Everybody knew the reason of the murder and its perpetrators. The latter designated themselves by disappearing, without any other apparent reason, but everybody regarded the thing as a punishment, a little too severe it might be, but still merited by the conduct of X——. The story is a fair illustration of Ribbonism in one of its least noticed but not least important aspects.

These Ribbon lodges, then established over Ireland, in connection with one another, though for the most part confining their activity to their respective neighbourhoods, and affiliating all the youths of the "ould blood and creed," as they grew up, presented an admirable field to an able conspirator. Nor were they confined to Ireland. The Celtic emigrant carried with him, particularly to America, his predilection for secret association, and established Ribbon lodges wherever he settled in the New World, one of the most notable being "The Shamrock," with its headquarters in Brooklyn, New York.

He carried with him something more, hatred of the Saxon, undying sense of wrong, passionate desire for vengeance, and the hope of triumphant return to his country —if not in his own person, at least in the persons of his children. Speaking in the House of Commons, in July 1848, Mr Grattan, member for Meath, related the follow-

ing anecdote:—"Being in one of the Irish seaports, in 1847, I entered into conversation with a man about to emigrate to America. I advised him to remain at home. 'No, sir,' said he, 'I will go to the Land of Liberty.' 'But, consider your sons,' was my reply. 'Oh! they will come back,' was the response; '*and when they do come back, it will be with rifles on their shoulders.*' We have ourselves heard many similar speeches.

Such was the state of Ireland thirty years ago. The bulk of the population was organised, as we have stated, in a way to keep alive all the memories of wrong and oppression accumulated by seven hundred years, all the hate engendered of these wrongs, and above all, the hope of national independence. The last, indeed, was a passion, rather than an aspiration, with all the Irish of aboriginal descent. It was an ever-burning flame in their hearts. And care was taken to feed that flame, from time to time, with appropriate fuel.

There is a little pamphlet exceedingly popular in Ireland. In England you need not expect to meet with it. In Ireland you will ask for it in vain at any respectable booksellers. It is vended by itinerants—pedlars, ballad-mongers, tinkers, &c.—*and only to customers of the right sort, "thrue Milesians."* It has been reprinted countless times since the middle of the seventeenth century. Its first appearance was of very much earlier date; so far back, however, have we been able to trace it in a printed form. This little book purports to contain the prophecies of St. Columkill.

The said prophecies relate to the conquest of Ireland in

the reign of Henry II., and to posterior events, down to the date of the particular edition of the tract which may fall into the reader's hands. Nor do they pause there: they pretend to forecast the future, until Ireland shall reach all the prosperity its people can desire. Of course every successive edition of the *brochure* contains matter which has not appeared before. But these additions do not at all shake the faith of the Irish people in its trustworthiness. They do not know the editor; the thing comes out unannounced and unexpected; it bears no name of printer or publisher; but it always appears at a time when it is sure to be eagerly read. We are old enough to remember that it was reprinted more than once, during the continuance of the Afghan War. It sold by tens of thousands at the critical periods of O'Connell's agitation. It exercised vast influence in 1782 and during the various Irish outbreaks that followed.

In short, the prophecies of Columkill come forth, or used to come forth, in seasons threatening perilously towards England. Its adherents believe that the original manuscript is preserved in some sacred spot; that three persons, and only three at a time, have access to it; that these three are bound by awful pledges never to reveal the secret of its concealment, save to their successors; that these successors are designated mysteriously and one by one, previous to the death of each of the former three; and that, when the prophecies are to be reprinted, the custodians are divinely warned, and as divinely instructed concerning the additions to be made to the forthcoming edition. Consequently the mass of

the Irish people repose implicit confidence in these prophecies. Therein all the past is mentioned in a way, metaphoric indeed, but still sufficiently clear to those acquainted with Irish history. Of the future the vaticinations are suitably vague. A severe struggle is predicted, with repeated victories to the English. In one of the copies which came under our notice, the dominant race was to win many battles and to drive the Irish before them "*as far as the Black pig walked.*" But in the end Ireland is to achieve the most signal success.

All this, it will be seen, is shrewdly calculated. Defeat may follow defeat; but the Irish are not thereby deterred from rebellion. They are taught to expect these defeats; without them they cannot hope for ultimate prosperity; through them only can they pass to triumph; the race to which they belong must sacrifice its multitude of martyrs, before it can produce its generation of conquerors. At the same time, the victory, though deferred, is certain. And the native Irish have already undergone so many reverses that the next struggle may be the one destined to fulfil their aspirations. Consequently they rush into that next struggle with all the vivacity of a valiant and unconquered race.

The influence exercised thirty years ago by the prophecies of St. Columkill was vast. In those days the great body of the Irish people was in all respects as were the lower classes in England and on the Continent, during the middle ages. Indeed, the only way in which the Ireland of the past is to be understood, is by looking upon it as a remnant of the middle ages. Those acquainted with

mediæval history know the exceeding power swayed i
the strange old time by so-called prophecies. There wa
a collection of such things attributed to a certain abbo
Joachim, which wrought enormous mischief. There wer
the prophecies of Malachi, which related to the popes, an
which were republished with additions at every fres
election—of course with the view of influencing it. Th
celebrated prophecies of Merlin were forged by a Saxo
with the view of exciting his countrymen against Norma
domination. And there were numerous similar compila
tions.

Besides, every season had its own peculiar sooth
sayings. Never did a popular rising take place for whic
the way had not been prepared by suitable prophecie
Indeed, the approved way of precipitating to ruin
detested ruler and his favourites, in the romantic ages, wa
by putting them into a prophecy of evil. Such thing
were mostly couched in rhyme, like the centuries of No
tradamus. So powerful were they in troublous times, an
so much dreaded by those in high place, that their com
position and dissemination were made capital offences a
over Europe. Our own old statute-books abound
enactments against them.

Some may pronounce this trifling—as if anythin
that sways a nation can be trifling. In itself th
thing may be absurd—the grossest of absurdities; b
so long as it is widely accepted, it is a power, an
must be taken into account in political calculation
Some of the greatest revolutions of which history te
have been largely promoted by absurdities. To gi

but a single instance, an absurdity—"Lilliburlero"—is said, with a good deal of truth, to have sung James II. out of three kingdoms. Considering all that has been effected by absurdities when accepted by races, we feel that we have not done amiss in giving a little attention to the prophecies of Columkill and their influence over the Irish.

It is the fashion to sneer at the leaders of '48 and their plot; at the former as rash idiots, at the latter as the most flagrant of follies. This is more than unfair; it is a folly in itself. Englishmen do not usually regard the conspirators of other countries than Ireland as lunatics, or treat them and the causes they advocate with contempt. For instance in their own eyes the Venetians of '48, and Daniel Manin their leader, were right altogether and heroic; while the Smith O'Brien of the same date, and his followers, were anything rather than right or heroic. Now, to those who knew the respective peoples and individuals, and who can compare them calmly, there is no very mighty difference apparent. We are ourselves no enthusiastic admirers of either, but of the two we cannot help thinking that the Irish plotters were the superior men. Not a few of those same much-censured Irishmen of '48 have distinguished themselves since. Several of them have won praise and even title from the government that prosecuted them as felons. While the Venetians of '48, with scarce an exception, have made no figure in Italy, or elsewhere since.

We in England used to speak of Fitzgerald and Emmet, as many of us still speak of their imitators of

half a century later. We have thrown off the former folly and now give Fitzgerald and Emmet their due. It would be wise, and generous, and politic, as well as wise and generous, to throw off the later folly also, and do the like justice to recent Irish conspirators. It should be remembered that those who oppose us are not always and necessarily in the wrong, and that Irish conspirators are not necessarily and invariably idiots and scoundrels, merely because they conspire against us. These conspirators were trusted of the Irish people; they are still deeply respected by that people, and every unjustly disparaging word that is uttered against them, and especially every sneer, is deeply felt. Every such word and sneer increases the animosity with which the Celtic race regards the Saxon race; it raises an additional obstacle to all real union between the races, and is, therefore, a grievous political error, the last being a thing which one who looked much more to the consequences of actions than to the actions themselves, pronounced—and from his point of view rightly—to be "worse than a crime."

The leaders of '48, with few exceptions, one of them a fatal exception, were able and daring, many of them brilliant; the times were propitious; and the means adopted were as well suited to the circumstances as they were audacious. There was no secret plotting, nor was there any necessity for it; all that had been done already. It remained only to give a suitable form to the organisation already existing, and to rouse the national spirit to the insurrectionary point. To effect these objects was not difficult, nor did the task require much time. The first was

done by the establishment of "clubs," which spread over the country with lightning speed. Fifteen such clubs, including two thousand members, were formed in the city of Cork within a single week. The second was effected as speedily by a series of fiery articles in the journals of "the Young Ireland" party, and by a series of still more exciting speeches delivered by scores of ardent and eloquent orators.

Nor was the aid of song rejected. The Irish are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of minstrelsy; and Thomas Davis, of *The Nation* newspaper, a true poet, with other poets as true, took skilful advantage of the peculiarity, flinging forth in profusion strains which, for lyric power, have few superiors. We are not very excitable ourselves, and the sentiments they contain differ much from those we cherish; but still there is that in such songs as "Fontenoy" and "Ninety-Eight," which, when they meet our eyes, and still more when they ring in our ears, carry us away with them in spite of ourselves. We can fancy then how powerful they must have been and must still be with men whose temperament and whose sympathies are more in harmony with them.

Thanks to stirring article, and speech, and song, a few months sufficed to urge the nation to the brink of rebellion. In all this there was none of that mystery observed which plotters consider indispensable. Everything of importance was wrought in the face of day. Seditious speech and article were published without reserve; weapons were sold openly in the market; and directions for preparing incendiary missiles and using

them with effect were openly printed and disseminated. Hardly a national journal appeared without a column of instruction on military science, suitable for Irish insurgents. Whatever else the rebellion of '48 contained, there was no lurking treachery therein.

We are no partisans of the men of '48; their political opinions are not ours; and we can see no necessity for Irish rebellion then or since. But we must be fair even to insurgents; and it is but right to say this much of the leaders of '48, that they were very frank and daring in their proceedings, that there was something which, if not chivalrous, was yet exceedingly like chivalry in their bearing. Nor were they so very unwise, except in points to be noticed immediately. There was revolution in full swing all over Europe; there was something like rebellion impending in England; there were dark clouds hanging over more than one important dependency, and there was the hope, we might say the certainty, of substantial aid from republics already established.

We need not remark that republicans, more than men of any other political creed, are prone to making converts. That has been shown over and over again. The Italian republics of past centuries did much towards their own ruin, by their endless attempts to revolutionise neighbouring states not governed as themselves. The French revolutionists of the eighteenth century exasperated all monarchical Europe by similar conduct. And the French republicans of 1848 could hardly have refrained from aiding the Irish republicans of the same date, had the latter made anything like a respectable appearance in arms. As to North Ameri-

can republicans, it was stated in the House of Commons by one who was no friend to republicanism, and the statement remained uncontradicted, that 1,000,000 dollars had been transmitted by the Irish in America in aid of the projected rebellion.

The very audacity of the Irish chiefs of '48 was another great point in their favour. The British Government had never before been called upon to deal with anything like it; it was utterly unprepared for the novel state of affairs; new laws had to be made to meet the exigency. All this took time; the government could only act according to law; it was a great advantage to the promoters of rebellion. But the latter made a most unfortunate selection in their chief. A gentleman in most essentials of the highest personal character, tracing his lineage back directly to the hero of Clontarf, Smith O'Brien had faults that far more than counterbalanced all these recommendations. He was childishly fond of pomp and show; he was vain and weak in the extreme; in many respects he was wrong-headed; apart from his physique, he had not one commanding quality. Such a leader would have ruined any plot.

Then his lieutenants—bold, energetic, and able, as most of them were—committed a grievous error. The outbreak ought to have taken place in the spring; they postponed it till the autumn. It must be allowed that they had reasons, apparently of great weight, for taking this course. The farmers and the peasantry, in whom consisted the strength of the intended insurrection, were averse to a struggle while the crops were still on the ground; it would have

been ruinous to many among them. But the harvest gathered, they were ready to rush into the fight with all the reckless dash of their race. The consideration thus forced upon the chiefs of '48 was an important one.

But similar considerations are perpetually forcing themselves upon statesmen and generals. Every crisis of war and peace is full of them; but it is not every leader who is qualified to estimate them at their just import, when weighed against other considerations. And of the few who possess the requisite accuracy and coolness of judgment, not every one has the firmness to decide according to his judgment, and to act instantaneously and energetically upon his decision.

Here time was a more important consideration than the harvest, and time was disregarded. The struggle was deferred till the close of the autumn. The government, forewarned and alarmed, had time for ample preparation. Troops were poured into Ireland and concentrated in masses, at all the strategic points; not a single weak detachment was exposed to the risk of surprise. War steamers lined the coasts, and enfiladed the principal thoroughfares of the leading seaports with their broadsides. Laws suited to the emergency were passed in haste. The more dangerous districts of Ireland were proclaimed under despotic law. Every measure, in short, was adopted that policy could dictate.

The outbreak took place three months at least too late. As might have been expected, it proved an utter failure. The probabilities against success were indeed so generally obvious that few, except the reckless and those who con-

sidered themselves bound in honour to appear in arms, would have anything to do with it. Most, if not all, the chiefs felt that the attempt would be vain, but they owed it to their sense of honour to make it, and many of them were already so deeply committed that the course, however desperate, could render their position worse, while there was a chance that actual rebellion might result in safety. The attempt was made—how, everybody knows; and here, for the first time, do we meet the noted leader of the Fenians, James Stephens.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY CAREER OF JAMES STEPHENS.

JAMES STEPHENS * was born at Kilkenny in 1824. He has no claim to ancient lineage, nor even to pure Celtic blood. He belongs to a mixed race, in which the Saxon predominates. In those days, at least, his relatives occupied but a low station, being most of them artisans, peasants, or very small farmers. His father, occupying about the best position of any, was an auctioneer's clerk, who possessed and cultivated a small holding of his own. We have reason to believe that he was educated a Protestant, and we know that many of his blood and name were Orangemen. The farming portion of his father's pursuits had much influence in moulding the prejudices of the son, since it rendered him familiar, from his cradle, with the leading Irish grievances—those connected with the land.

With Saxon solidity, energy, and reach of purpose, James Stephens inherited the quickness and ardour of the Celt. From his earliest days he was noted for his thirst for knowledge and his devotion to its acquisition. As it happened, his father was able to foster and direct his tastes, and the boy was saved from that which is so often the

* James Stephens, we believe, is still alive.

curse of genius—self-education, with its disjointed studies —things which so often hamper ability and baffle its aspirations. Method and a practical aim were given to his reading, with due effect. Displaying a marked preference for mathematics, pure and applied, it was determined to train him as an engineer. To qualify him for the pursuit, his scholastic education was prolonged to his twentieth year. At that age he obtained an appointment on the Limerick and Waterford Railway, then in the course of construction. So far, his studies and his avocations occupied all his time, and kept him aloof from politics.

The completion of the railway throwing him out of employment, he betook him to the Irish capital. It was precisely the period when the "Young Ireland" party was developing its fervour, and its brilliant advocates soon made a convert of the young engineer. He was not one to play the part of a mere automatic follower. He attended the meetings, spoke occasionally, and threw off a newspaper article now and then; but neither as a speaker or a writer did he display that sort of power which is most effectual in swaying the Irish mind. He was vigorous and argumentative, but not declamatory; mere declamation was not in harmony with his temperament. In after years he attained to something like it by study and practice; but a comparison of his speeches with those of such men as John Mitchell and Magee will show the difference between them.

When work was to be done, however, James Stephens had no superior. In preparing rebellion in '48, he was

one of the most active agents. He did his work very quietly and cautiously, so cautiously as to attract little or no attention from the authorities—but most ably and effectually. In establishing the "clubs," no one was more successful. While thus employed, he traversed most of the south of Ireland.

During one of his journeys he fell in love with a young woman who dwelt in the heart of Tipperary. The wooing was a short one. Feverish times heat other passions besides that of patriotism, and perhaps more warmly in Irishwomen than in Irishmen. Stephens' occupation, and the perils in which it involved him, gave him a sort of heroism in the eyes of a female sympathiser. Besides he was very prepossessing—with the graceful Celtic figure and the smooth bright Saxon face—and most persuasive. The passion was mutual. An engagement was formed at once. The marriage was to follow the impending struggle, which neither doubted would be successful.

Hitherto Stephens had held but a very subordinate position in the conspiracy; he was merely the lieutenant of deputy-lieutenants. Some short time before the catastrophe he was lifted to a higher rank—one which stood him in good stead when, in after years, he took upon himself the part of leading conspirator. The accident which brought him to the front deserves notice. In June '48, Smith O'Brien quitted Dublin and went south, with various objects, the leading one being to avoid arrest until the gathering of the harvest should set him free to begin the war. The idea, it need not be said, was preposterous in the extreme. It was condemned by his confederates;

but such was their respect for his stainless character, and their love for his person, that they gave way to his wrong-headedness. In the south he was perpetually shifting his quarters.

At this juncture important despatches had to be transmitted to him from Dublin, and a devoted partizan—one who afterwards shared his fate—was chosen to bear them. This person, Patrick O'Donohoe, followed his chief to Kilkenny, where he lost the track. Applying for information to one of the local clubs, his bearing led its directors to suspect that he was a spy and they took him into custody. After a long debate it was decided, to prove his sincerity by sending him to O'Brien under arrest. Two members of the club were selected to act as escort, receiving directions to deal summarily with the prisoner should he attempt to escape. Of these two Stephens was the principal. O'Donohoe being a true man, desired nothing better than to be led to O'Brien, and gave the escort no trouble on the way. Still, there were risks attending the excursion, and these were so cleverly evaded and surmounted by Stephens, as to win the high approval of O'Brien when the story was told. The character and attainments of the man deepened the favourable impression which the story of his adventure made upon his chief. Clearly he was out of place in the obscurity of the Kilkenny club, and O'Brien at once attached him to his person as—not exactly secretary or aide-de-camp, but something of both. During the few days that he held this appointment, Stephens made the acquaintance of two men, who afterwards distinguished themselves in America,

as he did in Ireland. These were Michael John Doheny and John O'Mahony. The former we shall describe a little further on. The latter was a young man much about the age of Stephens, but widely different in all other respects except political opinions. O'Mahony was a man of some property and long descent, tracing his lineage in a direct line back to the princes of the south. He was a pure Celt.

On the 28th of June, four days after the arrival of Stephens, a council was held by the leaders around O'Brien. Circumstances were then nearly desperate. In vain the chief was urged to give the signal for an immediate rising, he was not to be moved from his original resolve. The consequence was, most of the councillors quitted him, to see what they could do on their own account. Doheny and O'Mahony were among the seceders; Stephens, who it is admitted foresaw the result, remained to share the fortunes of O'Brien.

The affair of Ballingarry took place the next day, the 29th. During the flight Stephens received a slight wound on the thigh, while attempting to cross a ditch. He fell and rolled to the bottom, where he lay still. This was observed by the advancing policemen, who believing him dead passed on without heeding him further. So also thought his friends, and the report of his death was quickly spread far and wide. A paragraph, purporting to relate his funeral, appeared shortly afterwards in a London newspaper, and, along with the report, did much to further his escape.

The reputed dead man lay still for an hour or more

until the place was deserted, then, having bandaged his wound, he hastened away. Meeting a peasant some short distance from the spot, he easily induced him to an exchange of clothes. His purpose was to join O'Mahony, who was at large among the neighbouring mountains collecting the peasantry. First, however, he could not resist the temptation to waste some valuable hours in characteristic fashion. He hastened off to pay a visit to the lady of his love. After several narrow escapes from capture he reached the house, where he remained in concealment for three days. His reception was all that he could desire. On the fourth morning, he was apprised that information of a rebel being there in hiding had reached the authorities, and that the place was about to be searched. He departed at once, made a long and toilsome journey, and spent the following night under a hedge, with a drunken tinker for companion. Several romantic adventures are told of him at this period, but as the anecdotes rest on no good authority, and, besides, do not agree with the character of the man, we omit them.

On the 5th of August he fell in with Doheny, who was to be his comrade for more than six weeks of ceaseless wandering, wild adventure, and hair-breadth escapes. Doheny was a man of peasant race, with good ability and great strength of character, who had educated himself and won a reputation as a lecturer. Of enthusiastic temperament, he was a thorough patriot, as the word was understood by the Irish leaders of '48. He was unselfish and honest, and where unbiassed by his enthusiasm, high-minded too. Outwardly, he was not much favoured by nature.

He is thus photographically described in the Irish "Hue and Cry" of the day. "Michael John Doheny, barrister, age about forty, height 5 feet 8 inches, sandy hair, grey eyes, coarse red face like that of a man given to drink, high cheek-bones, wants several of his teeth, very vulgar appearance, peculiar coarse unpleasant voice, small red whiskers, dresses respectably." But the man with the "peculiar coarse unpleasant voice, coarse red face, and very vulgar appearance," was brave, resolute, and full of energy and resources. His career contrasts favourably with that of more than one of his associates of far more prepossessing person. We may add that he possessed a fluency of expression which he often mistook for eloquence, and poetic tastes which he misconstrued as often into poetic genius.

Stephens continued to wander with Doheny all through August and until September was nearly spent. During a portion of this time Doheny at least persisted in hoping against hope, that the rebellion had only hung fire for a time, and that — the harvest well garnered—it would burst forth with all the strength of his wishes. Whether Stephens shared his opinions on this point or not we do not pretend to say. One thing is certain, the elder man swayed the younger absolutely during their companionship. Their journeys were incessant the while—they were always afoot, shifting and doubling—at first to avoid capture until the expected rising should place them at the head of an army, and, when all hope of that had vanished, until an opportunity of escaping to another land should present itself.

None of the experiences of the fugitive pair warranted the wild hope with which Doheny started. They were always in difficulties as regards food and shelter; they seldom dared to spend two nights in the same locality. The peasantry were overawed, and frequently repelled them from their doors; even where they encountered friends, the latter, for the most part, trembled to receive them. As to raising even a score of men in arms, the thing was out of the question. They had nothing for it but ceaseless flight, with privations and fatigues as endless.

"It was Sunday," writes Doheny,* a fortnight after Stephens had joined him; "the cold and wet of the preceding evening had given way to calm and sunshine; and we made rapid way along the slopes of the Comeraghs, thence to the Knockmeildown mountains, having one main object in view, to place the greatest possible distance between where we were to rest that night, and where we last slept. The greatest difficulty we experienced was in passing deep ravines. The steep ascent and descent were usually wooded and covered with furze and briars. Far below gurgled a rapid and swollen mountain stream, which we crossed without undressing, and always experienced the greatest relief from the cold running water. But toiling our upward way through trees and thorny shrubs was excessively fatiguing."

A second passage recounts an experience of another kind. The circumstance, it may be explained, occurred towards evening, after many hours of travel. "We hoped to find refreshments in a small public-house on

* *Felon's Track*, New York, 1849.

the road leading from Clogheen to Lismore. I entered the house rather hurriedly, and the first object that met my view was a policeman. I turned quickly round and disappeared. The rapidity of my movement attracted his attention, and calling to his comrades and some countrymen who were in the house, commenced a pursuit. At first they appeared little concerned, but walked quickly. We accordingly quickened our pace when it became a regular chase, which continued four miles, until we disappeared in the blue mists of the Michelstown mountains, as night was falling around us. When we saw our pursuers returning we ventured to descend, and entered a cabin, where we found a few cold half-formed new potatoes and some sour milk, which we ravenously devoured. I do not ever remember enjoying a dinner as I did this. My comrade, who had suffered much from illness, was unable to eat with the same relish. It was night when we had finished our repast, and we set off in search of some place where to lay our heads. We met several refusals, and succeeded with great difficulty at last in a poor cabin."

Next day it rained incessantly, but they pursued their way over the Kilworth mountains, being anxious to get as far as possible from their pursuers. In the dusk of the evening they crossed the river Funcheon, by means of a tree, which, half uprooted by the flood, hung over the stream. Climbing the tree they dropped from the branches into the shallow water near the opposite bank.

They often found themselves at a loss respecting the position of places and the paths to follow. On such occa-

sions, writes Doheny, "we would call in at the nearest national school to make the necessary observations on the map. Sometimes we examined the children, sometimes the master; generally one of us was so employed while the other was noting down carelessly on the map the points of observation to direct our path. Thus they went along. "When we found we were traced and discovered," remarks Doheny, "our first care was to consider how our enemies would be likely to judge respecting our future movements. If we had reason to suspect that we were recognised on a mountain, we sought shelter in or near a town; and after we appeared in a public place for a day or an hour, we kept the mountain side for a week following."

Yet it was not altogether for the sake of safety that they kept so ceaselessly afoot, and, by preference, among the mountains. "We had another and, it must be confessed, a more powerful motive. In either alternative which our fate presented (capture or escape), there was no hope of beholding these scenes again, and we could not omit this last opportunity of minutely examining and enjoying what was grandest and loveliest in our native land. We resolved therefore to leave no spot unvisited, whatever toil it cost or risk it exposed us to."

They kept their purpose, traversing all the more magnificent scenes of the South, from Tipperary to the extremity of Kerry. They climbed to the summit of Cairne-Tuthal, and they skirted the lakes of Killarney, for days crossing morass and stream by primitive means, often in great peril of capture,—often experiencing disheartening rebuffs where they had reason to anticipate something very

different. On one occasion, when hardly pressed, sharply hunted, and exhausted for lack of food, they resolved to seek the aid of a priest who dwelt in a lonely mountain gorge some miles distant.

"We descended the eastern slope of the hill, and after proceeding some distance through corn fields and meadows, we reached the mansion of the clergyman, wayworn and half-famished. He whom we sought had won a character for truth, manliness, and courage, and we calculated upon his unrestrained sympathies, if not generous hospitality. He was absent from home when we reached his door, and we waited his arrival for more than an hour, and through delicacy for his position, we remained concealed in a grove some distance from his house. He at length appeared, and I proceeded alone to meet him and make known my name. He started involuntarily, and retreated a few steps from me. After repeating my name for a few seconds, he said, 'Surely you are not so unmanly as to compromise me?' I replied that so sensible was I of the danger of committing him, that I refused to enter his house, though we all, and particularly my female companion,* sadly needed rest and shelter. After some time he began to pace up and down in front of his door, repeating at every turn that it was indiscreet and dishonourable to compromise him. Among the many trials to which fate had doomed me through hours of gloom, of peril, and disaster, and even during reveries of still darker chances,

* At this period the fugitives were accompanied by the sister-in-law of Doheny, who was exposing herself to much danger in order to secure their escape.

which fear or fancy often evoked, I never felt a pang so keen as that which these unfeeling words sent *through my heart.*"

Doheny then allowed his indignation to master him. He bitterly reproached the priest as "one of those who had urged them to their fate," giving them "every assurance that, in any crisis, they would be at their side," —merely to abandon them when the crisis came. The priest replied by directing them how to recross the mountains by another route, and closed his door in their faces. "His table and sideboard bespoke abundance and frequent merry makings," remarks Doheny bitterly, "but we turned towards the mountain, hungry and exhausted, without being asked to taste food or drink. It was already evening. Dense masses of fog had gathered on the hill, and lurid streaks, spreading far out on the sea, portended a night of storm and gloom. However, we had no resource save to regain the house where we had slept two nights before, and which we supposed might be distant about seven miles."

All, however, were not like the priest—notably "a man of giant frame and noble features!" squatting among the mountains near Kenmare—a mysterious personage with the look and habits of an outlaw, who treated them hospitably to the wild delicacies of the wood and stream, who gave them his son to guide them when they departed, and who astonished them by mentioning Doheny's name in his emphatic directions to the youth—the owner of the name being unable to guess how his host had learnt it.

During this wild career they met with many singular

characters, several of which seem rather to belong to the wilds of Transylvania than to the Ireland of '48. Near Glengariff they took shelter in a wretched hut, just over the bay, within a mile of a much frequented hotel—but here again we must quote—though we confess we hardly like Mr Doheny's style, often wanting as it is, in correctness and precision.

"We had not during our wanderings met two such characters as this man and woman, nor had we taken shelter in so extraordinary an abode. They had a single child, a girl about five years old, whose dark eye and compressed lip already evinced the presence of those terrible passions which had burned deep channels along the brow and cheek of her mother. The cabin was ten feet square, with no window and no chimney. The floor, except where the bed was propped in a corner, was composed of a sloping mountain rock, somewhat polished by human feet and the constant tread of sheep, which were always shut up with the inmates at night. The fire, which could be said to burn and smoke but not to light, consisted of heath sods dug fresh from the mountain side. A splinter of bog wood, lurid through the smoke, supplied us with light for our nightly meal. The tea was drawn in a broken pot and drunk from wooden vessels, while the sheep chewed the cud in happy indifference. They were about twelve in number, and occupied the whole space of the cabin between the bed and the fireplace. In that singular picture the figure of the woman stood out bold, prominent, and alone, absorbing, in its individuality every character of the entire. Neither she nor her husband

could be said to wear any dress. Neither wore shoes, or stockings, or any covering whatever on the head; some shreds of flannel which might once have borne the shape of drawers, a tattered shirt of unbleached linen, with an old blanket drawn uncouthly around his waist and shoulders, completed the costume of the man. His wife's was equally scant and rude, but so arranged as to present the idea that even in her breast the sense of fitness, the last feeling of froward womanhood, was not quite extinguished. The squalid rags and matted hair, by a single touch of the hand, a gesture, or a shake of the head, assumed such a shape as she fancied would display to the greatest advantage what remained of a coarse and masculine beauty. The consciousness that she once possessed such beauty fired at once her heart and her eye. Her feet and ancles, rudely tested by flinty rocks and many a winter's frost, were faultless; her step was firm; her form erect and tall; her hair black as ebony; her features coarse but regular; her brow lofty but furrowed and wrinkled; and her terrible eye dilated with pride, passion, and disdain. Her lip's slight curl, or a shade of crimson suddenly suffusing her dark complexion, bespoke her feelings towards her husband. He was her slave, her drudge, her horror, and her convenience. Her ruling idea was the wish to have it understood that the match was ill assorted and compelled by necessity; though the last idea bespoke a youth of shame. The child alone was dressed, and with some care, as if she wished to assert its claim to a superior paternity, or better destiny. Among the predominant passions which swayed her, avarice seemed uppermost; and she

scowled ominously on her stupid husband whose rigid impassable stolidity seemed impervious to all prospects and chances of pleasure and of gain."

During the intervals of an alarming conversation between this curious pair, of which himself and his comrade formed the subject, Doheny jotted down on the backs of some old letters, a song of six long stanzas. The composition, which he gives at length, is little more than a string of sounding common places, with similar imperfections of style to those which disfigure his prose. Nevertheless, it shows the writer's coolness and powers of mental concentration. It was a habit of his, when in ugly circumstances, to burst like this into fits of rhyme.

From this delectable retreat the friends were released at daybreak, and not a moment too soon, by a messenger who hurried them away as rapidly as he could from the stolid husband and his treacherous "Finey"—a name which the woman had earned among her neighbours by her misplaced airs of haughtiness and superiority.

During all these wanderings, Stephens is described as manifesting the most astonishing coolness, never complaining, though his track was often marked with blood, but always doing his best to cheer Doheny with song and jest. Once, indeed, he broke down, but the cause was sufficient. Through all this trying time, the pair contrived to maintain communication with their friends. Their safety was mainly due to their command of money, and with this essential they were supplied from time to time, as well as with letters, through sure channels. It was towards the close of their vagabond life, and when they

were expecting hourly to hear that the means of flight to another land had been secured for them. They awaited the next messenger and the letters he was to bring with much anxiety. He came at last, reaching them after many twists and turns, and delivered his charge into eager hands. Doheny's letters were satisfactory; not so those of Stephens. "My companion's," writes the narrator of this trying period of their lives, "was a sad, sad blow. Where he had most trusted on earth (the lady of his love) his application had been coldly received, and his most unlimited confidence utterly disappointed. Money was forwarded to him from other sources, but the spirit that braved every disaster up to that broke under disappointed affection and blighted love. For some time he refused to take another step, but, yielding himself up to the agony of his shattered feelings, he ardently desired to abandon a struggle involving nothing but the life he no longer desired to save. From my knowledge of the country and other resources, he regarded my chances of escape as favourable, and his own presence as an impediment and a check. He was therefore anxious to relieve me of a burden, at the same time that he would free himself from a weight still more intolerable. In that he was mistaken. His imperturbable equanimity and ever-daring hope had sustained me in moments of perplexity and alarm, when no other resource could have availed. During the whole time which we spent, as it were, in the shadow of the gibbet, his courage never faltered, and his temper was never once ruffled." *

* This was printed in 1849, when Stephens was yet unknown.

The visit of a lady—an enthusiastic friend of Doheny and his cause—one who sought and obtained the interview through many difficulties, and at some personal risk—and her judicious words of comfort and expostulation, roused Stephens from his despairing mood, and he resumed "the felon's track," in Doheny's company, with all his former courage and equanimity, but not with his former gaiety. This episode of the love of the far-reaching conspirator and its end is exceedingly suggestive. What was its effect on him? Trials like this temper the soul.

A few days later the fugitives laid a plan for kidnapping the Premier—Lord John, now Earl Russel—who was visiting the district. They were foiled by the sudden departure of their anticipated prey. The very conception of such an enterprise, however, shows the daring character of the men. By this time the sense of danger had, in a great measure, worn off, and they were in the habit of laughing at the apprehensions of such friends as they encountered. It looked like recklessness, but in them there was no such thing. Never did they relax the vigilance or the activity to which, in conjunction with their command of funds, their safety was so greatly due.

A few days after the departure of the Premier from Killarney, they managed to leave the country. Stephens sailed from Cork as the servant of a lady in the secret. It was proposed at first that he should assume the dress of a lady's maid, for personation of whom his slender figure, his small hands and feet, and his delicate features fitted him; but he refused to put it on under any circumstances. He saw the last of Ireland, for the time, on the

24th of September. Doheny followed, sailing from the same port a week later, in the dress of a drover. Both had to traverse England ere they could reach France. This passage was easily effected by Stephens. Doheny met with much more difficulty. The fugitives rejoined each other a little later in Paris. Thither they were speedily followed by one who was destined to be a leading coadjutor in the great conspiracy—John O'Mahony. The last, after quitting O'Brien, managed to raise a considerable band, with which he continued to move among his native mountains for several weeks. Finding that the insurrection was not likely to spread, while an overwhelming force was being concentrated against him, he dispersed his followers and went into exile.

Doheny made but a short stay in the French capital, departing at an early date for the United States. There he resumed his joint professions of barrister and journalist; there his "Felon's Track," which we have quoted so often, appeared the following year; and there also he began immediately to lay the foundation of American Fenianism. As for Stephens and O'Mahony, they made France their principal home for several years. How they were occupied during these years must be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE ORIGIN AND INFANCY OF FENIANISM.

By the close of the year all the leaders of '48 had been removed from the scene. Some of them were self-exiled ; others had been condemned to still sterner exile as treason felons. But nothing had happened to remove the discontent or to break the insurrectionary spirit of the people. On the contrary, there was everything if not to increase at least to sustain both. By the methods of thinking and feeling peculiar to certain races under similar circumstances, the Irish speedily learnt to look upon the men who had failed so egregiously as something more than innocent. In the eyes of their countrymen, O'Brien, Mitchell, Meagher, &c., were heroes and martyrs of the noblest type, and their punishments so many additional wrongs and insults to be added to the heap of such things already gathered in Irish memory.

But the defeated Celt, wherever he is to be found, never can be fair to his victorious enemy. The right is always on his own side, his antagonist is utterly and invariably iniquitous. He will make no allowance for circumstances, for provocation, for presumption, for imprudence on his own side ; or for any of the ten thousand things which go to give one race predominance over another. There may be

the strongest necessity for that predominance; it may be indispensable to save him from the effects of his own imperfections of nature and vices of training; it may be the one thing essential to develope in him a fitness for independence, and it may be exercised justly and even generously. Still it is predominant, and therefore the greatest of crimes in the eyes of your Celt. And whatever he does to overthrow it, no matter what the character of the deed, becomes altogether virtuous. Here the Celt will not reason as the Teuton. He will not allow that he has ever been fairly defeated. He is always ready to court a struggle, and always ready to appropriate the fruits of victory, as his right; but he will never accept defeat and its consequences with a fair spirit. Whatever be the merits of the antagonists, the master feeling of the Celt is always the one expressed by these lines of Moore's—

> "On our side is *Virtue* and Erin;
> On their's is the Saxon and—*Guilt*."

The spirit of the Irish nation had received no severe shock in '48. There had been no great rising and no struggle, and consequently no disastrous defeat. As O'Mahony afterwards remarked, it was not the nation that had failed but its leaders; national vanity was at liberty to speculate as it pleased on what might have occurred had things been better managed; and its speculations were of the kind that might have been expected. The close of the autumn of '48 left the country more discontented, irritated, and rashly presumptuous than ever.

And there were men still in the country, or not far off, to take advantage of the state of the popular mind.

Among the busybodies of the Young Ireland party, there were many who made no figure and attracted little or no attention from friends or enemies, while the Mitchells, Meaghers, and Magees were in the front. They were so small that the British Government, having secured the chiefs, overlooked their proceedings with something like contempt, and left them still at large.

Most conspicuous among these fifth-rate men were Thomas Clarke Luby, afterwards to be better known, James Fenton Lalor, Joseph Brenan, and Philip Gray. All four were dabblers in literature, chiefly as journalists, and two of them were mere youths. Luby, born in 1828, was the son of a clergyman of the then established church, and the nephew of one of the leading professors in Trinity College, Dublin, where he himself had graduated with some distinction. It is not necessary to do more than mention Lalor and Brenan. Gray was a clerk in the service successively of various small tradesmen, with just sufficient education to fit him for his work. A weak consumptive youth, he still possessed a good deal of ambition and dogged resolution. He had, withal, a thirst for knowledge and a faculty for self-instruction which, with his other qualities, might have rendered him useful in his generation had he not wasted himself in conspiracy. Not one of these men had the views or the powers essential to a political chief.

When O'Brien and his partisans failed, these four obscurities, with some others still more obscure, constituted themselves a "Directory," and endeavoured to carry

out the plans of their predecessors. Gray had been among the few appearing in arms. After the affair of Ballingary he became a fugitive. For this step on his part there was no particular necessity. Had he been captured with his chief, he might have suffered a short imprisonment, he was not worth more serious punishment. The crisis over, no particular pursuit was directed after him. He could, however, go into hiding. So he quartered himself on the lower classes in the South of Ireland for a good many months. At the outset of his vagabond life he stole into Dublin, saw Luby and the others, and proposed the Directory, of which his idea being adopted, he became a member. Then leaving his fellow directors, under the presidence of Lalor, to conspire in ths metropolis, he went off to conspire among the peasantry of the south, notably among those of Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary.

He is described as doing all this alone, and as suffering the greatest hardships the while. Thus, however, are Irish conspirators always represented. They are invariably held up to us as the most high-minded of men—heroes whose motives are unadulterated by one touch of self. In reality Gray was all this time in communication with the exiles in France and in America, as well as with his friends in Dublin. To further his purpose, Thomas Devin Reilly, a fugitive in America, taking a hint conveyed to him from Paris, published in the journal which he conducted a notice of the death of Gray. This was copied into various Irish papers, and served the purpose for which it was intended, diverting the eyes of the authorities from Gray's proceedings—proceedings which

were not confined to Ireland, nor quite so solitary as they have been represented.

Gray visited Paris early in '49, to take counsel of his countrymen there, and also to make the acquaintance of certain heads of continental conspiracy. And he was repeatedly aided in his work in Ireland by visitors from the continent, O'Mahony and Stephens being of the number of these visitors. In Dublin, the directors, under Lalor, could not keep the club men of '48 from melting away from them. Gray, however, was much more successful in the south. The secret association, modelled on those which then existed in France and Italy, soon included great numbers of the peasantry. This was the real beginning of the brotherhood which made so much noise in '65 and subsequent years. So successful, indeed, was Gray, that the directors actually considered themselves justified in arranging a rebellion for '49. In this they were not countenanced by their continental friends, but they would have their own way. It is stated that Stephens crossed the channel to take part in the projected rising. It is the fact that O'Mahony did so. The Directory met at Clonmel, and made arrangements for simultaneous attacks on Cashel and Dungarvan. Why these two points were chosen it is not easy to see; in a military point of view they have no special value. The Directory calculated on being supported by thousands of the rustics and on attaining full success. But what was to follow the conquest of Cashel and Dungarvan fortune was left to decide. Their plan of campaign was a leap, not in, but into the dark. The day came, no thousands

assembled, Cashel and Dungarvan remained in repose. The rising of '49 was confined to a very small gathering and a contemptible scuffle at a place called Cappoquin. The thing was over almost as soon as it was begun. Luby was arrested at Cashel, and underwent a short imprisonment; Brenan escaped to America; a few peasants were transported; Gray and Lalor remained in the country and unscathed. Of Stephens and O'Mahony not a word was spoken. After his release, Luby went to Australia, from whence he returned in time to co-operate with Stephens, when the latter became the recognised chief of Irish insurrection.

Lalor died towards the end of the year. Gray, broken in health, confined himself thenceforth to Dublin, giving no further attention to the association beyond the metropolis than was sufficient to keep it from dying out. Eventually he resigned its direction to devote his leisure to study. In no case could his life have been a long one, and from this time circumstances were altogether adverse. He died in '57; but long before his death, his deeds had been forgotten—cast completely into the shade by those of his successor, James Stephens.

All that could be done has been done to throw obscurity over the careers of James Stephens and John O'Mahony—the one the chief of Fenianism in the Old World, the other in the New—from 1848 up to 1858. It is asserted that they spent seven years in Paris, struggling for existence; that Stephens divided his time between earnest study of the modern languages, writing for the press, and meditating on the plans which he afterwards attempted to

realise; and that O'Mahony eked out occasional remittances from home by acting as teacher of Gaelic to the students of the Irish college. It is added that Stephens translated a number of Dickens's novels, and mastered no fewer than sixteen languages. The story goes on to say that, some time in '56, Stephens and O'Mahony came to the conclusion that it was time to act, though why they came to this conclusion, and at this particular time, is not explained; that it was determined one should go to Ireland and the other to America, and that their respective destinations were determined by tossing up a coin.

A great deal of this is pure romance. Stephens did study languages on the continent to this extent—he became a tolerable master of French, he could express himself in Italian and German, and he knew a very little Spanish. So it was in 1865. What his linguistic powers may be now, we do not pretend to guess. Concerning his doings as a journalist and translator, we do not think it worth while to inquire. As for the rest, himself and O'Mahony, immediately on arriving in France in 1848, identified themselves with ultra-revolution, and became members of a secret society. That they were involved in the rising, such as it was, of '49, we have already mentioned.

Thereafter O'Mahony, a man of visionary temperament, confined his views mostly to Ireland, and seldom quitted Paris. He adopted what are called spiritualistic notions, and was continually seeking to know the future of his country from "mediums." This kind of thing, at a later period, led to his confinement for a period in an American asylum for the insane. It is an incident which Fenian

hero-worshippers will never notice, just as they will not notice incidents much more unpleasant in the biographies of such worthies as Stephen Joseph Meany. It is one, however, which we cannot overlook; it was asserted by one well acquainted with the man and his story, Thomas Darcy Magee, and has not been contradicted.

Stephens, essentially a man of action, took a different course. He threw himself heart and soul into foreign conspiracy, and the secret societies of the continent had no more active or trusty agent than himself. In their service he visited Spain occasionally, Germany now and then, Italy often, and London still more frequently. To the British capital the headquarters of these societies had been transferred after the election to the French Presidency of Louis Napoleon. Where they are established now, it is not for us to say. We confine ourselves to remarking that London is about the best position the Central Committee of Universal Revolution could adopt. No other city presents such facilities for international communication; and, thanks to British institutions, in no other city could conspiracy establish its headquarters with equal hope of impunity.

But, though so earnest in the cause of continental conspiracy, James Stephens was not devoted to it. His leading ideas were to revolutionise Ireland, and to be himself the great chief of the revolution. He conspired with the men of the continent for the double purpose of making an opportunity for developing conspiracy in Ireland, and of earning substantial aid in such work. That opportunity he was resolved to make, and the aid he

was equally resolved to obtain. Whence the latter might come mattered little to him. It would have been as acceptable from a despot as from republicans. Therefore when republicanism began to decline in France, and Louis Napoleon to mature into a despot, Stephens began to court the one without breaking with the other. He made the acquaintance of De Morny and men of like stamp, who were in the confidence of the court, and rendered them various little services in a way that showed how valuable he could be under certain contingencies. Louis Napoleon had returned to France with a programme. Therein it was laid down how the countries which had united to overthrow the great Napoleon were to be dealt with in turn. Of course England, which had taken so large a share in the overthrow, was not forgotten. Stephens therefore, the Irish rebel and exile, the inflexible republican and revolutionist, and the adroit and indefatigable conspirator, was duly encouraged. Circumstances, however, threw other countries before England in the path of French vengeance; to strike them with fitting severity, the English alliance was necessary, and the commission and the aid which Stephens so ardently desired, was withheld by his French patrons.

So time went on a little—until trouble arose in the East in 1853. Russia foresaw the impending war, and Russian agents got hold of Stephens. It was in consequence of arrangements with them that he adopted a decided course. By this time he had acquired great influence over O'Mahony, who had no conception of the variety of his companion's intrigues. It was one of

O'Mahony's opinions that no rebellion could be successful unless England were involved in war with a great power. He thought also that whatever plot was to be formed by the Irish in Ireland should embrace the Irish in America. With these views, with his intense hostility to England, and with his ardent aspirations for Irish revolution, it was easy to persuade him, especially in face of the coming conflict, to share with Stephens the task of organising the whole Irish race in conspiracy against England. As to which of the two should go to Ireland and which to the United States, there was never any doubt at all. O'Mahony, with his long descent, his gentlemanly training, and his connection with the chiefs of '48, had a prestige to which Stephens could not pretend; he was clearly the man for America. Then Stephens knew him well; that he was honest, straightforward, and thoroughly unselfish. In short that he could trust him. More important still in the mind of Stephens was the consciousness that he could rule O'Mahony, whose character he had searched to the bottom, as he pleased; and that he could cast him aside at any moment, should he ever become useless or mutinous.

The pair left Paris for London, where they had an interview with the chiefs of international conspiracy, with whom they came to an understanding. From London they crossed to Ireland, where they met the directors, and a good many others also. The conspirators received them gladly, and acquiesced in all they had to propose. Other gentlemen, who were not conspirators, but who had no reluctance to become so whenever conspiracy should present them with a favourable prospect, received them cordially.

Meetings were held in Dublin and elsewhere. Some of these meetings were official, convened by the directors, and expressly for revolutionary purposes; others were private gatherings of patriotic gentlemen, where patriotic questions were quietly discussed. By conspiring directors and unconspiring patriots the plans of Stephens and O'Mahony were approved. The directors recognised Stephens as chief organiser of the new conspiracy to be immediately commenced on the foundations of a hundred old conspiracies. O'Mahony was formally commissioned to introduce it into America and spread it there. Thus the thing called Fenianism began under French and Russian auspices; was countenanced equally by continental revolutionists and continental despots; and had the way prepared for it, had ample materials to work with, and was sure of large sympathy at home.

O'Mahony departed at once for America, where Doheny had already been busily working at a union among Irishmen there, with the view of revolutionising Ireland by its means.

In Ireland Stephens began his work, aided by Thomas Clarke Luby. This person had returned from Melbourne some months earlier, landing after his voyage in France. He had quitted Australia in obedience to a summons from home, according to which he shaped his course. Hastening to Paris he met Stephens and O'Mahony, with whom he remained and whom he accompanied to Ireland. Over Luby, as over most people with whom he was brought in close and frequent contact, Stephens acquired great influence.

Before he would take any measures for remodelling and extending the conspiracy, Stephens insisted on making a tour through the country, in order to learn for himself the precise state of the Irish mind, the prospects before one who meant to include the whole nation in his plot, the obstacles he would have to surmount, and the circumstances in his favour. This journey of observation he commenced in the autumn of 1853. It lasted ten months, and all through it Luby was his constant companion. During its course the two travelled not less than 3500 miles. Stephens was fond of alluding to this journey in speech and conversation, and invariably to misrepresent it, stating that nearly the whole of it was performed on foot, staff in hand and knapsack on back, and not infrequently in the face of privation. The truth was very different. The journey was a busy one to Stephens and his companion, but it was also an easy one. Wherever they appeared good houses were open to them. There was none of that sleeping in hovels and sharing the food of peasants which Stephens asserts.

During this tour Stephens saw enough to satisfy him that a conspirator, working on the continental system, must infallibly meet with glorious success. He made another valuable observation. He saw that, apart from the diversities of creed and race, Ireland was tenanted by two sorts of people. There was the educated class, composed of men who would not allow any one to deceive them but themselves, men proud and fierce, who would not follow a mere equal, much less an inferior, but who insisted that their chief should have blood, and rank, and

wealth adequate to his position. On the other hand was the people proper, credulous in the extreme and easily led, and whom an adroit schemer might handle as he pleased. With the former Stephens determined to have as little to do as possible. He could not, indeed, ignore their existence or their influence, nor did he try. He took full account of both into his calculations; he determined to use them, and he did use them to further his purpose. But he would not have them as colleagues, no matter how strongly republican their opinions. He knew that they would not allow him to modify their opinions and subdue their inclinations according to his own will, and he wanted no disciples save those over whom he could exercise unlimited control. To take them into his plot would have been to have given himself masters. He knew the preference of his countrymen for "gentlemen" as leaders; he knew that he could not eradicate that inclination,—it was a portion of their nature. The only way to avoid the evils it menaced was to keep it without objects whereon to fix. Therefore from beginning to end, James Stephens made his conspiracy emphatically one of the people, that is, of the lower classes. Wherever he dared speak freely he proclaimed it to be such. His lieutenants were all chosen *below* the aristocracy, as far below it as he dared to go. And he shrank from enlisting commanding ability, quite as much as from enlisting commanding position. From beginning to end Irish Fenianism was singularly wanting in the gentleman-like element. There was no culture,—no refinement in it. Neither did it include anything like genius. Not one single individual of its hundreds of thousands of converts

could be compared for a moment with "the men of '48," either in mental or social standing. Counting from 1853 to the end of 1865 the Fenian conspiracy was thirteen years in growth; eleven years and more have passed since; during the whole of this quarter of a century not a single man trained therein has displayed remarkable ability elsewhere. In far less time two at least of the men '48 developed into statesmen, while others produced writings, partisan indeed, but still of power and value.

While engaged on this tour Stephens and his companion were careful to renew the old trust of the Irish people in French assistance. It was hardly possible for him to avoid doing so. The Irish malcontents of the two centuries preceding had been so accustomed to count on French assistance; so accustomed to regard France as a second country; their aspirations had been so used to turn in that direction, and their sympathies had been so invariably shared with Frenchmen, that with them and their children it became impossible to think of rebellion without at the same time counting on French aid. He, therefore, who would have proposed the one without promising the other, would have been regarded as a man to be distrusted and avoided.

Quite satisfied with his tour, Stephens drew up three several reports thereof, no two of which were alike. One was intended for the Dublin directory and his coadjutors in America; another, of somewhat different tone, was submitted to his friends abroad. The latter was adapted in all respects for the eyes it was meant to meet. The third, more carefully prepared than the others, was for

sympathising friends in Ireland. All approved and encouraged. Then he set about the real work. Thus Fenianism began in serious form in '54, much about the time that the allied armies were landing in the Crimea.

"Fenianism" was not the original name. Properly speaking, it was never applied at all, by the conspirators themselves, to the Irish portion of the conspiracy. The term originated in America—was suggested by O'Mahony, a man deeply read in old Irish lore—and was adopted there in 1859. The name had several things which recommended it to popular usage. It was short; it was thoroughly Irish in origin and sound; it awakened glorious recollections; and it filled the ear without being harsh. Consequently it was at once accepted in America; and, soon crossing the Atlantic, it superseded in the public mouth the designation adopted by Stephens—viz., "The Irish Republican Brotherhood." The latter was seldom mentioned within the four seas at any time. An accident threw it into obscurity at an earlier date. The name assumed by a local debating society—which society was not, in itself, a portion of the conspiracy, but most of whose members were conspirators—having acquired a good deal of notoriety in consequence of certain State trials in '59, and possessing terseness and sound, was applied to the Brotherhood in its earlier years. In this way originated the term "Phœnix."

Stephens had made careful study of the system of conpiracy adopted on the Continent. He had pondered much the recent history of Ireland and the causes which had produced the failure of all former attempts at Irish

rebellion. He modified the Continental system to suit the circumstances of the country and the character of its inhabitants, and he drew up a set of general rules for the guidance of himself and others. Of these the following are the most material :—

"Discipline is the essential of revolution. He who needs to be sworn to loyalty is not worth having. Still an oath is requisite to Conspiracy; the latter, whatever its views, must always be autocratic."

"In making disciples always speak with confidence. Teach your aspirants to think that they are able to do whatever you propose."

"Military men of all ranks must be sought, particularly non-commissioned officers—they are the cream of the British army. A non-commissioned officer, and indeed every soldier, brings prestige with him. He destroys the moral force of his regiment; he fights with a halter round his neck; and he makes one less in the ranks of the enemy."

"Waste no time in attempting to gain the priests. Their one idea is—the good of Mother Church. Let the revolution only succeed; Mother Church always knows how to adapt herself to accomplished facts. Besides, no priest is a free agent."

These rules, it is stated, are to appear one day in print, as portions of a manual of conspiracy penned by James Stephens, and retained as yet in manuscript, lest the hints it contains should place tyrannic rulers on their guard—at least before Ireland shall be revolutionised. The force of those we have quoted cannot be disputed. On the two relating to the soldier and the priest much of their author's plan was based.

There were two other orders of men which he was as anxious to secure as the soldiery—these were the national

schoolmasters and the commercial travellers. The former were men of large influence in their station ; they had facilities peculiar to themselves for making converts ; they were men of intelligence, and therefore adapted to make rapid progress in military drill and study, and to become efficient drill instructors. Especially were they to be sought as having it in their power to mould the rising generation, and thus to perpetuate republicanism. There was another advantage also in gaining the national schoolmasters. They could do a good deal of the clerkly work of the organisation without exciting suspicion. Stephens and his colleagues paid much attention to the national schoolmasters, and won over a good many of them. One of the profession, "Jack" Highland, was the deputy of Edward Duffy in the Province of Connaught. He was also a correspondent of *The Irish People* during the existence of that journal, and by no means a contemptible correspondent. Another of them, Pierce Nagle, distinguished himself as an informer. And some thirty more were arrested, at one time or other, as dangerous members of the I. R. B.

As to the commercial travellers, they could disseminate revolutionary opinions easily and without compromising themselves. They could act as couriers, too, and their knowledge of the country would be serviceable when war broke out.

Another class to which the chief organiser paid much court was that of medical students. Medical students everywhere are riotous and rollicking, and notably so in Ireland. He therefore considered them easily won to

anything which promised dashing adventure. Stephens wanted their headlong recklessness; choice leaders of "forlorn hope" would they make; and he wanted their brains and other acquirements also. From beginning to end "Doctors," that is to say, youths, most of whom had done little more to deserve the name than to have gone through the preliminary studies, made conspicuous figures in the I. R. B.

The grand object of Stephens, let it be borne in mind, was to form an army fitted to cope successfully with the army of England. The members of the I. R. B. were all to be men capable of taking the field. Nor were they to seek an encounter until fully prepared for it. The task before the Chief Organiser was not only to enlist followers, but to discipline them up to the modern military standard, to arm them with the best weapons, to provide them with all necessary munitions of war, and to place them under the command of competent officers.

His conspiracy bore no resemblance, in its plan, to the usual run of historic conspiracies. The latter, for the most part, depend on effecting a surprise — on paralysing the enemy for the moment by striking an unexpected stroke—as the seizure of the capital, or the slaughter of the leading ministers; and then, while the surprise holds the masses terrified and motionless, to instal themselves firmly in power. Stephens had sense enough to see that the success of such conspiracies is only possible under peculiar circumstances—as in the limited republics of ancient Greece, and in the free cities and great communes of mediæval Italy and Flan-

ders. Such a conspiracy might attain success also under a despotism—provided it were organised in the interests of a prominent member of the ruling family. But in a country where representative government is established, it was clear to him, that any revolutionary plot intended to succeed must embrace a large proportion of the people, and must array them on the field as fully trained and equipped as their opponents. We do not pretend to state that Stephens laid down these principles for himself. He borrowed them everyone from the revolutionists of the Continent, by whom they had been elaborated out of long experience and many failures. But he deserves some credit for borrowing these principles; and still more for the skill with which he applied them. Nor was his attention confined strictly to the matters we have mentioned. From the outset—and here again he showed how admirably he had learnt the lesson of conspiracy, as taught on the Continent—he neglected no means of diminishing the moral strength of his opponent, and of adding to the moral strength of the I. R. B. He did his best to sap the reputation of his antagonists and to shake the faith of their adherents, while preparing to encounter them hand to hand.

The system of conspiracy adopted by Stephens, and which, with a few additions and occasional modifications, was acted upon to the end of his supremacy, was this: He was recognised as C.O.I.R.B., that is, Chief Organiser of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. He was assisted by a council of four, the Vs., or Vice C.O.I.R.Bs., as they were termed, one for each of the Irish provinces. With this council and its president only did friends in America, or elsewhere

out of Ireland, correspond. It was the first duty of each provincial, or V., to organise the province he represented. He was to "search out such prominent and reliable men" (here we partly quote and partly abridge certain documents) "possessing the necessary education"—not too much of that, be it understood—"and the necessary local influence"—with the view of forming the skeletons of regiments. In this work the V. was instructed to be exceedingly cautious. Having selected an individual likely to prove an efficient A., centre, or colonel, in a certain quarter, the V. was to sound him on his willingness to try another chance and risk life and property in the cause of Ireland. Finding him satisfactory here and deserving of unreserved confidence, the V. was to broach the business more directly, showing the intended A. so much of his credentials as might be necessary. Then he swore him in, nobody being present but the two, the substance of the oath running to this effect—that he withdrew all allegiance from the British monarch; would be faithful to the Irish Republic; would keep all the secrets of the Brotherhood, obey all the lawful commands of her officers, and be ready to take up arms at a moment's notice. Having taken the oath, the colonel, centre, or A., received his commission. This was drawn up in peculiar form, much after the manner in which a merchant instructs an agent, mercantile terms and phrases predominating.

Of the As., whose number was continually augmenting, not one was officially known to another. None of them, therefore, could betray or appear in evidence against another. Each was sworn separately and knew

only the provincial, or V., who had administered the oath to him. The commission was couched in language of no legal significance, and bore no signature, being rendered valid only by a seal. Consequently no legal evidence could be produced against a V., even though an A. turned traitor and informer. All the arrangements of Stephens were intended, in this way, to meet and defeat English law. And to a great extent they answered the purpose. It is stated—and we have seen nothing to disprove the statement—that from beginning to end, no native A. attempted treachery—a fact which proves that the Vs. discharged this part of their duty with sufficient caution.

The A., being thus appointed, he was expected to select, with equal caution, his Bs. or captains. Having been sounded and tested they were to be sworn in separately. None of the Bs. were brought officially in contact with the Vs. Each of them corresponded directly with his A. Neither had they official knowledge of one another. Two Bs. might have been next-door neighbours for ten years without knowing their respective ranks in the Brotherhood. As each B. was sworn in, so was he to swear in his Cs., or sergeants. And so each C. had to swear in the Ds., or privates who were to form his squad. The Ds. were bound to assemble at least eight times a month for drill. One of them, if inclined to turn traitor, might be able to swear that he had been drilled, and to point out his companions and drill instructor. But, as the law then stood, illegal drilling was a venal offence, compared with that of administering an illegal oath. Stephens' arrangements, we

repeat, were meant to reduce the risks of treachery to a minimum, and in this respect were very successful. Only a small number of Ds. and two Cs., up to 1866, attempted to procure the conviction of their immediate superiors, and in every instance without success.

When the numbers increased beyond a certain limit a modification of the system became necessary. A new class of officers was created called Organisers. There was a Chief Organiser for each district, and under him a number of Organisers, varying according to circumstances. At first these men worked gratuitously, but, as the fraternity grew in wealth, they were paid, and most of them well paid. Then the duty of recruiting was taken altogether out of the hands of the regimental officers. The Organisers sought out suitable men, made the necessary enquiries respecting them, and put them to suitable tests. Having satisfied themselves as to their trustworthiness, the Chief Organiser of the district was notified thereof. A meeting of the squad to which it was intended to attach the new recruit was called, and the new recruit attended with the rest. When a proper opportunity arrived the new man was presented to the Chief Organiser by the Organiser, in these words, "this is *a* friend." The Chief Organiser then took the man aside, where the two could neither be seen nor overheard, and examined him afresh. If satisfied he administered the oath, and led the new Fenian back to the company, to which he presented him with these words, "this is *my* friend." If dissatisfied he brought him back unsworn to the Organiser, with whom he left him, remarking, as he did so, "here is *your* friend." The

form of the phrase used by the Chief Organiser showed in an instant whether the man had been initiated or not.

The letters V, A, B, C, D, had a constant meaning in conversation among the Brotherhood; but this was not so in their correspondence. The same letters were always used; but that one which meant a colonel one week would mean a private the next, and *vice versa*. Thus, if an official letter fell into hands for which it had not been intended, it would be altogether unintelligible, or lead to the grossest mistakes. Again, these letters, with slight change of position, meant weapons, as V reversed, a pike, A, a rifle, &c. These simple expedients prevented the Government from making much profitable use of many documents which fell into its hands.

Another precaution adopted from the first by Stephens and his associates was the systematic use of *aliases*. He himself used some scores; nor was there one among them of any rank who had not a separate name for every service he undertook and for every place he visited, and these names were not adopted merely with a view to disguise. Suppose a V. or an A. undertook an important mission, he would adopt the name of a brother to whom he bore some resemblance—the closer the resemblance the better—and who was employed in quite another quarter. This was done in order that, if the thing became necessary, an *alibi* might be readily and distinctly proved, which, however, was not always the actual effect of the device. Again and again was the wrong man, though the real owner of the name, arrested; and in every instance dealt with, according to the evidence against him, as if he had been the one

who had committed the offence with which he was charged under his name. We shall have occasion to notice various instances of this as we go on. At present we shall quote but one. The man charged with the murder of the policeman Talbot, but who was convicted of a lesser crime and sentenced to penal servitude for life, we have had proved to our satisfaction—if there can be such a thing as satisfaction in such a case—was not the man who fired the fatal shot. He who suffered the penalty did all he dared to do—disclaimed the crime. He was forbidden by his oath to do more—to say one word likely to peril a secret of the association. As he well knew, the penalty of such an offence would have been death. This will explain the perplexing conflict between the solemn assertions of innocence made by many Fenian convicts, and by their friends, in the face of what would seem to be overwhelming evidence. An honest mind, ignorant of Fenian arrangements, could come to but one conclusion—either that the one side or the other—the convict or the witnesses against him—was depraved in the extreme.

Of course other additions to the system became requisite from time to time—treasurers, receivers, armourers, etc., had to be appointed, as the necessity for their services arose.

The general aims of the Brotherhood were these. In case of success in their struggle with England, they meant to deprive all proprietors not siding with them of their estates, to confiscate church lands, and to establish new relations between landlord and tenant, on the principle established in Prussia by Von Stein and Hardenberg—

that is, to give each peasant the power of purchasing his farm at a price to be determined by a commission. The last applied, or was to apply, only to estates possessed by members of the Brotherhood. Out of the confiscations—estimated to amount to eight-ninths of the surface of the whole of the island—was to be formed a national property, which was afterwards to be sold to the profit of the State, in order to manufacture a large class of peasant proprietors, similar to that of France. As a matter of course, it was a part of the plan to abolish the right of seniority in families, and to suppress all titles of nobility.

The political institutions were to take a thoroughly republican shape. There was to be a parliament or congress, with a purely Irish title, of which a third part was to be elected annually by universal suffrage. Provincial prejudices were to be humoured, by giving each province a council of its own, and an executive to manage its own affairs. New laws were to be enacted in harmony with the new state of things. All religions were to be tolerated, but none was to be allowed supremacy. The priest, indeed, was in all cases to be restricted to the exercise of his purely ecclesiastical duties. Whether the masses of the people, fanatically Roman Catholic as they were, would have allowed even this much, is more than doubtful. But Stephens and his confidants contemplated much more. They meant to secularise education, to deprive religious bodies of all property, to take the education of clergymen into the hands of the State, and to make them, as far as possible, State officers, by paying them fixed stipends out of the national treasury.

So far, at least, went the intentions of the leaders. The intentions of their followers very seldom corresponded. Every man modified the revolutionary programme in his own mind, according to his own inclinations. Every one of them had a purpose of his own, which he was determined to realise when the proper time came, whether his chiefs should approve of it or not. There were tens of thousands who cherished fierce passions—of lust, greed, and vengeance—and who meant to gratify them. According to the chiefs, no person was to be injured except in fair fight, or in obedience to the sentence of impartial justice. But there were masses who contemplated the slaughter of all the supporters of English rule, and of all its officials. Many would have extended the massacre to all landholders. And there were those who would not have spared a single "heretic." The revolution, indeed, was to fulfil not only the wild dreams and the ambitious aspirations of its projectors, but was also to satisfy all the ferocious hates and all the unbridled appetites of its adherents. Of course the great majority of the leaders, and the high-hearted men of whom there were many in the ranks, would have opposed all this. But when rebellion is in the full flush of success amongst an ignorant and a passionate race, it is the extreme section that sways the host. Then the men of violence and blood predominate, and those who attempt to restrain the frantic multitude within the bounds of moderation are set down as the worst of public enemies, and dealt with accordingly.

It is not too much to say that, had Fenianism triumphed, all that was moderate in its ranks would have perished

with its enemies. There was nothing to prevent it or any other of the horrors which attend the worst revolution. There was nothing but "the cause" to tie the men down to discipline. Their leaders were not men whom habit had taught them to respect in social life; with hardly an exception, they were sprung from the lower classes. Of all people on earth, the native Irish are prone to respect and follow "gentlemen," and to contemn what they call "upstarts;" and had strife taken place, Stephens and his chosen subordinates would speedily have felt how really small was their influence over their followers. There would have been no well-drilled army of allies divested of local prejudice and passion, and perfectly obedient to officers of true soldierly spirit, to stand between the armed people and its victims.

A main portion of Stephens' scheme consisted in the seduction of British soldiers. From the first, members of the Brotherhood were instructed to enlist in various regiments. This was with a manifold purpose. In the English army they would receive the very best drill. They would also be armed, for Stephens intended that his followers should be trained and armed chiefly by the foe. In the army they were expected to do their utmost towards seducing their countrymen not yet affiliated. And whenever rebellion broke out, they would be able to serve the republican cause in the most effective manner by demoralising the hostile force in the day of battle.

Besides the Fenians instructed to enlist in the army, civilians with the proper capacity for seduction were sent, well supplied with funds, to the various Irish garrisons

from the very first. *We know personally, from observations made on the spot and at the time, that these agents were in full activity so early as the summer of* 1855, *and that nearly all the desertions which took place in Ireland during the Crimean War were owing to their exertions.* We know further, that not a few of these deserters were sent to the United States, as evidence to the brethren there of the work that was being done in Ireland.

To the Fenianism in the English army Stephens gave the form adopted by Fenianism elsewhere, with a few modifications. Inside a regiment it conformed to the organisation of the regiment. The Ds. of a company, no matter how few, were kept to themselves under a B. and Cs. taken from the same company. Regimental position was also respected; a private or a corporal, as a Fenian, could not command a sergeant, and the senior non-commissioned officer belonging to the Brotherhood was the regimental A. A few commissioned officers in active service were Fenians, and these of course took high rank; but the cases were exceedingly rare. A larger number of officers on half-pay, though not many even of these, were prepared to join the rebellion, *when it should break out in unquestionable strength*, and give it the benefit of their military experience.

Promotion among the Fenians of a regiment was left to themselves. When a C. died or disappeared—that is, deserted, in order to become drill-instructor to the brethren without, or to perform some special service, as cartridge-maker, &c.—his B. nominated his successor, the nomination being always confirmed by the A. In like

manner the A. filled up the vacancies among the Bs. from the Cs. When the A. himself disappeared, the Bs. met and elected another from among themselves. How the Fenian seducers did their work, how widely their organisation spread in the British army, and how dangerous it might have proved, we shall see as we go on.

Stephens and his coadjutors commenced their work well provided with the necessary funds. He received some aid in this way from revolutionary friends on the Continent, a good deal from friendly sympathisers in Ireland, and a good deal also from Russian agents. And *there is reason* to believe that, although the English armies were then fighting side by side with the armies of France, Stephens received money from French Imperial agents. These sums, however, merely enabled him to lay the foundations of his conspiracy. To continue the work, he was obliged to raise a revenue from the Brotherhood. Every member was required to contribute to the treasury—at home, half-a-crown, in America, half-a-dollar, a month. Fenian writers have stated that this payment was optional. The statement is false, as in fact are all the statements concerning money matters coming from the same sources. There was no choice at all in the matter, the subscription was compulsory; nothing could excuse therefrom save plain and absolute incapacity to contribute; he who could give, and failed to do so, had to take the unpleasant consequences.

When the organisation began to acquire strength, it was a common thing to compel a person likely to prove useful, and with whom blandishment had failed, to join the

Brotherhood out of sheer dread of the results of refusal. On the trial of one Barry, early in January '66 it was deposed that he offered one Ludgate, then a schoolmaster at Rathcormack, £12 or £13 a month as drill-master if he would join the conspirators. Ludgate refusing, Barry resorted to menaces, which his arrest prevented him from carrying out. The like terrorism was applied to the Irish in the army who were not otherwise to be won. They were told that if they would not join, they were certain to be shot by the Fenians, if the English allowed them to escape. Similar measures were resorted to, when others failed, to fill the treasury.

Besides the ordinary contributions, there were others which may be termed "extraordinary," and which produced, at least, as much more. There were enthusiasts also, who made voluntary offerings according to their means. And there were fines levied on the erring and contumacious, which were invariably paid.

It is the fashion with the apologists of the Brotherhood to proclaim that it was extremely poor. This is the merest nonsense. It might have been poor at the outset; but, by the commencement of '58, its poverty was not much, and in two years more, had vanished altogether. By '63, wealth was flowing towards it in torrents. When Stephens visited America, in '66, he boasted that for every dollar given by the Fenians of the United States, those of Ireland—"the men in the gap," as they were called on the other side of the Atlantic—had given ten. There was, no doubt, a good deal of rhetorical flourish in the assertion; still it contained some truth. An individual, evidently well informed,

writing in an American journal towards the close of '65, stated that at the period of the quarrel between Roberts and O'Mahony, the receipts of the Fenian treasury, in America, were 150,000 dollars a month; and that, during the seven years preceding, not less than 5,000,000 dollars had been received. It was only in '63 that the American subscriptions began to keep pace with the Irish subscriptions. That the latter, therefore, amounted to an enormous sum, it is easy to conceive. The uses made of this money will appear.

During the latter part of '54, and the earlier portion of the following year, Stephens paid occasional visits to London, Paris, and Brussels. But the main portion of his time was spent in establishing the new Brotherhood on a solid basis in the Irish capital. April '55 saw the work in Dublin sufficiently advanced for it to be carried on by subordinates. By that time he had obtained an organ in the press. Luby was appointed one of the editors of the *Tribune.* Philip Gray, who had been the pioneer of Stephens, and who was now too much exhausted for other work, was another of the contributors to this journal. On its staff, also, was one who obtained as much of the confidence of the Chief Executive, as the latter ever gave to anybody—which, however, is not saying much—Charles Kickham.

The son of a county draper, Kickham was born at Mullinahone, Tipperary, in 1829. His mother being a near relative of John O'Mahony, he might be said to have been a conspirator by blood. He was a man of some education and literary ability—could throw off a smart

article, pen an amusing story, or string together a set of sounding rhymes as well as most people. But, all things considered, he was not the man to make a very successful conspirator. When a boy a flask of gunpowder, with which he was playing, exploded in his face, seriously impairing his sight, and almost totally destroying his hearing. He was a quiet, thoughtful, studious man, with the usual fanatical opinions of the Irish patriot, but showing no special energy of body and mind, rather a dreamer than a man of action. He was the provincial or V. for Munster. Perhaps no better man could have been selected for the post. Munster was by far the most important department of the I. R. B.; it was their great stronghold; the province in which the mass of their force was enrolled, and in which they numbered nearly every one beyond their organisation as sympathisers. Here, too, there was far more pride, ambition, and energy among the local chiefs than elsewhere; and here, therefore, it was indispensable that there should be an easy, genial, unobtrusive man to act as nominal chief. In the Munster province, indeed, the District Centres, as Geary, Kinneally, and Lynch, of Cork, were really independent of everyone but Stephens himself.

Dublin was a province in itself under the immediate superintendence of Stephens. Under him was one who appeared little before the public previous to his trial and conviction in 1867. The British Government, however, quite understood his position in the brotherhood, for though he pleaded guilty with the view of escaping easily, he was sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude—the

penalty awarded to all the chiefs who were not found in arms, or who had not been mixed up with crimes of violence. This man was "Doctor" Power. Stephens used his name in correspondence far more frequently than any other; Power represented Stephens on many occasions, often meeting persons unacquainted with the person of the Head Centre as the latter; he was indeed the double of Stephens. Without any precise position in the brotherhood, he gave his attention to any department which might require extra supervision for the time being, within the Irish metropolis.

The Centre for Dublin was a builder of the name of Brophy, a fine athletic young man in good circumstances it was proved at his trial that, not long before, he had undertaken and executed a contract to the amount of £50,000 sterling. Energetic, pushing, and hearty, though somewhat truculent, he was precisely the man to head the reckless Dublin mob, of whom he had some 15,000 enrolled under his command. In devising schemes for smuggling in arms and munitions of war, and for transporting from place to place and concealing deserters—above all in baffling the police, he had no equal. For the rest—he could speak strongly and stirringly when his blood was up; and he was not to be led always by the nose as his chief liked his lieutenants to be led. On the contrary, Brophy found fault with the chief organiser whenever he thought that great personage in error, and once even went so far as to head a section who for a season contemplated the deposition of Stephens. It was a thing which Stephens never forgave, as Brophy found to his cost.

With Brophy acted a desperado, named Cody, from Tipperary. This fellow belonged to a desperate family. Two near relatives, bearing the same name—a pair of brothers—were hanged, in 1861, for the murder of a landlord, having been convicted on the clearest evidence. Their behaviour on the scaffold was appalling. Unlike the usual peasant murderer, they made no pretence of making a pious end. On the scaffold they assailed the executioner and the prison warders who came to his aid, nor were they overpowered until after a prolonged and fierce struggle. Cody was worthy of the family from which he sprang. He was in the earlier days of the I.R.B. the terror of its weaker members in Dublin. Eventually he became the head of the Assassination Committee, established towards the end of 1865 by Colonel Kelly, and he superintended, if he did not actually execute with his own hands, more than one of the sentences which the higher authorities directed it to carry out.

Another conspicuous lieutenant of Brophy's was the printer, Haltigan—the man who superintended the drillings of the brotherhood in the city, and who used to beard the police engaged in the observance of these doings with consummate audacity and insolence. Haltigan, an enthusiast in his way, trained his eldest son so thoroughly in conspiracy that the lad—barely sixteen—took his father's place in the Brotherhood, when he (the father) was condemned to a long term of penal servitude in 1865.

A third of Brophy's deputies, and a better man than either of the foregoing, was Michael Moore, the pike-maker. He was a clever mechanic, simple-minded and earnest, only erring in and through his political opinions.

The Provincial for Leinster was Luby; while Ulster was represented by a man of many names, known to the police, however, as Charles O'Connor; and Connaught —this in later days—by a stripling—a draper's shopman —Edward Duffy.

In April '54 Stephens left Dublin to carry on his work in the country, especially in the south. Here, as always, he adopted every possible precaution against detection. He had a different name for every district, he wore numberless disguises, he came and went mysteriously, and he adopted a hundred different characters. In one place he was a teacher of languages, in another a commercial traveller; here he pretended to be a surveyor, there he adopted the dress and snuffle of what the Irish call a "swaddling" preacher. In no case did he place himself in personal communication with any save leading men or those whom he intended to become such. During this journey he appointed John Morris A for Carlow, a person named Lynch A for one of the Cork ridings, and a publican named Geary A for Cork city. In Wexford he made a convert, a man of good position, named O'Byrne, from whom he hoped great things. For a while O'Byrne was exceedingly ardent in the cause; but his friends became alarmed about him, succeeded in persuading him out of his passion for the Brotherhood and its chief, and induced him to quit the country as the surest means of keeping out of harm's way. Stephens was disappointed, and something more. So deeply, indeed, did he feel O'Byrne's conduct, that he drew up the following rule for the future guidance of himself and others, "Beware of red-

haired men, with high-arched colourless eyebrows; they have no character." O'Byrne was just such a man. Stephens never omitted an opportunity of circulating his new axiom; and as everybody knew the origin of the rule it caused a good deal of amusement. It certainly was an original method of holding forth an offender to general contempt.

Perhaps the most noted recruit of this date was Denis Dowling Mulcahy, the son of a small farmer at Powerscourt, near Clonmel, and born in 1833. While yet a boy Mulcahy had rendered himself conspicuous as a partisan of O'Connel. He was afterwards a Young Irelander, then a member of Gray's association, and when Stephens appeared, he gave himself up to him heart and soul. He is described at this time as a fine-looking man, full six feet in height, with golden hair and beard, which he wore long and flowing, and in which he evidently took much pride. He was immediately appointed one of the As. for his native county. Mulcahy had some talent, which he did not neglect to cultivate while acting as a conspirator. Even then he began to make some figure as a journalist. A few years later, in 1860, he commenced the study of medicine. It was a study which was often interrupted, but which he always resumed. Not long ago he qualified as a practitioner in the United States. At present he holds a high position in the Brotherhood.

It was at Skibbereen, however, that Stephens encountered one who was to become perhaps the most energetic of all his lieutenants, Jeremiah O'Donovan, better known as O'Donovan Rossa. This personage took his more

popular designation from his birthplace, Rosscarbey, in Cork. His father, a poor weaver, died when he was sixteen. One by one all his brothers and sisters emigrated, until, in 1853, there was but himself in the country. He was then twenty-three, and was established in a business for himself at Skibbereen, in a small way, as a provision dealer.

At Skibbereen Stephens made one or two other recruits, who afterwards figured in the State trials, though very much less prominently than Rossa. One of these was Murty (*Anglice*, Mortimer) Moynahan, a national schoolmaster, one of the thirty or more of that class whom the Government caused to be arrested, at various times, as members of the Brotherhood. The scene of his earlier labours in this calling was Glengariff and its neighbourhood. We do not know whether he is the individual concerning whom the following story has been told by one who was to a large extent an admirer of his method. The narrator visited the school, at Shroan, in the Glengariff district. After some conversation with the master the geography class was called up. It consisted of some half-dozen sharp lads, who underwent this kind of examination. The map of the world was exhibited, and, one after another, the boys pointed out the Island of Bermuda.

Master. "What is Bermuda famed for?"

Boys. "As the prison of John Mitchell."

M. "Who sent him there?"

B. "The Saxon Government."

M. "For what crime was John Mitchell sent to Bermuda by the Saxon Government?"

B. "For his love of Ireland; and for his noble and brave attempt to save her from starvation, degradation, misery, and slavery."

M. "Will John Mitchell ever come back to Ireland?"

B. "He will, please God, and that right soon."

M. "When John Mitchell comes back to Ireland, what will he do."

B. "He will make Ireland a nation once more."

This closed the examination. Then the boys gave three cheers, in which the master joined heartily.

If the above be accepted as a fair specimen of national school teaching at the period, we can understand why Stephens was so anxious to gain the teachers.

Rossa and Moynahan were influential men in their station, and having gained them, the Chief Executive of the Irish Republic found no difficulty in making many more recruits in the same quarter. It has been stated that he swore in some hundreds of men at Skibbereen within a few days.

Thus he traversed Munster and Leinster, dealing first with men whose opinions were known and had been proved in '48 or subsequent years, and by their means getting at others.

He did not, however, confine himself to recruiting and organising. From the outset he took care that his followers should be drilled as soldiers. They were trained in military evolutions; they were taught to handle pike and sword, especially the former; and wherever appliances were at hand, they were instructed in the use of firearms. All this was essential to his purpose, but it was not suffi-

cient. He deemed it necessary to educate his party up to the proper revolutionary standard—that of France and Italy. Wherever he went he recommended the establishment of clubs, literary and social; wherever he dared to exercise the power, he insisted on their establishment. In these clubs men met ostensibly for mental improvement; in reality for consolidating the Brotherhood and intensifying its revolutionary animus. Publications of the right democratic order were read, and lectures of a fitting kind delivered. Tyranny of every sort, spiritual as well as temporal, was exposed and denounced; and strong and independent opinion on all subjects encouraged. In the view of Stephens and some of his lieutenants, notably of Luby, Ireland was to be delivered from Rome as well as from England; and Irishmen were to cast off the sway of the priest as well as that of the landlord. Here, however, the Chief Organiser was very cautious and practical. It was very seldom, indeed, that he allowed himself to offend the deep-seated religious prejudices of his countrymen by the expression of advanced opinions. His course was to sap gradually the superstitious reverence entertained by the Irish for all things pertaining to the Church and its clergy—slowly, without exciting opposition, if possible without rousing suspicion.

In every one of these clubs the rudiments of military science were studied. A favourite volume—one printed for them in fact—was "On the Defence of Ireland." The writer—the name on the title-page, "Charles Beggs," was a *nom de plume*—knew his subject, and had literary as well as military ability. The book was cleverly and

vigorously penned. It was perfectly adapted to form the manual of a half-armed inexperienced force, such as the army of the I. R. B. could hardly fail to prove. This, however, was not the only military work read by the club-men. Such volumes as "Macauley's Field Fortifications," "Macdougal's Theory of War," "Jervis's Field Operations," &c., were in great request among them. Many such volumes were found in the possession of persons arrested. When the conspiracy collapsed, copies, in scores, made their way to the dealers in old books, not a few of whom were puzzled to account for the trade being glutted in this way.

At that date the temperance fever, got up by 'Father' Matthew, was still vigorous, though declining; and Stephens for a while thought of turning it to account. He even made some attempt therein. Here he was not original. We know that the Ribbon leaders really did use it as he intended to have used it, and that for several years, and in one province (Connaught) at least, the temperance medal was looked upon as a political token. We know that among the lower orders it was dangerous for a Roman Catholic to be without one, whether he kept the pledge which he took on purchasing his medal or not. As to that purchase-money—the things were pieces of pewter, about the size of a crown-piece, and cost ten pence each, *a price which was invariably exacted*—it was supposed by many thousands to be intended to provide certain things necessary to national independence. The multitude knew perfectly well that these medals cost the reverend "Apostle of Temperance" about two pence

each; they knew also that he sold millions of them, and we have ourselves heard them calculate over and over again how much money he made by the transaction, and how he was using it, or intended to use it. And one great cause of the dropping away of the medalists from the temperance movement was because they could see nothing result from the medal fund. This was a view of the subject taken nowhere else, assuredly not in England. Nevertheless it is one which merits some notice.

Stephens soon found that the Temperance movement did not harmonize with the one he was organizing in any point—that in many points the two were altogether hostile. The soldiers whom he sought so eagerly were hardly to be got at except through the vice of drunkenness. And when paid organizers became the rule among the Brotherhood, as happened at length, drunkenness also became conspicuously the rule among them, as it had always been more or less. For conspiracy, which is thirsty work everywhere, is notably so in Ireland.

The conspiracy directed by James Stephens was indeed a powerful means of demoralizing the people among which it was in progress; and the large influx of American adventurers, which ere long took place, demoralized it still more. Few of these men had received that training which subdues the baser propensities. They had risen almost exclusively from the ranks of a republican army during the heat of civil strife. Under any circumstances, such a career could not but have stamped their character with a bluff coarseness foreign to officers regularly trained to arms. But all things in the American society to which

these people had been accustomed, no less than in the American armies of that time, tended to develop all that was rough and reckless, at the expense of refinement. The Irish-Americans, who crowded across the Atlantic in 1864, and in after years, were headlong personages, with most of the characteristics of the seventeenth century buccaneers. Robust in body and brain, and full of dash and daring, they had plenty of that experience which makes the iron soldier, but not the chivalrous one. When they attained the lead of the I. R. B. they made the haunts of dissipation their favourite places of rendezvous and council. They, too, were the men who introduccd the darker portion of Ribbonism into the conspiracy, and adopted assassination as a part of their system. No portion of the blame attached to this should be cast on Stephens. Indeed, one of the great objections to the Chief Organizer entertained by the men who threw him aside, was that he had made no provision for punishing spies and traitors. The American Fenians, who took the direction of the I. R. B., changed all this. And many of the most terrible assassinations perpetrated by their order, were planned in the midst of coarsest revelry.

The literary clubs of the I. R. B. had other uses besides those mentioned. Here a good deal of the business of the conspiracy could be done without attracting attention. Further, they conduced to the general safety. The circles were independent of one another; the detection of one would compromise none but its own members. Each club had a name, and was attached to a circle; outsiders could not distinguish the one from the other. If the circle

happened to be penetrated, the name of the club adhered to it. Like the open club, the secret and conspiring circle within was considered merely local and of small importance. The club was not the circle, only a portion thereof. The members of the club were not compelled to join the circle, nor the members of the circle the club; but association, and the force of opinion, invariably drove the whole of the one into the other. Then the Centres of the circles were always the presidents of the clubs. The two things had so much in common that they might very well pass for identical. So it often happened, notably in a case with which we shall have soon to deal.

Thus the Irish Republican Brotherhood progressed—gradually extending its area and multiplying its numbers. For the first six or seven years its strength lay chiefly in Leinster and Munster. It made little progress north or west, except in a few of the principal towns. The Orangeism of Ulster was a stubborn obstacle in its path; and nearly as stubborn was the Ribbonism of Connaught. The older rebellious association was jealous of the newer. The leaders of the former saw dangerous rivals in the latter. Then the views of the more modern society were far broader and more liberal. Ribbonism contained much religious fanaticism. On the other hand, the Nationalists—for this name, among others, was adopted thus early by the organization of James Stephens—deprecated religious strife, spoke slightingly of the priest, and boldly expressed its intention of confining him strictly to his sacerdotal functions. Educated people cannot understand the bitter hostility which such views were calculated to excite in the

lower Irish of the last generation. It will hardly be credited, nevertheless it is a fact that, thirty years ago, there were myriads in Ireland who believed the priest to be endowed with powers which they shrank from terming miraculous, but could not pronounce magical. We remember, in our boyhood, having been much struck with the conversation of a group of labourers respecting the conduct of a priest who had put down an incipient riot, a few days before, by the free use of his horsewhip.

"An yez let him strike yez," remarked a tatterdemallion, whose air bespoke the traveller.

"Yes," replied another of more solid type, evidently a home-keeping youth, with the due proportion of homely wit, taking his station into account, "what else would you have me do?"

"Why, sthrike him back," was the reply, "if he wor fifty times a priest. Let him sthrike me an I'll tache him a lesson I larnt in Ameriky. Faith an I will!"

This unsanctified remark drew a look of horror and surprise from the group.

"Sthrike the priest!" at length exclaimed one recovering from his astonishment, "Sure, ye omadhaune, don't yez know that he could nail yer feet to the ground, or twist yer mouth to the other side ov yer face by three words spaking!"

The group dispersed from the daring traveller, devoutly crossing itself the while.

In short, the liberalism of Fenianism stood much in its way with the men of Connaught; nor was it until a date comparatively recent in its history that it obtained a

solid footing in the province *where it is to-day the strongest.*

In '57 dim glimpses of foreigners flitting to and fro might be caught in Munster. They had a military bearing, and spoke broken English with a French accent. They kept mostly to the county—affecting especially the mountain side. When they appeared in the seaports, it was furtively, and but for short periods. In the same year, too, Prince Napoleon, the son of King Jerome, paid a visit to Cork. It was not altogether a pleasure visit. He saw Stephens, and he obtained evidence of the formidable strength which the I.R.B. was acquiring. The reader will, we hope, bear this in mind when he comes to read of the Phœnix Club.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RISE OF AMERICAN FENIANISM.

WHILE Stephens was thus successful in Ireland, O'Mahony had not been idle in America. He arrived in the New World with a very definite plan. It had been settled between Stephens himself, and other people in Paris, in London, and in Ireland, that the portion of the conspiracy which he was to organise in the United States was to be subordinate to that portion planted at home. The men of Celtic race settled west of the Atlantic, being wealthy, were to furnish their poorer brethren in Ireland with money and war materials. They were also to aid them politically by bringing their powerful election influence to bear on American Statesmen. All this they were to do ; further they were not to go.

O'Mahony found much that was favourable to his purpose in the United States. Ribbonism was firmly planted there, but it was far less fanatical than in the mother country. It was disposed, therefore, to accept O'Mahony and his views much more readily than Irish Ribbonism was disposed to accept Stephens and the opinions he propounded. Nor was Ribbonism the only tie between the Irish immigrants in America previous to the advent of O'Mahony. There was another in the militia

system of the United States. The refugees of '48, Doheny in particular, had taken advantage of it to form exclusively Irish battalions, of one of which he was elected Colonel. John Savage, once a leading contributor to the *Irish Felon*, was Captain in the same corps; so was Devin Reilly, who had been Editor of the same paper. The last was a young man of whom a singular story is told. On his fifteenth birthday he fell into an epileptic fit of an unusual kind. The fit did not recur; but an experienced physician declared that such another would seize him on the completion of his thirtieth year, and prove fatal. Devin Reilly fully believed the prediction; it had no influence, however, on his temper or conduct. The last night of his thirtieth year saw him in his usual health. His friends, whom he had collected round him, endeavoured to rally him out of his superstition, as they called it, when he proceeded to bid them a last farewell. He merely smiled at their remarks. Next morning he was found a corpse.

Doheny, Reilly, Savage, and others, had to some extent anticipated O'Mahony with their compatriots. They had done as much as their opportunities would allow in the way of forming them into an Irish League. This proves that the idea of the Irish conspiracy, as it was worked out by Stephens, was one suitable to the period. When the same ideas occur to a number of men simultaneously, it is clear that they must be suggested by widely prevailing circumstances. Doheny, Reilly, and Savage, however, had no fixed plan, and no particular object in view. They wished that the Irishmen in America should be prepared to take advantage of certain

contingencies, should they arise, in Europe. Beyond this their views did not extend. Besides, their own avocations occupied too much of their time and attention to allow them to form any very close or systematic combination among their countrymen, had they been disposed to undertake such a work. Such a combination might, however, have been formed in 1853, with very little trouble.

In 1853—some months previous to the arrival of O'Mahony—John Mitchell reached the United States. Of all the leaders of '48, he was decidedly the favourite with his countrymen. They thought of him pretty much as the Glengariff schoolmaster taught, and looked for his return as that of a deliverer. John Mitchell, released by the skill and devotion of Mr P. J. Smith, (now M.P. for Meath) from Australia, set foot in America at a favourable juncture. War between England and Russia was impending. According to ultra-Celtic hope, England would soon be in a difficulty, and that, of course, would furnish Ireland with an opportunity. Mitchell's coming suggested close combination of their race to the Irish in America; and he was spontaneously hailed as chief. He had now a great opportunity, but he did not know how to use it. He strutted, and spouted, and dreamed, and vacillated. He did everything but what he ought to have done—work and unbend. He could not descend to labour as the moulder of secret conspiracy; neither would he descend to court the people—as they must be courted by him who wishes to rule them.

Just as the American Irish—eager for the formation of

a national association, and sanguine of its success—began to perceive that John Mitchell was not the man they wanted—at this critical period, before disappointment could damp their aspirations, O'Mahony appeared among them. He was full of plan and purpose; he was ready to do the work they required, indeed, he meant to make that work the business of his life; he carried with him the prestige of one who had mixed in conspiracy abroad as well as at home; above all, he had been commissioned to do this very work by men who possessed the confidence of the Irish leaders in America. He was received with acclamation by Doheny, Savage, and the rest. They recognised his leadership, consented to work with him and under him, and introduced him to their countrymen as the chief so much desired.

But O'Mahony was hardly more fitted for the part he was about to play than Mitchell himself. Personally, he was brave and high-minded. Enthusiastic for everything Irish, he was deeply read in Celtic literature and history. He was, however, visionary in the extreme, he believed in ghosts, banshees, and fairies, like the Irish of old; and to these superstitions he had added others more modern, *clairvoyance* being among the number. He had no business habits, and no strength of purpose; he was easily swayed and undecided; withal, he was ambitious and haughty.

O'Mahony set to work at once and in earnest; but his way of working was not the right way. It found no favour with the American Irish. Their enthusiasm subsided. They fell away from him—as they had fallen

away from Mitchell—until his branch of the great Conspiracy numbered hardly forty members. By this time (1855), Mitchell had resigned his nominal leadership of the Irish nation in America, and subsided into journalism.

O'Mahony went on with his meagre following, and established a newspaper to aid him. This journal bore the name that he had bestowed on his party, "The Phœnix." The name was well chosen; for O'Mahony, who was great in nothing else, was certainly great in inventing names. The paper, so long as it survived, retained its original designation. Not so the conspiracy in America. Finding that it did not succeed as the "Phœnix," O'Mahony re-baptised it "The Emmet Monument Association," and started it anew.

The Emmet Monument Association, like the Phœnix, was organised—precisely as the I. R. B. There were circles and centres—there were A.'s, B.'s, and C.'s; and there was an oath of secrecy. In one thing only did it differ from the I. R. B.; the chief of the former was designated "Head Centre;" the head of the Irish branch of the conspiracy was known as "Chief Organiser."

The good qualities of John O'Mahony, no less than his deficiencies, were against him. He would not condescend to persuade; he would not hold out hope of reward, nor employ blandishments: all who joined his league were expected to do so out of purest patriotism. He froze the spirits of a good many whom a little management might have rendered ardent supporters. And he contrived to make mortal enemies of a good many more by his irritability and peevish vindictiveness. Among the most not-

able of the latter was Mr P. J. Meehan, editor of the *Irish American*, and a man of much influence among the Irish citizens of New York, and indeed among the Irish settlers generally. Meehan had his revenge—immediately in the *Irish American*, and eventually in other ways, to be told in their place.

News of O'Mahony's bungling and comparative failure was conveyed to Ireland—as news of the extraordinary success of Stephens was conveyed to America. Thoughtful men in both countries began to see that the man who was carrying out revolutionary designs so skilfully in Ireland, was precisely the man to put these plans in working order in America. The impression grew stronger daily. At last, the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny in India—the said mutiny being a thing which threatened to tax the strength of England to the utmost, and therefore to tempt her European rivals into aggressions likely to involve her in other wars—urged the Irish nationalists to take a course which might enable them to utilise the glorious opportunity looming in the not distant future. Such an opportunity, they agreed, was not to be forfeited in consequence of mismanagement in America. There was a universal demand by the Emmet Monument men, and by the I. R. B. for Stephens to cross the Atlantic and show his coadjutor in the United States, how the Irish nation was to be organised. "Stephens must go," exclaimed everybody. And Stephens went; but in his own shrewd way. For four or five months envoys crossed and recrossed between the Old World and the New, smoothing away the difficulties that lay before the Chief Organiser on

the path he was about to enter. These difficulties were neither few nor small. Already jealousies had sprung up between the chiefs; and these were all the stronger because O'Mahony, Doheny, and others in America, so far had regarded Stephens as their inferior in all respects, and their natural subordinate aud follower. At length the American leaders were induced to unite in signing a formal invitation of Stephens to America, in which full prominence was given to and due acknowledgment made of the commanding position which he had already attained in the conspiracy. This document was accompanied by a sum of two thousand dollars for expenses. With the money and the invitation in his possession, and having made the necessary arrangements for the management of matters at home during his absence, James Stephens sailed for the United States in the autumn of 1858.

He was received with enthusiasm; appeared at numerous meetings in New York and elsewhere; found no difficulty in arousing the enthusiasm of the Irish masses wherever he went; saw all the leaders, and contrived to win them to his plans, which were soon in full and eminently prosperous action, as in Ireland. And with the new modelling of the conspiracy, O'Mahony, who was great in such things, provided it with a new name—this time a happy one—"the Fenian Brotherhood."

But who was now to lead in America? O'Mahony was hardly the man for the post; yet no better man was available within the ranks of the American branch of the conspiracy. Stephens looked beyond it. Three of the prime leaders of '48 were then in America—Thomas D'Arcy

Magee, John Mitchell, and Thomas Meagher. Two of these were then, as they always continued to be, ardent patriots. The third had not yet manifested any marked change of opinion. The Chief Organiser caused him to be sounded. It is stated that Magee hesitated for a while, and barely refused to take part in the plot. Stephens then applied to Mitchell and Meagher, who at this time were inseparable. The former has left an account of the negotiation, written in '67, which we transcribe:

"Exactly nine years ago, James Stephens came to this country to organise the American branch of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. He came to me in East Tennessee, stated his plans and resources, and required, rather more than proposed, that Meagher and myself should place ourselves at the head of the Organisation in the United States, appeal to our countrymen here for money, and plenty of money, and remit it all to him. This was cool. I questioned him closely upon the progress he had made in Ireland, and he assured me that he had then—nine years ago, fifteen thousand sworn confederates (they were not then called Fenians), all armed with rifles. I did not believe him. A few days later Meagher and myself met Mr Stephens by appointment, at my lodgings, in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. He demanded of us, in a somewhat high tone, that we should enter his conspiracy, and should use all the credit and influence which he supposed us to possess among the Irish citizens of the United States, in order to procure money for the purposes of that conspiracy. It was a startling proposal.

"Unfortunately for him, we could not believe his state-

ment, and speedily arrived at the conclusion at which many others have since arrived, that he was a humbug. It was in vain he told us that our antecedents and the position we held (as he said) amongst Irish patriots imposed on us the duty to place ourselves in the hands of him, James Stephens, as the only representative and standard-bearer of the Irish national cause, and with full confidence in him, his promises and pretensions, ask our countrymen settled here for their hard-earned dollars, and plenty of them. Now Meagher and I knew very well that the Irish born citizens of the United States could be free enough with their dollars, if they only felt some confidence that their contributions would be honestly and intelligently used for the purpose of freeing their native land, but we had more than scruples in this case. It will always be a source of gratification to me, that my friend and myself felt and acted alike on the proposition made to us by that most plausible gentleman. I told Mr Stephens that, although fully bent upon taking advantage of any legitimate occasion and opportunity for liberating our country and destroying British power, we had never yet asked our countrymen to contribute to a revolutionary fund, because we had not had any assurance that it would be properly used; that we believed no opportunity whatsoever then existed for a revolutionary movement in Ireland (England being then at peace with all the world), that we declined, therefore, to make ourselves responsible in the eyes of the whole Irish race at home and abroad, by calling upon them to pour into our hands the savings of years—as we knew they would—on the mere faith of his assurance that

he was going to overturn the British Empire. Thereupon Mr Stephens attempted to assume a rather lofty and peremptory style of discourse; told us of our duties and of the responsibilities to which we should one day be held. This tone did not answer. We declined to be informed of our duties by him, and he very soon took up his hat and left the house. I put this interview upon record, because it explains the position which Meagher always afterwards held with regard to the organisation created by Mr Stephens. If he held aloof from it, his conduct was dictated by no lukewarm feeling towards his native land, but simply by a rooted distrust of the whole plan and of the man who proposed it."

On the foregoing bit of narrative by Mr Mitchell, we think it necessary to make a few remarks. So far as matters of fact go, it is to be relied upon strictly. We may trust it, also, as giving a correct view of the impressions of the writer. Here, however, lies the error of the paper. These impressions colour the statements as to fact; to form a just estimate of the statements, they must be viewed apart from the impressions. Mitchell was evidently prejudiced against Stephens, to begin with. The '48 chief had that singular distrust of, and contempt for, mere plebeian leaders, which so generally marks the high-bred democrat. He would not believe that such a man—one sprung from a class so low as Stephens—could have succeeded to the extent he stated, when he—John Mitchell—and his associates, all highly educated gentlemen, had so completely failed, under far more favourable circumstances. As to serving under Stephens—acting as a mere

instrument in his hands—Mitchell's pride revolted against it. That Stephens was not a humbug, as a conspirator, the sense in which Mitchell wishes us to understand his words—Mitchell himself showed when, some years later, he joined the conspiracy, and acted for a period as its ambassador at Paris.

The statements in Mitchell's account, which we request our readers to note, are these:—that, in 1858, James Stephens visited the United States to organize the American Branch of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood; that a principal use of the American Branch was to provide money; and that the organization of the Irish Branch was already formidable. The first and last of these statements are directly adverse to what is generally told and believed. To John O'Mahony is commonly given the credit of originating the I. R. B., and the western hemisphere is assigned as the scene of its birth. Stephens is represented as his subordinate up to a certain date; and the Irish Branch is asserted to have been a mere offshoot of the American trunk, which O'Mahony had planted and nourished.

As to Meagher, the narrative of his friend is not quite accurate. The former never openly and avowedly became a member of the I. R. B., but neither did he ever declare against it. On the contrary, he favoured it in many ways indirectly, and in no way more so than when he took command of the Irish Brigade in the Federal service—a brigade which was Fenian to a man, and which supplied nearly all the adventurers who rendered themselves notorious in Ireland in 1865, and subsequently.

The interviews with Mitchell and Meagher had their effect on Stephens. Thenceforward he regarded all the '48 men beyond his conspiracy with animosity, and all those within it with distrust. He determined to get rid of the latter when he could do so with safety.

James Stephens spent about five months in the United States. He traversed a great part of the country in company with O'Mahony and one more enthusiastic still in the cause he advocated, one of the few priests who took part in the conspiracy—Father Fitzgerald of Crawfordsville, Indiana. Before the Chief Organizer sailed again for Europe, he left the American portion of the conspiracy in a flourishing condition. With O'Mahony he could not yet dispense, so he caused him to be continued as Head Centre.

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CHAPTER V.

THE PHŒNIX CLUB.

SHORTLY after the return of Stephens from his American tour occurred an event of some importance in the history of his conspiracy. That branch of the I. R. B. established in Kerry and Cork, under O'Donovan Rossa, had grown audacious as well as strong. Its members founded a club, to which they gave the name of "the Phœnix," and which the better classes in the vicinity soon began to regard with apprehension, on account of the pronounced republicanism of its frequenters. This went so far that it became the rule for landowners, manufacturers, and tradesmen to discharge the Phœnix Club men in their employ. It was well known that proselytism was practised by these Phœnix men, and that they were given to drilling, which was not very secret. Worst of all, a meeting of the association was held at a critical period of the Indian Mutiny, whereat treasonable resolutions were passed, and an inflammatory address was adopted.

The attention of the authorities in Dublin Castle was drawn to those things, and a trusty agent was sent down to inquire into them. This agent contrived to get within the circle of the I. R. B., which was behind the Phœnix Club, and to glean a good deal of infor-

mation—enough to alarm the government. He gave his employers a shadowy view of the great conspiracy that was afoot, and supplied them with links tending to connect the Phœnix with certain societies in Belfast and elsewhere, and with certain treasonable associations in a number of militia regiments. The authorities could hardly believe it; they were disposed to regard the whole as a new phase of Ribbonism, a thing with which they were accustomed to deal. There was that in the information laid before them, however, which led them to think that possibly there *might* be something more in it, so they resolved to wait and watch until the thing should develop itself a little more. By some means—how, we are not at liberty to mention—this came to the knowledge of the Executive Council of the I. R. B. It was seen that if the government were allowed to pursue its course, great perils were likely to be encountered by the conspiracy. It was determined to tempt the government into premature action, and that in a way that should throw some suspicion upon it. At the same time measures were taken to discredit the statements of the spy, and to give a ridiculous appearance to the Phœnix Club and its doings.

In November a rough wooden case was deposited on the high road, close to the gate of a leading magistrate. The box was picked up and handed over to the police. It contained a pike-head and the following letter, addressed to "Mr Archibald Riordan," no such person living in that quarter. The letter ran thus:—"I enclose you a large *needle* (this word in Irish) which is not as polished as it should be, as it only lately came from the smith; but Murty,

the bearer, being here, I availed myself of his presence to send you one, that you may have the needful done for your friends, which can be done at 2s. 6d. per needle. This is taken from the model sent us from ——." This letter was in the well-known hand of Murty Monyhan. The whole thing was done by order of the Executive Council of the I. R. B., meaning, if the government took the hint, to represent it as a clumsy police device.

The government did take the hint. Within a few days a proclamation was posted on all the dead walls of the vicinity, in which a reward was offered for "information." This was what the directors of the I. R. B. wanted. They had their informers ready, and their *martyrs* ready too. The leading informer was an O'Sullivan, called from his native place, Goula, to distinguish him from the numerous other O'Sullivans to be found in that quarter of the south of Ireland. He did his work well. According to the evidence which he gave at various trials in March 1859, this formidable secret society was little more than a drinking club—a mere clumsy imitation of Ribbonism. The drillings, of which so much had been made, were mere pleasure excursions to some picturesque spot, in which playing at soldiers, schoolboy fashion, was to form a portion of the amusement. Fifteen or twenty men living in the same district would agree to meet, on a certain day, in a suitable place—any secluded nook in the mountains—any wild spot shut in by woods and rocks, little frequented by wayfarers, and miles away from the nearest police barrack, having the preference—that is to say, if there happened to be a "shebeen convaynient."

The excursionists would journey to the rendezvous in the Irish jaunting car, making a halt at every roadside tavern on the way, and would arrive on the ground in a state of high jollity. Here there would be a shaking of hands, and an interchange of gossip, with now and then a set-to at fisty cuffs, or with the cudgels, between individuals which, as likely as not, became general for the next five minutes. Having thus tried the strength of each other's skulls, and restored order, or rather secured a little less riotous disorder, there would be a good deal of practice at the "goose step;" some little marching and counter-marching, and a vast quantity of vociferation and flourishing of "wooden swords" on the part of the officers of this very awkward squad.* Many of the recruits would display extraordinary stupidity in their facings, and the "officers" would anathematise them with due professional unction, to the extreme amusement of the less stupid and the exceeding wrath of the anathematised. There would be squabbles between the officers and the stupids, which would not unfrequently end in single combats between the parties, things remarkably illustrative of the high state of discipline among the I. R. B. Then, the officers having thus proved themselves perfectly qualified to command, and the men thoroughly willing to be commanded, the whole party would adjourn to the aforementioned shebeen. Here, glasses having been duly primed, would be sung a song or two, like the following:

* Here we do no more than summarise the evidence given concerning these drills at the state trials of '59, and wherein much mention was made of the "wooden swords" of the officers.

"The dhreary night is o'er, me bhoys ;
Tho' Erin has suffered sore, me bhoys,
She'll live to see her childher free,
And the laws of her land adored, me bhoys.

Chorus. For now the morn is breakin', me bhoys ;
And the pirate ship is lakin', me bhoys ;
Our villanous foes—to the bottom they goes ;
For their cursed ould impire is shakin', me bhoys.

"The Injins have made them feel, me bhoys ;
And Cherbourg is at their heel, me bhoys ;
Then up with the Sunburst now, me bhoys !
Ray-aycho your father's vow, me bhoys.
For Erin will sthand wid a harp in her hand,
And an imirald sit on her brow, me bhoys.

Chorus. For now the morn, etc."

This precious rigmarole, we may remark, was read with due emphasis at the trials, by the Attorney-General. Had he been specially instructed by the Executive Council of the I. R. B., he could hardly have served their purpose better. Mingled with such songs as the above, would be ultra-revolutionary and democratic toasts, and the whole party would get glorious and pugnacious. There would be various fights ; there would be a making up of the quarrels, and more drinking. Then the party would separate to depart, but not exactly as they came. While a fair proportion lay helplessly drunk in the "wells" of the jaunting cars, the boisterous remnant would enliven the route with terrific yells and the burning of a good many blank cartridges by the few of them who happened to possess pistols which would go off. So the thing would end for the time.

The rest of the doings of these Phœnix men, according to the informer, amounted to little more. There would be nods and winks when the initiated met. One would draw another aside and show him, as a great secret, a rusty dagger or an old pike-head that had been dug out of a neighbouring bog or something of that kind, the exhibitor, the while, rejoicing in the possession of his treasure, and the spectator envying him its possession. Then the weapon would be carefully restored to its hiding place in the thatch, along with the family archives and the family purse, formed of an old stocking.

On investigation, the whole matter looked precisely as it was intended to look by the chiefs of the I. R. B.—altogether farcical. And the able counsel employed for the prisoners—there was no lack of funds on the part of the defence—took good care not to spoil the effect. One of the prisoners, of the O'Sullivan tribe, and a national schoolmaster, was convicted and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. This was felt to be far too severe, even by the prosecution. So the remaining trials were postponed and protracted until the other prisoners consented to plead guilty, on the understanding that they would be released, and with them, the convict.

While lying yet in prison, a petition was drawn up in their names and forwarded to the Emperor of the French. A copy of the document is now before us. The petition is unique in its way. It was intended for private circulation as well as to meet the eyes of him to whom it was addressed. Of great length, it contains an elaborate vindication of the petitioners, and an indictment as

elaborate of the British Government as the relentless oppressor of Ireland. According to it, the petitioners were absolutely ignorant of aught like conspiracy, or of the arch-conspirator Stephens, of whom a good deal of mysterious mention was made at the trials. The petition, accordingly, is careful to misspell that worthy's name thus—"Stevens." The petitioners add, however, that they were no more maligned in this matter than his Majesty the Emperor of the French himself; and they give the rumours afloat concerning the visit of the Prince, his cousin, to Cork, and concerning the presence of certain French officers in Munster. They enlarge duly on the hardships they suffered in prison, and on the jury-packing, the suborning of false witnesses, and all the other perversions of justice for which Irish state trials, according to Irishmen, are eternally remarkable. The petition appeals very neatly, and no less characteristically, to the affection of the Irish people for the French nation, and alludes to the services which Irish exiles have performed when fighting in the French ranks. Irish-like, the petitioners admit, at the close, the very thing which they denied all through up to the close—the existence of the conspiracy and, by implication, their own connection therewith.

That such a document should have been drawn up does not astonish us at all. Neither are we much surprised—remembering certain remarkable escapes—that the petitioners found means to append their signatures thereto, although in prison. But it does somewhat surprise us that any one could muster up sufficient impudence to

present it to Napoleon III. And it surprises us much more when we find that it was not only presented but received. We have heard it asserted, and apparently with good reason, that the Emperor of the French not only received the petition and read it carefully, but that he interposed, and with effect, in favour of the petitioners. Whether, however, he pretended to look upon them as mere harmless simpletons, or as persons with real grievances, is more than we know.

The effect of the circulation of the document in Ireland was great. It fixed in the minds of its Celtic readers the impression that Celtic political prisoners must not dare to hope for a fair trial in a court of law conducted according to English forms, and presided over by an English official. It convinced them that Irish political prisoners were sure to be treated with illegal rigor while in prison awaiting trial. Especially it convinced them that the Phœnix Club men were so many martyrs in the cause of "Ould Ireland."

But the chief effect of this petition on the Irish mind was the one chiefly intended. And here lay the remarkable cunning of the device. It taught Irish readers to look upon France as the paramount European state, and upon its ruler as one who had the right and the power to examine into national misdeeds and national sufferings, and whose duty it was to punish the one and to rectify the other. More than this, the Irish were here instructed to look up to France not merely as the arbitress of nations, but as the sister and natural protectress of Ireland. Current events and old recollections went far towards justifying both impressions.

This curious petition was intended to create an impression on others, as well as on the Irish people. It was meant to convey to the French Emperor that Irishmen were not only disaffected beyond all hope of reconciliation with England, but that in all their sufferings they turned instinctively to France for aid and relief.

No better comment on the whole curious document—on the indignant repudiation of conspiracy by the petitioners, on their charges of tyranny and perversion of the law against the English Government, and on their appeal to a foreign potentate—in itself something like an act of rebellion—no better comment on all this could be given than that furnished by the after-career of the Phœnix Clubmen. Every one of them distinguished himself either as a Fenian in America, or as a member of the I. R. B. in Ireland. They were released on the understanding that they were to come up for sentence when called upon. It is idle to suppose that they did not know the significance of the condition. Men who could concoct a document so artful as the petition to the French Emperor must have possessed a very fair allowance of brains. Indeed, their whole conduct during these trials showed that they knew very well what they were about. Of course the condition under which they were released was well understood to pledge them against further misdoing like that from the punishment of which they had just escaped so narrowly. Yet, no sooner were they at large than they resumed treasonable proceedings with more than their former ardour.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHURCH AND THE ARMY.

In 1859 James Stephens was in the prime of life, thirty-five. He was a well-built, active man, five feet seven in height; his head, large and round, hung a little forward, and his bright restless grey eyes seemed to take in at a glance everything on each side of their owner, as well as in his front. It was clear that he was full of shrewdness, caution, and watchfulness, and capable of any amount of labour, bodily and mental. His voice was one of little power and compass, but had a certain measured intonation that was very effective; in conversation or argument he never committed himself to a strong opinion until he had acquainted himself with the views of the other party. To these views he could always adapt himself with remarkable tact; winning his converts while appearing to give way to them. As to his character—he was emphatically a voluptuary; indulging in pleasures of all sorts, with a certain moderation, however, just enough to prevent his pleasures from losing their zest. Much of this he managed to conceal, but not all; his personal extravagance as much as anything else eventually ruined him in the estimation of his adherents. In other points, Luby, who had good reason to know him well,

spoke of him thus at a Fenian meeting in New York, Oct. 6, 1871: "James Stephens was a man who would not be content to serve in a minor position on a Council or Directory of Irish affairs. He (Luby) would oppose his (James Stephens') appointment to any prominent place, for he knew that his ambition would not be content with being one of a few members of a council; he would try to swallow it all and become sole dictator." This was not an opinion hastily formed—nor does the sentence give the whole of Luby's judgment of his former chief.

Early in 1869 a communication from the leading members of the I. R. B., then undergoing penal servitude, found its way to the members of the Brotherhood still at large. It was to this effect—that John O'Leary (editor of *The Irish People*), wished "it distinctly understood that he considered that gentleman (James Stephens), totally unworthy of again holding his former position, and that in this view Mr Luby concurred; that he had no faith in his devotion, that he believed him utterly selfish, and that he had forfeited all claim to the people of Ireland."

O'Donovan Rossa, perhaps the strongest-headed of the conspirators after Stephens himself—has been more reticent concerning his leader; but it is quite evident that his opinions of him do not differ much from those of Luby and O'Leary: "I liked the man," he writes in his "Prison Life;" "I believed he was going the right way to free Ireland; I saw him working in that direction through all kinds of difficulties, and under circumstances that would paralyse the spirit of any ordinary man. I worked with, or under him, if people will have it so. I believe I have

ever since been looked upon by some of my friends as too favourable to him, and particularly since his failure this prejudice follows me. I am told by my friends that I believed in him with a religious belief and did everything he wished done. It is true that I was obedient, but this obedience never degenerated into subserviency. I did everything I was told; but James Stephens never told me to do anything that my heart was not in, and that my own judgment did not tell me was promotive of the cause of Irish independence. I did many things without his instructions; but with, or without them, I am not ashamed of anything I did in connection with the revolutionary movement in Ireland, England, and Scotland."

"There was one thing I was sorry for, which was a lesson to me. Mr Stephens was once dissatisfied about the conduct of an acquaintance of ours in Bandon, who is now (1871) dead. I let fall an observation that led the Captain (Stephens) to understand the man had been saying something to me of him. He asked me to tell what he said. I did not show a willingness to do so, and he commanded me, by virtue of my oath of obedience, to tell all. I did so, but took good care never after to tell Mr Stephens any stories about things spoken of himself. This was not the part of a true friend, perhaps; but I prefer the respectability of my own character to the truest of friendships, and particularly to that friendship which is cultivated by telling a great man, what great men like to hear—that is, every little tittle-tattle spoken of themselves. Mr Stephens may be right, too, in his desire to learn everything about everyone, looking at it in

the light of a remark he made to me on one of the last days of my intercourse with him. There was some sociable gathering of our people in Kilkenny or Tipperary, and one of those at it coming to Dublin, told the Governor (Stephens) either that his health was not toasted at all, or that it was made secondary to that (*sic*) of John O'Mahony's health. I saw him out of humour at this, and remarking that men might easily find something better to do than to be bringing him such petty stories to annoy him, he told me I was very much mistaken; that it was necessary for him to know the dispositions of men towards him, for with the responsible trusts he had to give, he would be making a blunder if he were to give them to disaffected men, or to men who were grumbling at everything as an excuse for doing nothing."

As another illustration of the imperious side of the character of Stephens, Rossa tells how, on one occasion, the men of Carlow wrote to Dublin requesting that some one in authority should be sent down to meet them, specifying the race-course of Ballybar as a suitable rendezvous—one not likely to attract suspicion—and requesting that Rossa might be deputed. This letter excited the high indignation of Stephens. On the evening of the day that this letter was received, Stephens wrote to Rossa asking, "Why should those Carlow men attempt to dictate to him the proper party to be sent down? They should be taught that they could not do that, and it was for him to determine who was the fittest party to meet them? I could not go," adds Rossa, "and he bade me write to them to tell them so, and told myself to

be in readiness to start for America on the following Friday."

Perhaps the most terrible remarks concerning James Stephens, coming from, not only a follower, but one who had been amongst his earliest and most devoted disciples, and who also held high place for a time. in the Brotherhood, are contained in a letter written, April 13th, 1872, by Denis Dowling Mulcahy :—"Mr James Stephens, a gentleman who, when he was a patriot, was not remarkable for candour or, indeed, for courage, and who scarcely ever told a whole truth in his whole life, certainly never if half a truth answered his purpose. A man who, to gain his ends, would have recourse to any means within his reach, *always provided* he ran no serious risk of his own personal safety—a *Leader (!)* who was always ready to sacrifice his best men, and did sacrifice them, to cover his own bungles and blunders, and afterwards left them in prison, when he could have *released* them, that he alone might have the sole honour of escaping, and the entire control of the organisation ; and who was not ashamed to rob his compatriots and fellow-workers of the reward due to their merits, their labours, their daring, and devotion—claiming for himself the whole merit of revolutionizing Ireland ; and I may add, of running away from the *Rising*, or, at least, of not returning, according to his abundant promises and pledges, to raise the standard of Revolt. But prudence is a virtue when even only penal servitude stares one of Mr Stephens' stamp in the face. This gentleman was ignorant of nothing but his own arrogance, ambition, and want of pluck."

So far Mr Mulcahy's statements are perfectly accurate as to facts. His conclusions, however, severe as they look, are not sufficiently severe. We purpose to show that the renowned C.O.I.R.B. was something beyond what his former friends declared to be their impression of him. Whether, however, they gave expression to their full impression is another thing. Few people care to admit more than a certain amount of fatuity; and probably Messrs O'Leary, Luby, O'Donovan Rossa, and Mulcahy felt that, had they said all the evil they might have said concerning Stephens, they would have been passing condemnation on themselves. In the letter just quoted, the following characteristic anecdote is given of Stephens:—"When I came to Dublin in 1863, I attended some meetings of the members of the Organization. At one of these meetings, I had the temerity to differ with Mr Stephens—a 'crime' he never forgot or forgave. After the meeting, he told me to meet him at his lodgings, in Lower Mount Street. I did so. I did not know what he wanted me for; but I wasn't kept long in suspense. I was told I should not express an opinion contrary to his at those meetings. I said, shortly, that if I could not express my opinion contrary to his, I had no business at those meetings. From this time, Mr Stephens showed the bitterest hostility to me, and never lost an opportunity of maligning me behind my back. He hadn't the courage to speak in my presence."

Another passage from this remarkable letter, relating as it does to the period we have reached (1859), and showing also the activity of Stephens, who had just returned from America, we quote. "Mr Stephens tried to bully me out

of those views* in Paris in 1859, but failed. I adhered to them because he himself had laid them down, and swore me to them when I joined the organisation, and because I believed that a serious departure from the original plan would end in disaster and defeat. He laid it down as a sure test of a philosophic revolutionist that he adhered to his original programme. He used to boast that he saw his movement from its initiation to its end. I would not echo, and endorse, and passively assent to all that Mr Stephens preached and promised, and consequently I was not only excluded from the meetings, but denounced as remiss in attending to the requirements of the organisation, which simply meant swearing by all the great James Stephens said, did, and promised. My friends never said much in defence of me. But in those days few dared oppose or question the despotic dictator. There was no redress. The Head Centre was all-powerful, and good Irishmen, for a much less 'crime' than I was guilty of, were freely branded as traitors and denounced as cowards by Mr Stephens. If I withdrew from the Organisation, I too would probably be stigmatised as both." The last sentence is a meaning one. To be stigmatised to the Brotherhood by Stephens as traitor and coward signified to be lynched—certainly to be expelled from society. That was well understood, and accounts for the fact that the misled, who saw their error, still continued to persist therein to the end.

An important item in the history of Fenianism is the attitude of the Roman Catholic priests. From the very

* That no revolt was to be attempted without foreign support.

first the Brotherhood was placed by certain dignitaries of the Church of Rome among those secret societies which were to be anathematised, and they anathematised it thoroughly well, accordingly. One of them—Bishop Moriarity of Cork—is reported to have declared that "Hell was not hot enough, nor eternity long enough to punish" the I. R. B. A few Irish priests disagreed exceedingly with Bishop Moriarity; more than one, like Father Lavelle, wrote elaborate arguments to prove that the I. R. B. did not belong to the class of secret associations banned by the Roman Catholic Church; and a still smaller number took part in the society both in Europe and in America. A Roman Catholic priest, for instance, was elected one of the seven directors of the Brotherhood in 1870 by the members of the North of England district.

The vast majority, however, of the Irish priesthood held with the authorities, and discountenanced the Brotherhood in every way. Some of them went further; busying themselves to gather valuable information, and transmitting it to "the Castle." In this way an inkling of the doings of the men of the Phœnix Club first reached the Irish Executive. A priest—the Rev. John O'Sullivan of Kenmare—was in correspondence, concerning this club, with Lord Naas, from the beginning of October to the end of December 1858. This correspondence was copied immediately by one of the I. R. B., and the copies transmitted to the Fenian leaders, who took their measure accordingly. The fact, for fact it is, shows how widely the conspiracy had spread by that period, and how well it was organised. We quote these letters:—

I.

KENMARE, *October* 5, 1858.

MY LORD,—Having discovered in the latter end of the week that an extensive conspiracy was being organised in this parish, and was imported from Bantry and Skibbereen, I deemed it my duty at both masses on Sunday to denounce, in the strongest language, the wickedness and immorality of such a system, and its evil consequences to society. Before evening I had the satisfaction of coming at a good deal of the workings of the system, and even got copies of the oaths, which I send at the other side for the information of the Government.

I was led to believe that 700 or 800 persons had been enrolled here, and some 3000 in Skibbereen; the former I know to be a gross exaggeration, and I suppose the latter equally so. Before I came out on these deluded young men—the names of some of whom I have—I advised the magistrates of the facts, and they, too, have probably advised with your Lordship.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

II.

KENMARE, *December* 11, 1858.

MY LORD,—Since I forwarded to you copies of the oaths that were being administered by the misguided young men, some ten or dozen of whom were arrested here yesterday, I beg to assure you that I lost no opportunity of denouncing, both in public and private, the folly and wickedness of their proceedings.

Nay more, I refused to hear the confession or admit to communion any one person who had joined the society until they should come to the "extra-tribunal," as we technically term it; and there not only promise to disconnect themselves from the society, but also to give me the names of every person they knew to be a member. It was rather difficult to accomplish the latter, but I did; and having thus come at the names of these deluded young men, I either with themselves or their parents showed them the insanity of the course they had been following. Almost every one of those now under arrest have (*sic*) been last week at their Christmas confession and communion; and though it may be no legal evidence of their being innocent, to any one acquainted with the practice and discipline of our

Church, it is *prima facie* evidence of their having solemnly pledged themselves to disconnect themselves from the society.

I beg to assure your Lordship that since the 3d of October—the Sunday on which I first denounced this society—not even *one single person has joined it*, and had the thing taken root or progressed, I would have been as ready to advise you of its progress as I was of its existence. So completely extinct has it been that more than once I proposed writing to you to remove the extra police force, seeing them (*sic*) perfectly unnecessary.

Under such circumstances, I make bold to ask your Lordship to interfere with His Excellency for the liberation of these foolish boys —for boys they are. They have got a proper fright, and I make no doubt that an act of well-timed clemency will have more effect in rendering them dutiful subjects hereafter than would be the measure of the justice they certainly deserve.

If they be treated with kindness, they will be thankful and grateful, and doubly so if the thing be done at once and in a friendly and fatherly spirit, but carry out the law, and you will, of course, vindicate it, but you certainly will have confirmed a set of young rebels in their hostility to Her Majesty's Government.—I have the honour, &c.,

JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

III.

[This was addressed to the partner of the Crown-prosecutor (Sir Matthew Barrington), an old school-fellow.]

KENMARE, *December 16th*, 1858.

MY DEAR PAT,—It never occurred to me that the prosecution of these young men here would come before you so soon, so I was waiting the approach of the assizes to put before you the part I took in it. The moment I got hold of the existence of such a foolish conspiracy here, I advised the magistrates of it, who could scarcely believe me.

I denounced it at both masses on the third of October, and such a surprise was it on the congregation that they most unanimously voted me either mad, or seeking to work upon the fears of Trench, who is still going to all and most unworthy lengths in opposing the convent.

Immediately after denouncing, a party came and gave me copies of the two oaths I enclose you. I dreaded him, and to save myself, I mentioned the facts to the magistrates. Trench at once sent to me

for a copy, and, feeling he only wanted to make a call at the Castle, I was inclined not to give it; but then, on the other hand, I feared to withhold it, as he would be but too glad to have so much to tell Lord Lansdown and the Government.

The two Simpsons dined with me the same evening, and Richard advised me to send a copy to Lord Naas by next post, but to withhold the copy for Trench until the post after, and then let Trench make a fool of himself by sending up his "Eureka" to the Government. I did that, and see Lord Naas's reply. On the arrest of these young men, I wrote to him a letter, a copy of which I send you, and if he has sense he will take my advice. Let him prosecute these lads, and the excitement that will follow will have no bounds. The people are already talking of giving them a public entry—of raising a subscription to defend them, and thus the excitement will be tremendous; whereas if the brats be sent home at once, all this will be anticipated. I beg of you to do what you can to carry out this view of it. The government may be quite satisfied that, since the 3d of October, there has been a complete stop to it here; and if any of the unfortunate boys have moved in it since, I am not to be understood as having the slightest pity, or feeling for them. Say, if you please, what we ought to do; and do what you can for these poor deluded boys. Would you advise me to write to Sir Charles Trevelyan, or to the Lord Lieutenant, or would you advise a public meeting and a memorial here?—My dear Pat, &c.,

P. D. JEFFERS, Esq. JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

IV.

KENMARE, *December 17th*, 1858.

DEAR SIR MATTHEW,—I wrote to Pat Jeffers yesterday, and immediately after heard from Mr Davis; he was on his way to meet you. Had I known so much, I would have reserved my letter to Pat for you. About the 1st of October I had the first intimation of the movement of these blockheads. I denounced it at both masses on the 3d, and before the evening of that day I had the satisfaction of getting copies of the oaths, which I at once forwarded to Lord Naas, and for which I have his thanks.

I would stake my existence, that from thenceforward not a single individual in this parish joined the Society. I send you a copy of the letter I wrote to Lord Naas upon the arrest of these young lads, as

conveying what I would impress upon you now; and I will only add to it, that the less you make of the whole matter, the more you will contribute to the peace of the country in general. Require heavy bail from them, and that bail they will get; but then you will elevate a pack of silly boys to be great patriots, and attach a significance and importance to the whole matter it really does not deserve. Great sympathy for the young chaps exists here by reason of their youth, and if you go to any extremities with them, it will not only give great dissatisfaction to the people, but it will confirm the young fellows in their hostility to the government, whether they be guilty or not. I beg of you, therefore, as you value the peace and welfare of the country, try to let them out, either on their own recognisances, or upon very moderate bail, and you will find it to be the most effectual stop to this very silly movement.—I am, Dear Sir Matthew, &c.,

Sir MATTHEW BARRINGTON, Bart. JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

V.

KENMARE, *December 26th* 1858.

MY LORD,—Now that an investigation has been had as to the nature and extent of the Phœnix Society, I venture to call your attention to a letter I took the liberty of writing to you on this day fortnight. I have just read the evidence of the approver, Sullivan, in the *Cork Examiner*, and he states—"that he had been at confession with me, and that I advised him to break the oaths." *The man never confessed to me. I never exchanged a word with him. He is not a parishioner of mine at all.* If all his evidence be as true as this much, it is of little value.

Looking, therefore, at the unsupported testimony of this fellow, at the youth of the lads led astray by him, and above all, at the fact of the Society having been completely extinguished since I first denounced it on the 3d of October, I venture again to ask your Lordship to interfere with his Excellency for a free pardon for these foolish parishioners of mine. It will be the most perfect extinguisher he can possibly put upon it.

If you call them up for trial, a large subscription will be made up to defend them, for their youth, with the innumerable perjuries of the approver, has created much sympathy for them, and great excitement will be kept up here until the assizes. If they shall be acquitted, a regular ovation will be the consequence, while a conviction cannot

entail a very heavy sentence on such striplings. If his Excellency will graciously grant them a free pardon, he will attach them faithful and beholden to Her Majesty, and we shall hear no more of this absurd, wicked, and foolish Society. I am quite sure, also, that you must be aware that it was my active interference suppressed the society so immediately here; and, though I incurred much odium in the beginning, all parties now admit I was their best friend. This, I think, entitles me to some consideration on your part; and be assured that if I had the slightest reason to think that a prosecution would tend more to the preservation of the peace and the dignity of the constitution than what I ask now, I would be the foremost in recommending it. I therefore confidently ask for a free pardon for the *whole* of my poor deluded parishioners, because, if the thing be done at all, it ought to be done in a free and generous spirit, making no distinctions or exceptions, because without pronouncing on the guilt or the innocence of any of the parties. I am perfectly satisfied and convinced not one of them had the slightest connection with the Society from the day I first denounced it.—I have the honour, &c.,

The Right Hon. Lord NAAS, M.P. JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

The priest got his information in this way. Learning in the confessional that one of his flock belonged to the I.R.B., he took him into the chapel-yard and there extracted the rest from him. This was obtaining information "extra-tribunal." His whole conduct and his letters —including the jealousy of Trench, and the desire to anticipate him at the Castle—may be regarded as typical of the mass of the Irish priesthood, all through, with respect to the conspiracy and its dupes.

How the priest dealt with those who were something more than dupes we shall now attempt to show. Speaking of the Roman Catholic Clergy, O'Donovan Rossa says—"Our agents were bullied by them; and when bullying would not do threatened with hell and damnation: when both failed, the trade of the man was threatened; and I know

one district in Waterford where a priest was in league with the magistrates to refuse spirit licences to publicans who sold *The Irish People* newspaper (the organ of the I. R. B. established in 1863); and the Centre for Kilkenny told me that the penance enjoined in confession on some of his circle of acquaintances was, that they should not read *The Irish People.* Perhaps some of those priests ought not to be blamed for denouncing our paper, if they believed many of the things they said of ourselves. A priest of Ballycastle, a little town on the north coast, near Rathlin Island, in preaching to his congregation, one day, in 1864, said, while denouncing our paper and our society, that the opinions some of us held on marriage were that, if a man did not like his wife he could put her away and take another, and put the second away and take a third, and that one of us had carried out his opinions so vigorously on that matter that he was, at that time, taking his trial of his ninth wife."

It is curious that at the very time that the priests were thus thoroughly awake to the dangerous character of the I. R. B., thoroughly aware of its wide extent and rapid progress, and determined in their opposition to it, Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, stated with his utmost gravity, that there was but one Fenian in all the country, and that he was a very harmless sort of person, who was on very good terms with the police.

To return to O'Donovan Rossa; among other matters he was given to understand that "the priests refused to marry men connected with the revolutionary movement, unless they gave it up." Rossa could hardly be-

lieve this. Shortly afterwards, however, his own experience showed him that there was a good deal of truth in it. There was "a certain little poetess" living in the south of Ireland, whose acquaintance—so Rossa phrases it—that gentleman cultivated until he obtained her consent to marry him. As the parties resided in districts far apart, it was necessary that O'Donovan should take with him to the south a certificate from the priest of his Dublin parish.

"The Reverend Mr Hanlon lived within a few perches of *The Irish People.* I went to see him and took George Hopper* with me. He introduced my business to the clergyman, and the clergyman, after satisfying himself that I was a marriageable man, proceeded to write my license. After writing a few lines he stopped and said :—

"I must make this license informal."

"How is that, father?" said I.

"Why," said he, "you haven't been at confession."

"But I'm ready to go to confession to you."

"Oh, I could not hear your confession, now that I know you."

"Couldn't you hear a confession of my sins?"

"I could; but as I know you belong to *The Irish People,* I should ask you certain questions which you should answer, and which would make it impossible for me to give you absolution."

"And does belonging to *The Irish People* put a man outside the sacraments of the Catholic Church?"

* This personage was the brother-in-law of the Head Centre, Stephens, and the medium by whom the money, transmitted from America, passed.

"There's no use arguing the question, Mr O'Donovan, my hands are tied by this paper here, and by my instructions from Archbishop—now Cardinal—Cullen."

Then he proceeded to read the printed paper referred to, in which the *Fratres Feniores* were talked of side by side with the Freemason fratres and the fratres Carbonari.

"Well, father," said I, "you had better make out the licenses as best you can, and if it be in order to say so, you could state that I offered to go to confession to you and that you could'nt hear me."

"Very well," replied he.

Taking the scrap of paper from him when he had done, I laid the "due," of a sovereign, on the table, shook hands with him, and bade him good-bye.

I took the train for the south of Ireland, and I began to reflect that I was going into the diocese of the Bishop of Ross, and into the parish of Father Leader, both of whom knew me well, and both of whom I knew, from previous experience, would place every possible ecclesiastical and lay objection in the way of my making myself happy.

So he thought to himself that, it would be better to remain a while in Cork, "and make the matter all right there," before he reached Clonakilty; and this was how he did it. Near Northgate Bridge there is a chapel, and behind the chapel a convent. Here he found a Dominican friar to whom he made his confession. That done, the following conversation ensued :—

Friar. "Do you belong to any Secret Society?"

Rossa. "No."

F. "Do you belong to any society in which you took an oath?"

R. "I do."

F. "What is the object of it?"

R. "To free Ireland from English rule."

F. "You must give it up."

R. "I must not."

"The old fight," continues Rossa, "went on for ten or fifteen minutes." I got up from my knees and asked him if he would give me a certificate stating that I had been to confession to him, but that he could not give me absolution.

"That I will not do," said he, "without your permission."

"I give you the permission," said I; "nay, I ask you to state the reason why you would not give it to me. I am in no way ashamed of it before man, or afraid of it before God, and if all my other sins were forgiven I could face him fearlessly on the last day, with nothing to account for but that for which the Church excommunicated me."

"After hard pressing"—(*Rossa does not make mention of dues and the amount, in this instance*)—"I got the certificate from him and left the chapel, thinking I would leave myself and my sins to the mercy of God for the future, and that it would be a long time again before I would trouble such priests."

Clearly O'Donovan Rossa, brought up in an obscure quarter of the South of Ireland, and the son of a poor weaver, was no ordinary man to entertain such a daring purpose concerning a matter for which the lower classes

of the Irish Roman Catholics, used in those days to entertain the deepest reverence. His ideas of right and wrong were not always particularly clear, nor was his sense of honour by any means fine—but in things that he could measure he was quick of perception and decision, and immovable of resolution. We must let him recount the remainder of the story of his marriage in his own way. Any attempt at abridgement would spoil it——

"I went to Clonakilty. I met the little poetess. Her father very reluctantly consented to our marriage, and after consenting, I told him the difficulty that may (*sic*) be put in our way by Father Leader. He went to the priest, paid him the marriage money, but, in view of my advice to him, he was cautious enough at first not to tell him who the intended husband was. He called a second time for the 'permit' to his curate to marry us, and learning that I was the happy man, he asked him to go back and bring him my licence. The licence was brought him, and he immediately pronounced it informal, and said I should (*sic*) be sent to the bishop. The bishop lived some twenty miles away, and I told my father-in-law that I had to leave for England next day, and unless I got married without delay I should leave Clonakilty without doing so, and only asked him to get back the marriage money from the priest, and to bring himself and his daughter to Cork to get us married. The priest told him to bring both of us up to him; and when this was announced to me I told both of them that, unless they were firm in telling the priest they would adopt the above course, in view of the necessity that obliged me to leave Ireland immediately,

that we could not get the letter of Father Leader, and both agreed to be firm in the matter.

"When we reached the priest he questioned me as to my licence, my residence in Dublin, and my residence in Skibbereen. He said I had lived my life in Skibbereen; that my family was there now, that it was from that parish I should have my licence; that the one I had was informal and of no use; that I should go to the Bishop, and that it was entirely out of his power to marry me, as things stood. To this I replied: that I had lived in Dublin for the last eighteen months; that it was my recognised residence; that if the licence was informal it was no fault of mine, as I had made every effort to harmonise things with the requirements of the Church; that I had not time to go to see the Bishop, as I was leaving Ireland the following day; and, if he could not marry me, I should have to go to Cork to get married.

"'What! do you think Miss Irwin would give such scandal in this parish, as to leave it with a strange man without getting married?'

"'I am not a strange man in this country—I want no scandal in connection with me. I want to get married, and if you put difficulties in the way, I hope Miss Irwin will assist me to overcome them.'

"*Mr Irwin:* 'I believe if you don't marry Mary-Jane that she will go to Cork to get married. I have given my consent to the marriage, and if you will not marry them, I will permit her to go.'

"*Father Leader:* 'That matter rests with Miss Irwin herself. And now, Miss Irwin, I ask you—you who have

received a convent education—will you cast such a reflection on those holy nuns who instructed you? Will you give such a scandal to the girls of this parish as to leave it with a strange man without being married to him! I now ask you—would you leave it without being married, if I did not marry you?'

"*Miss Irwin:* 'I would.'

"*Father Leader* (addressing himself to Rossa): 'Oh! whatever be your hostility to our poor old Mother Church that has protected us through all ages—whatever you do to create disrespect of the ministers of our Holy Religion, and to corrupt society, leave us, do leave us one thing—*leave us the virtue of our women!*'

"By Jove, didn't I feel this to be hard! But the man who said it was a priest, and there was no strength in my arm. He is dead, and God be merciful to him; but my wife and her father are alive (1871) to bear witness to the truth of what I say. We got an order to the curate of the parish to marry us; and, if *we* don't live happy that *you* may."

Such is the story of O'Donovan Rossa's marriage. It is one pregnant with reflection. One of the first ideas that it suggests, to our own mind at least, is this—that if the conspiracy under James Stephens did much evil, it effected some good in strengthening the mind of the Irish masses and in weakening an influence, which, however well intentioned, has been productive of much evil. We considered it our duty to give it at this length, because in no way could we better justify the great body of the Irish priesthood from the charge—often insinuated, if not

boldly preferred, of connivance at, if not of absolute complicity with, the I. R. B.

The times—from the Phœnix trials forwards—were favourable in the extreme, to the development of the I. R. B. There was the address of the French colonels to their Emperor *à propos* of the Orsini affair—a menace to England of the most startling kind ; there was the war in Italy in 1859, rightly, as we think, set down to the credit of the secret societies of Europe, who spoke their wishes and their desperate purpose by the explosion of Orsini's shells, and of whom Orsini was the martyr ; there was France in the field battling for a nationality that aspired to independence, and thus offering to ultra-Irish patriots the hope of similar intervention, on their behalf. All this could not but excite the Irish mind to the utmost—especially as victory followed victory on the side with which their sympathies lay.

At home there was enough to maintain the excitement after the termination of the Italian War. There was the sword presented to Marshal Macmahon, whom a large portion of the Irish regarded as their future king. Of this portion many members belonged also to the I. R. B. For of the latter, but a few of the clearer-headed and more resolute had any distinct ideas as to what was to be established, on the ruins of English supremacy. The great majority were "Republican" only in opposition to English rule ; they would have made Macmahon or any other leading man of Irish descent their king, and given him despotic power, on condition that his kingdom should be strictly and exclusively Irish.

Then there were the so-called patriotic movements of repeal, home rule, and nationality, which seemed for a time to culminate in the Brotherhood of St Patrick. These movements, and especially the last, were favoured by the priests, who hoped thus to destroy the I. R. B. by giving the disaffection of their countrymen a legitimate vent. Here, however, and much against their will, they merely played into the hands of James Stephens and his colleagues. All this excitement, with its stirring speeches and newspaper articles, moulded spirits to the liking of the latter; and under the shadow of the various legal organisations the one that was illegal flourished undetected.

The Tribune newspaper—that in which Luby, Kickham, and others, had heretofore advocated revolutionary principles—was dead; but a bolder journal, *The Irishman*, was established in 1858, and therein, from the very outset, the views of the Brotherhood were advocated with a vigour that more than once involved its editors and proprietors in serious difficulties.

Advantage, too, was taken of every circumstance that could possibly be made to aid their cause by the chiefs of the I.R.B. When, in 1860, an Irish Brigade was formed for the defence of the Pope, the chiefs of the I.R.B., opposed as they were to clerical sway, and adverse to themselves as they found that sway, nevertheless encouraged their younger and more intelligent and warlike followers to enter the Brigade, partly with the view of having them manufactured into seasoned soldiers, and partly with a purpose which we shall explain hereafter. A near relative of Charles Kickham was one of those who enlisted them. When the

Tipperary remnant, some twenty-eight men, returned in November '60, they were *fêted* at Mullinahone, the native place of Kickham, and Kickham was the principal speaker on the occasion. He delivered an inflammatory discourse, and read a still more inflammatory address, "to the friends of Ireland," signed by these twenty-eight men, and purporting to emanate from them, but really drawn up by himself. It contained these, among other similar passages —"We wish to let the world know that we are slaves, but not contented slaves.

"The right to have arms or to practise any sort of military discipline is forbidden to us. And we feel this galling humiliation all the more keenly since we have learnt the real value of arms and discipline.

"To say 'halt' or 'march' is an offence against English law in Ireland. A man has been imprisoned in this country for having in his possession a pitchfork which exceeded our ruler's ideas of the dimensions of a loyal and respectable pitchfork.

"Houses are every day ransacked, and proprietors robbed of their arms by the authorities. A man was arrested within the past week for carrying a gun for his master, who was out fowling.

"And, SINCE OUR RETURN HOME, the police are going through the country, entering the houses of the people—not excepting even the houses of the Catholic clergymen —*and taking an inventory of the branded arms of those who are licensed to keep them.* And this, while English statesmen subscribe money for the revolutionists of Italy, and are straining every nerve to put a rifle in the hands of every man in England and Scotland.

"They would stamp out every spark of manhood in Ireland.

"We, the Tipperary men of the Battalion of St Patrick, feel stung to the quick by this debasing law of the English Parliament, called 'The Peace Preservation Act.'

"If one of our comrades should die, we dare not give him a soldier's funeral, and fire a farewell shot over his grave.

"We protest against this intolerable tyranny, and denounce to the world the hypocrisy of England in pretending to be the friend of freedom and of struggling nationalities."

The reading of the address was followed by a few remarks from Charles Kickham—"One word more, the enemy is on your track (this to the men of the Brigade). Efforts will be made to get you into drunken brawls, and to tempt you to take the Saxon shilling. Following this, the next best thing they hope for them is to find you harmless creatures, that ask nothing better than a big dinner from the priest, and the blessings of the old women. But your country has faith in you. I heard people say that the Brigade men should be asked to scatter the seed during the spring, as in that case the harvest would surely be good. *I hope they will scatter another kind of seed, broadcast too, and it will grow and ripen.*"

All this and much more of the like sort anent the same gathering was printed by *The Irishman* of November 24, 1860, in its largest type. Treason could not speak more unequivocally.

Such favourable incidents as the foregoing were acci-

dental, and could not always be reckoned upon. The leaders of the I. R. B. therefore selected seasons for their gatherings which were beyond suspicion. Every race-course in the kingdom was a rendezvous for conspirators of the district in which it happened to be held. Special occasions, too, for the assemblage of the I. R. B. were made by getting up football matches and curling matches. These matches were open only to the Brotherhood, or to candidates for admission thereunto, and at them recruits were sworn in, drill carried on, collections for the use of the conspiracy made, and business matters discussed, so far as circles were allowed to discuss them.

In the address "to the friends of Ireland" by the members of the Papal Brigade, it was stated with much bitterness, as our readers will remember, that the power of carrying fire-arms, as well as the acquisition of military discipline, was forbidden to the Irish people. The leaders of the I. R. B. found that among these people prevailed the impression that the prohibition extended to the possession of weapons of every sort. To counteract this they resorted to various plans; the one pursued by O'Donovan Rossa, after his release in 1859, and previous to his removal to Dublin 1863, was curiously ingenious and daring.

"I was in possession of an Enfield rifle," he writes, "and bayonet, a sword, and an old croppy* pike, with a hook and a hatchet on it formidable enough to frighten any coward, and these I hung up in a conspicuous part of my

* Croppy, *i.e.*, rebel of '98; so called because, when captured and not sentenced to severer punishment, they were released after their hair, then worn long, had been cropped. The orangemen have a tune "Croppie's lie down."

store." (We must explain that, at this period, Rossa kept a shop in which nearly everything, including spirits, was sold). "Yet this would not even satisfy some that I could keep these articles with impunity, and I had many a wise head giving me advice. But when I have satisfied myself that a thing is right, and that I make up my mind to do it, I can listen very attentively to those who, in kindness would advise me for the purpose of dissuading from a course inimical, perhaps to my own interests, while, at the same time, I can be firm in my resolve to go on as soon as my adviser is gone. The arms remained in their place, and on fair days and market days it was amusing to see young peasants bring in their companions to see the sight. '*Fheagh! fheagh!*' (look! look!) would be the first exclamation on entering the shop; and never did an artist survey a work of art more composedly than would some of those boys, leaning on their elbows over the counter, admire those treasured weapons they longed to use one day in the cause of fatherland. At the end of a few years, the people were fully persuaded that they could keep arms in defiance of the police."

But Rossa went a little further in the display of his arms than by merely exhibiting them in his shop. A man in his employ—one who had shared his imprisonment in the Phœnix affair—had it, as a part of his duty, to keep the said arms in order, and would sit ostentatiously halfway in the street polishing them, especially on market days, when the town was thronged by the neighbouring peasantry. The consequence was that one of the local magistrates interfered, and, being a particular friend of Rossa's,

managed to persuade the latter into giving them into his —the magistrate's—keeping. Rossa did so in characteristic fashion. "I went home, put my pike on my shoulder, and gave another to William (Croppy) Maccarthy. It was market-day, and both of us walked through the town and showed the people we could carry arms, so that we made the act of surrender as glorious as possible to our cause, and as disagreeable as it could be to the stipendiaries of England."

In like manner, O'Donovan took every opportunity of doing things in fashion "as glorious as possible to his cause, and as disagreeable as it could be to the stipendiaries of England," getting up torch-light processions for the Poles, posting up placards offensive to the authorities, breaking up loyal meetings, tearing loyal banners down, and behaving about as insolently towards authority as he conveniently could. If Kickham was a type of the better educated centre, of which there were not too many specimens, Rossa was an admirable sample of the very rough-and-ready centre.

Meanwhile the work of organization went actively on, "From the centre to the sergeant, every one had an appointment for Sunday." So wrote Mr John Keneally, in December 1871, and he had good reason to know what he was writing about, seeing that he suffered imprisonment for his part in the conspiracy. "Wherever a town or district was not working, the centre nearest would go and meet some prominent man in the locality, and set the work going. To illustrate this, I will give you an example of my own. There was nothing of consequence doing in ——. It was neglected, or in poor hands, and circumstances

favoured me to set the matter right. One Sunday, four of us started, on an outside car, to do the good work. Two of the four, J. J. Geary and Michael Graham, have gone to 'the bourne from whence no traveller returns.' They sleep far from the land they loved and served. Of the other two, Mr —— and myself are here (in San Francisco) to-night. Our object on starting was to meet Mr ——, from whose position and known patriotism we expected much. We missed him that day, but in a few days after he came to Cork, and I performed the usual ceremony and gave him instructions how to act. It is needless to say that the Organization was oath-bound. The oath was brief and pithy, and easily committed to memory by those having power to administer it. No third party was allowed to witness a person taking it. Mr —— immediately went to work; but it was only after an interview with the Captain (Stephens) that he did any real good.* It is enough to state that in less than two years he had nearly two thousand men. On our way home from ——, that Sunday, we stopped at a public-house to feed our horses, and I suppose to have something ourselves. The place was the centre of a fine district, but nothing was done there. After being introduced to some of the people—we all knew somebody—we commenced our mission, and before we left, I think we got thirty to join. We told three of what we considered the best men to call to see us in Cork next time, and they would get instructions. Two men came, received instructions as Bs., and were to report to myself

* This passage deserves notice:—Stephens was not only an admirable conspirator himself, but he knew how to make admirable conspirators of others.

until the Captain would come and appoint a Centre. Stephens did come shortly after, and he and I left Cork one evening after six o'clock, and met, by appointment, our friends. They had already increased to about two hundred. Stephens appointed one as Centre, and some Bs. to act under him. They were on their own account now, and I had nothing more to do with them. Stephens and I started to return to Cork. About two miles from the place of meeting our outside car broke down, and we had to go to a farm-house and borrow a butt. We filled it with hay, got into it, had it put on a car, and in this way were driven into Cork about two o'clock next morning.

"Of course this was precautionary, so as not to excite the suspicions of the police by entering at that late hour. There were four Centres in Cork—J. J. Geary, —— ——, John Lynch, and myself.* Some Sundays two or three of us would go in the same direction, sometimes we would go alone and in different directions; but none of us would stay at home any Sunday. This was the case all over Ireland as well as in Cork; and now I think I may, with all propriety, say a word on money matters. All this travelling could not be done without pounds, shillings, and pence, and for your information, gentlemen, it came out of the pockets of the individual Organizers themselves. Not a cent of American or any other money but their own was spent in these organizing expeditions. The

* Geary was a publican; his house was the general rendezvous of the district. The name represented in the text by blanks was "Thomas M'Carthy," who died of grief a few days after the abortive rising of the 5th of March 1867.

people spent all they had, they are doing the same now, while we in America wonder with our 'bits,' (quarter dollars) a month, why Ireland is not free. I would ask the men who growl about this money, have they ever contemplated the work before us.* As I said before, there was no opportunity lost by the Centres, Bs., and Cs. to extend the Organization, at their own expense, though often, I regret to say, they lost employment and situations through their activity. Many holding government situations—such as teachers, post-office clerks, and railway officials, in short, men in all positions where the magistrates could influence the employer — were discharged when suspected. Such men had to be cared for, otherwise there was nothing for them but to emigrate."

It was originally intended that no Circle should number more than eight hundred and twenty, including officers—that is to say, one colonel, centre, or A.; nine captains, or Bs.; eighty-one sergeants, or Cs.; and seven hundred and twenty-nine rank and file, or Ds. It was soon found necessary to make some modifications here; how this was done, we will allow Mr Keneally to tell us:—"In many instances the Centres had up to two thousand, and even to two thousand five hundred men under their control, and some not more than three or four hundred. When a new district commenced working, a centre was appointed and instructed to nominate his Bs. These he selected from

* This sentence is accurate; the three preceding are grossly false. Where were these Centres, all of them needy men—subordinate clerks, apothecaries' assistants, and so on—to obtain funds of their own? This assumption of disinterestedness is common to the orators and writers of the I. R. B. We know how to take it.

the most energetic workers, always bearing in mind, for the good of the Circle, and for the general good, they should be men of irreproachable character,* and in as good standing in the community as possible. The Captain, when he got a good man, gave him power to raise nine men, and, if he acted well, and felt he could do more, he recommended him to the Centre to be made B, with power to raise a company. I have known some Bs to raise two hundred or three hundred men. But these were exceptions, and occurred chiefly in cities where men could be easily communicated with. I may be asked why a Centre, or a B., was allowed to have more than a legitimate number. Though a military organization, I will state that I hardly ever saw the slightest insubordination. Still it was thought advisable, when a Centre, or a B, was popular with his men, not to divide the Circles or sub-Circles as long as their officers could attend to their business. I have known some instances myself where Centres wished to divide their Circles, and to appoint certain brothers to take charge of the new ones; but the Bs, as well as the men, requested to be allowed to remain with their own Centres until the time for action should arrive, and Mr Stephens complied with their request. In this manner, as I said before, a Centre would sometimes have as many as two thousand men."

How the recruiting was done has been shown a hundred

* This is rank nonsense. We could lay our hands on dozens of former Centres, some of whom distinguished themselves as such, and in every instance they are profligate, in many instances utterly unscrupulous. The I. R. B. did not improve them; but what they are now, they were largely before joining the I. R. B.

times over at various trials. As a fair specimen, we take the evidence given before the magistrates of Merthyr Tydvil in January 1868, in the preliminary examination of an Organiser—this being a paid Organiser—a thing that did not come out at the investigation. Pat Coffee was the recruit and approver, and his evidence ran thus:—"In the beginning of September last I saw Doran. I was introduced to him at nine o'clock on Saturday evening in the Exile of Erin public-house, Dowlais. There were about seven of us drinking together. Doran commenced talking about Fenianism. After a while, he called me into the yard at the back of the house, and asked had I sworn allegiance to the Irish Republic. He said a Circle was being organised at Dowlais to free Ireland from English rule. Afterwards the company sang songs, and Doran gave a recitation. I did not then join. We separated about eleven, agreeing to meet next day, Sunday, in the same place, after 'open tap.' I went; the same seven were present. We sat down and had some beer, discussing the topics of the day. We agreed to meet on the following Saturday night, and did so, the same men being present. While I was there, my attention was called to some young men in an adjoining tap-room, one of whom was singing. 'That's John Wheelan that's singing,' remarked Doran, 'he is happy, and I'll have him now.' Then Doran called Wheelan out, and took him into the yard. He returned in ten minutes, introducing him as a friend, saying, 'This is a friend, boys; and this is the way parties *who are to be initiated* must be introduced to one another. There is no list to be kept, and no sign, or

document, or pass-word to be used as in '98 and '48,* for James Stephens, the original Organiser of the Irish Republic, is totally against such things; for, by the aid of these signs, the police get into the secrets.' Some songs followed. Then another man—Thomas Ryan—was introduced as a friend. Doran said as soon as we got organised and gathered a certain number of men, we should learn ball practice and how to make cartridges. Doran gave another recitation the same night about a young man executed in Kilkenny in '98. It described the scene between the mother and the son previous to the death of the latter. One verse ran thus :—

> 'They've murdered your father before you ;
> I've knelt on the red, reeking sod ;
> I've watched his red blood reeking upwards
> To call down the vengeance of God.'

We appointed to meet again on the Saturday following. This time there was a stranger present named O'Regan. To him Coffee introduced me as 'a friend.' O'Regan took me into the yard, nobody else being present, and swore me in. I swore allegiance to the Irish Republic, and to take up arms at a moment's notice. When I returned, O'Regan introduced me to the company as *his friend*, saying—'This is my friend.' Then Doran went out with O'Regan, and pretended to be sworn in. When he returned, he said —'I shall seek communication as soon as I can with the I. R. B. in England and Ireland. When we get stronger, we must raise funds; every man will have to contribute

* This statement was correct so far as pass-words went; the rest was a misstatement, made to create a sense of security in the minds of those he addressed.

weekly to purchase arms. Should the money not be wanted in that way, it will be equally divided among you to pay your passage to Ireland when the time arrives for fighting.' Then I received a written copy of the oath, which I was directed to burn, after I had learnt it by heart. Then a song—'The Red above the Green'—was sung, and we parted."

Concerning the above statement, we may remark that Doran was the Organiser and O'Regan the Chief Organiser of the district, according to the plan finally adopted. As Coffee gave information immediately, he had no time to acquire any knowledge of the Circle and its Centre. O'Regan, we may add, was identical with a certain "Doctor" Keenan, a chemist's assistant, and a leading personage among the I. R. B. of London and the South of England. We shall have something more to say of him in another place. That Coffee's sketch of the system of recruiting is correct, we can testify from experience. We were, ourselves, witness of precisely such a scene—the songs and recitations included—not many months ago; *for the I. R. B. is not dead yet.*

Now let us see how the Circle was trained; and here we cannot have a better authority than O'Donovan Rossa, writing of the Phœnix men, concerning whom that most admirable of informers, O'Sullivan Goula, contrived to give such a wretched impression. It is amusing to compare his account with that which we are about to quote, and again to contrast the latter with the protestations of innocence made so vehemently by the men who were tried, and by no one with more audacity than by Rossa himself.

—"We had a drill-master sent to us from Dublin. He had served a period in the American army.* He did his work well and truly among us through all the police watchings and huntings. One night we were on a mountain side, another night in the midst of a wood, another night in a fairy fort, and another in a cellar. We had outposts on every occasion, who signalled to us of any approaching danger; and, in the darkness of the night, many things were signalled as dangers which were quite harmless; and we had many adventures in scattering, which were subjects for our amusement at the next meeting.

"In Loriga Wood, one evening, the sentry gave us the signal to scatter, and we ran in the direction opposite to that from which we apprehended the danger. I was the second man; he who was before me got up on a ditch, and made a leap to cross a large dyke† at the other side of it, but he slipped and didn't get across clear. As he lay at the other side I leaped upon him, the next man leaped upon me, and before a minute nine or ten of us were sprawling in the dyke. In these drillings we departed from the programme of organisation, for we brought more men together than ought to be known to each other, and this we had to do to keep them in good humour, for when it was known the military instructor was in the district (*observe he attended*

* This is designedly false. The man was an ex-British soldier and a pensioner. Statements like this, meant to protect friends, or to guard their own characters, must not be allowed to convey an impression against the general veracity of the writers of the I. R. B.

† Among the Irish people of the lower classes, the word "ditch" has a meaning diametrically opposite to that attached to it in England. Here it means a long excavation, there an earthen fence—the word dyke being applied to the accompanying excavation.

more than one district in those earlier days), every company was calling out for his attendance; and, as he couldn't be everywhere, we had to bring the men everywhere to where he was. The first man who learnt the art from him, and became his assistant, and his substitute when he was gone, was Colonel P. J. Downing, now of Washington. It is said that people in America are a fast people, and the Irish are not exempted from the benefit of the expression; but when it was a question of uniting in fight against England, we were too fast for our brothers across the Atlantic, for we had the men ready to fight before they had given us the arms to do so. . . . A number of extra police had been sent from Dublin to Skibbereen two months before our arrest.* These were on duty every night in all parts of the suburbs of the town, and, though we were on duty too, they never, by any chance, surprised us at our drillings."

In the larger towns the drillings were done under cover—in warehouses, stables, &c., rented under various pretexts by members of the I. R. B. But drillings were not the only things done in such places. "Balls" were given there by the fraternity, which their wives and sweethearts attended in large numbers. There was such a drill-room in 4 Halston Street, Dublin; there was another in Island Street; a third in Lower Exchange Street; a fourth behind a public-house, Essex Bridge; and many others in various parts of the city. In one of these—which may be taken

* It will be remembered that Father O'Sullivan sent information to "the Castle" on the 5th of October 1858. The arrests were made on the 10th of December following.

as a sample of all the others—the windows of the lower storey were boarded up, and the floor was covered with tan. Round the walls a number of oil lamps were suspended. Here drilling was done. On the floor above the lamps were hung as below, but there was no tan, neither were the windows boarded up, only painted over. Here were kept dumb bells, boxing gloves, basket-hilted sticks, &c. Such places used to accommodate from thirty to ninety men. On drill nights there was a sentry posted outside; inside a man kept the door, and two others placed at an upper window commanded a view of the approaches. The men arrived by twos and threes, and were not admitted until the doorkeeper received a signal from the persons at the window above.

Besides drilling his bands, Stephens meant that a knowledge of military science should become general among them. Thus he wrote to Luby on the subject—"You know all the importance to the Brotherhood is the establishment and thorough action of military schools here, especially since I abandoned my original project of having them in Paris, though anxious to found schools at once; indeed, there is no time to lose. Still it seems wise to allow the initiative to our friends themselves. I mean that, instead of appointing officers and teachers at once, and bidding them go to work according to a programme of mine, it is best to allow each Centre to originate those classes himself, and have them worked out, as best he may, for the next three weeks or so. When one Centre lacks the necessary teachers or men, two or more could join. They should work their best for the next three

weeks, by which time competitive examinations should be held."

The letter went on to say that officers should be appointed according to merit; that knowledge and power of imparting it should determine the choice of teachers; that some officers and teachers should receive salaries; that prizes—as rifles, swords, &c.—should be offered to the most proficient students; that all implements, as class-books, maps, &c., should be paid for by the Head Centre; that class work was not to be allowed to interfere with other duties; that the first essential was to enrol men, and the second to procure arms; that Brophy—the leading Centre for the Dublin district—had a good plan for the raising of funds for the purchase of arms, and friends were recommended to communicate with him on the subject; that the third essential was drill—elementary drill, of course; but that it was also essential to learn all the higher branches of military science.

We have already stated that a principal portion of the plan of Stephens was the enrolment of British soldiers in his I. R. B. For this department the best men of the I. R. B. were selected, and in its achievement no expense was spared. So energetically and successfully did the men selected work that of the 8000 men who deserted from the British army in 1859-60 they claimed to be credited with two-thirds, and with an equal proportion of the 3000 seamen who deserted from the navy during the same period.

The principal of these agents of seduction was the notorious "Pagan" O'Leary. He was a fiery, trucu-

lent person, who entered heart and soul into the business. Among the anecdotes recounted of him is this one, which throws a good deal of light on the character of another prominent member of the Brotherhood, as well as on his own. Being in company with O'Mahony, in New York, the "Pagan," as he delighted to term himself, began to indulge in his usual strain of vituperations concerning religion and priests, notably the Christian religion and its clergy. O'Mahony, being a thoroughly pious Roman Catholic, was roused, and threatened to throw his friend through the window. The menace excited the "Pagan's" bitterest anger, and, drawing a bowie knife, he rushed at O'Mahony to slay him. The latter quietly folded his arms, and looking his assailant full in the face, said calmly, "Strike, sir; but when I am dead, what is to become of our plot and of Ireland?" This subdued the semi-savage, and the meeting terminated amicably. Here one hardly knows which to admire most—the vanity of O'Mahony, or its effect on O'Leary.

"I went to see O'Leary organising one night in Dublin," writes Rossa. "He conducted me to the room of a public-house, in which were about thirty soldiers. They were there by appointment. He called for a few shillings worth of porter, and, as they commenced to give it round, he stepped into a side-room, called them in one by one and sent them out one by one according as he had done his whispering with them. He then made them a bit of a speech, every sentence of which knocked down something or some one belonging to England. I thought he said something of the Queen that

might grate upon the ears of loyal people, and I ventured to hedge in a word that it was not the Queen we were at, but at the institutions that trampled upon us and reduced us to such a position as to make us instruments of our own oppression and the oppression of our own people. When the 'Pagan' met me at his lodgings that night, he pitched into me for attempting to soften any of his words. Those people wanted strong meat, and they should have it from him, and by my attempting to modify anything he said I was showing them that we had not agreement amongst ourselves. In a word, the 'Pagan' was mad with me this night. 'The greater the love the greater the hate,' he would say, 'and I'll hate you now for evermore.' I had to express my regret at what had occurred, and to promise him that I'd never interfere with him in future in anything he would say. I had to bring all the boys around to induce him to forgive me,* and we are good friends since. He had a wonderful influence over these soldiers; and if his work, and that of others who worked in the same department, had been vigorously utilised in '65, we might have had a different story to tell to-day."

We have already stated that members of the I. R. B. were encouraged, even commanded, to join the British army, in order to seduce the soldiery. A remarkable instance was exposed in the trial, at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, by general court-martial, of Private O'Brien, *alias* Simson, on the 6th of January 1867. The prisoner, a

* The reader must understand the work of the Pagan, as, indeed, all work of the I. R. B., wound up with a drinking bout among the workers—*i.e.*, the "boys."

youth of nineteen, was a medical student. He enlisted in the Second Battalion of the 8th Regiment of Infantry, early in May 1866. Just one month after he deserted—to re-enlist immediately into the 85th. In both regiments his proceedings were similar. He decoyed his comrades into public-houses, made them drunk, and then "swore them in." On most occasions he was aided in seduction by other parties—chiefly civilians. Conspicuous among the latter were several members of the medical and kindred professions, who were all known as "doctors," and some of whom, as "doctors" Power and O'Regan, because eventually notorious.

The soldiers, it would seem, were easily gained—unlimited beer being the principal inducement. Indeed it was a main part of the duty of regimental Centres to "treat" the military members of the Brotherhood whenever the latter felt inclined to drink, which was always, time and place being suitable. When desertion should become necessary, facilities were to be afforded to the deserter by the Fenians; their passages were to be paid from one quarter to another, and the deserter, if a private, was to be allowed eighteen pence a-day.

Those remaining in the regiment were expected to seduce their comrades, and when the rising took place, to disable the more loyal by thrusting bullets down their rifles — breach-loaders not being then in use in the service; they were to shoot down their officers and all Irish soldiers who refused to join the fraternity; and they were to place their knowledge of localities, as well as their services, at the disposal of men

appointed to sieze and destroy magazines, &c. Barracks were to be fired, horses houghed, forage destroyed; and there is reason to believe that masses of men were to be poisoned—certainly drugged into helplessness—by the aid of these "doctors." The last deed would not be one very difficult to effect, seeing that the tea and coffee of the soldiers is prepared in large boilers, easily accessible.

It would appear from the evidence given at this and other trials, that the oaths taken by the soldiers differed somewhat from the one taken by the remainder of the Brotherhood. One clause pledged the swearer to the extermination of the Saxons in Ireland, and by another he devoted his body to death and his soul to perdition in case of treachery to the cause. Some of these soldier Fenians were manifestly of small value to the Brotherhood. They consorted with such men as O'Brien, *alias* Simson, and his friends the "doctors," simply to gratify their liking for drink. In their—the soldiers'—view, their Fenian agents were people who richly deserved to be "done," and the oath was taken, in a good many instances, without the smallest intention of keeping it. Of course there were exceptions, and numerous exceptions. There were men who, for various reasons, were dissatisfied with the service, or who were embittered against their superiors—both commissioned and non-commissioned. These formed the mass of deserters, who for many months, or rather for several years, crowded the low pot-houses of Dublin, in expectation of the rising. Some of these deserters showed that they could be exceedingly dangerous men. There was Lennon, who deserted from the 12th Lancers, then at Aldershot, in

1862, taking with him his arms and ammunition, and whom we shall meet in arms during the abortive rising of the 5th of March '67; and there was "Colonel" Ricard Burke, of Clerkenwell notoriety, concerning whom much romantic rubbish has been published. According to Fenian partisans he was scholar, gentleman, orator, soldier —a man who had distinguished himself in South America, and so on. In reality he was a deserter from the South Cork Militia, which he quitted in May 1860.

Some of these soldier Fenians were unquestionably people of higher motive, enthusiasts, and patriotic in their way. But—and here lies a difficulty to be encountered elsewhere, as well as among the Fenians of the army—how they came to reconcile perjury and treachery, for perjurers they were in breaking their military oaths, and traitors of the worst sort in remaining in their respective regiments in order to destroy them, after becoming Fenians; how they came to reconcile these things with high patriotic motive is more than we can understand.

This department, we repeat, — the seduction of the soldiers—was regarded as one of prime importance by the heads of the I. R. B. It was entrusted to chosen men. Pagan O'Leary was its head, until his arrest. He was succeeded by Roantree; and the latter, again, after his arrest and conviction in 1865, by Edward St Clair, under whom the "doctors" we have mentioned, and others like them, displayed much activity.

These emissaries had their headquarters in well-known public-houses, as for example, "The King William IV.," the "Black Joke," at Woolwich, and Whelan's public-house,

Marlborough Street, Dublin. The landlord of the last place, Whelan, was himself an active agent in these seductions. An extract from the evidence given on his trial, in February 1867, will show how such people worked. John M'Gough, examined by the Attorney-general, testified thus:—"Is a soldier in the military train; in October 1865 was stationed at Woolwich; met Edward St Clair; saw him at 'The Black Joke,' a public-house at Shooter's Hill, he went by the name of Thompson; witness was sworn in a Fenian by St Clair; came to Ireland in December 1865; ten soldiers accompanied him to Ireland; met St Clair at the North Wall; witness and the ten soldiers were deserters. St Clair took them to a public-house in Luke Street; met John Devoy and John Smollen there (witness identified Devoy and St Clair); witness and some of the soldiers were lodged in a beer-shop in Luke Street. Devoy paid them all one and sixpence a-day; became acquainted with O'Regan in January 1866, in a lodging-house in Cuffe Street; went in March 1865 to lodge at George's Quay; O'Regan professed to be a doctor; became acquainted with Whelan in November last; got a note to him from 'Dr O'Regan.' Whelan sent him to a man named Egan, who got him employment at Mr M'Dowell's flour and saw mill, in Montgomery Street; on the day he brought the note to Whelan, the latter asked him how long he had deserted; he said nearly twelve months. Whelan asked him how many came over; witness said, eleven; Whelan asked if the money was nearly run out, and said there would be money from America, and 'the fight would take place in Ireland in the new year;'

Whelan also said he belonged to the Fenian Brotherhood for nearly three years; in December heard Whelan, in his house, ask a soldier of the 86th Regiment, 'Would he like to have his uniform changed?' the soldier replied, 'he did not know.' Whelan asked the soldier, 'were there many Fenians in his regiment?' He gave the soldier a glass of whisky, and brought him into a room; he afterwards said he had made the soldier a Fenian. A meeting was held at Whelan's in December, to collect money for arms; I saw Whelan pay money to Cushman for arms; heard Cushman say he had taken the place of 'Dr' Power. Whelan was present; on one occasion Whelan asked witness to go to his back kitchen and drill him; witness did so for half-an-hour; witness identified two prisoners, one named M'Cahill; M'Cahill told witness he came over to fight with the Fenians, that he was sent over by Edward St Clair, and directed to Dr Power. M'Cahill had two comrades at Whelan's. There was a discussion about collecting money for arms; two Americans took part in it, but paid no money, because they had none. Whelan was present at some of these meetings, at others kept outside the door; no person was admitted unless he belonged to the Society. St Clair told witness a man named Farrel, of London, would take him and the other soldiers from Woolwich to London; witness and the ten soldiers went with Farrel to London; in a public-house private clothes were given to them; there were five artillerymen and some of the guards in the public-house; these men started for Ireland on the morning of the 28th; witnessed the ten soldiers starting on the morning of the 29th. Cunningham,

a soldier, introduced him to Dr O'Regan, who told him not to be knocking about the streets of Dublin, as the fight would soon come off, and that 'he (the doctor) and Tom Chambers* were doing great work among the military;' witness understood Chambers to be the soldier of the 61st, since tried and convicted by general court-martial; saw O'Regan in a tavern in Essex Street, in company with Chambers and other soldiers; O'Regan told witness that a great many captains of coal vessels were Fenians; said also that large quantities of arms were being procured in America for Ireland; said he knew all this because there were a great many gentlemen who used to meet every night at 'Doctor' Power's; O'Regan gave witness a note to a man named Stanley, who got him employment; Stanley brought eight men to witness's lodgings to be drilled; Stanley, the day before his arrest, asked witness to assist him in making ammunition; said he had purchased fifty pounds of powder; witness was arrested at five o'clock on the morning of the last day of the old year as a Fenian drill, and on suspicion of being a deserter; had served the Queen for ten years and a-half."

This witness had procured his own arrest. Perfectly weary of his treatment by the Brotherhood—receiving his eighteenpence a day when the treasury was overflowing, or rather when the paymasters could spare the sum from their own pleasures, being obliged to go to work when

* Tom Chambers has been described to us as a most amusing scamp, with considerable ability, and more versatility. He used to boast that he had "sworn in" more than five hundred soldiers on a copy of "Lalla Rookh." Probably many of his recruits were aware of the fact, and knew therefore the precise value of the oath.

the money was not forthcoming; the while compelled to obey orders in manufacturing ammunition and drilling the fraternity, and always in peril, especially during the latter half of '66, he thought it safer to follow the example of men in higher place among the Fenians than himself. Whelan was acquitted; indeed, it was never intended by the prosecutors that he should be convicted. So far as he was concerned, the trial was a mere sham. At that time it was customary with captured Fenians, who felt sure of conviction, to plead "guilty," in order to shut out evidence, and also to reduce the penalty to two years' imprisonment, the minimum penalty awarded to the offence for which they were arraigned. Power, St Clair, and a number of others, prominent and dangerous conspirators — Power being regarded as second only to Stephens himself—were about to be tried. It was known that they meant to plead guilty, and it was felt that, while it would have been folly to deal leniently with them, a severe sentence would have drawn down much odium on the Government, the facts of the respective cases remaining unknown to the public at large. Whelan, therefore, was put up that he might plead "not guilty," and thus enable the prosecution to bring out evidence which would show the doings of Power, &c. It was not the only occasion on which the device was used. We shall shortly have an opportunity of noticing it in an improved and far more astute form.

Another active seducer of the soldiers was John Cody, *alias* Byrne, whose doings as head of the Fenian police and President of the Assassination Committee, established in 1865, after the arrest of Stephens, by "Colonel" T. J.

Kelly, will be noticed in their place. James Meagher, then recently discharged from the 8th Foot, and who was not only an approver but had acted as spy, deposed at the trial of Cody that he had known the latter since 1863; that he himself became a Fenian in '65; was asked then, by some of the Brotherhood, in the presence of Cody, about the magazine in the Phœnix Park; sketched the magazine in chalk on the table. A consultation as to how it could be taken followed. Cody said the best way would be to bring men from the country and conceal them in the wood round the park. In March of last year ('66) met Cody at the South Canal in company with a person named Baines. Baines asked witness why he was still in Dublin, and had not gone away with his regiment.* Witness told him a fictitious story. Baines said he would "stick" a traitor through the heart. He produced a parcel of bowie knives, and said these were the things for "ripping up" the Saxons. Witness afterwards met Cody at the "Bleeding Heart" in Camden Street, and accompanied him to the Canal to meet Baines. Met him at Leeson's Bridge, and went into a small public-house in the neighbourhood. Baines cross-questioned witness again about his staying in Dublin. He said money was very scarce, and he was often hard up himself. Cody, who was sitting in the rear of witness, said, "Shall I do it?" Baines said, "No; he may be all right yet."

* Meagher had excited the suspicions of the leaders of the Brotherhood. A Fenian execution was never perpetrated by a solitary individual. In this instance, Baines, a member of the Committee of Safety, was deputed to satisfy himself concerning Meagher's guilt or innocence, and was empowered to order his instant assassination did he think it necessary.

The witness escaped the shot of the assassin for that time. Shortly afterwards he had an escape still more narrow, falling into a Fenian ambuscade, and receiving a volley of pistol shots, which wounded him in the head, in the hand, and in the thigh. This outrage, like a good many others of the same kind, took place in a public-house—one that acquired a good deal of note during the Fenian trials—"Hoey's." There was as much cunning as daring, in thus dealing out assassination in public-houses. It was intended that such events should be accepted by the public, as the results of American habits introduced by the adventurers from the United States, and merely reproductions of the "free fights," so common among the low haunts and their frequenters of the cities of the United States.

A good many soldiers were sworn in as Fenians, at haphazard; the seducers trusting to confirm them in the Brotherhood by pandering to their sensual appetites, and, should that fail, by terrorism. The shrewder agents, however, pursued a different plan. With them it was the rule never to approach a soldier until they had made themselves acquainted with his antecedents in the regiment, and, as far as possible, with his character. These men made some converts who would have proved valuable, had the conspiracy ever come to anything—as, for instance, the sergeant-major of the 99th, who being called up on parade by his colonel, and shown a roll-book just taken from a Fenian agent with a list of names, certified as having passed the sergeant-major's drill instructions, boldly acknowledged his signature. He was, of course,

taken into custody. He was one of the six who escaped recently from Australia.

It was a part of the business of these seducers, or "Organisers," as they were called, to make speeches to their dupes. How extravagant these speeches generally were may be surmised from the fact that such a man as O'Donovan Rossa thought it necessary to qualify some of the expressions of "Pagan" O'Leary. It would seem, however, that the more extravagant a speech is the better it suits certain minds. So at least thought the author of the following—which may be accepted as a fair specimen of these curious things. It was found in the possession of Patrick Delaney of Kilkenny, a man who got into "trouble" through his attempts at seducing the Kilkenny militia:

"Be philanthropists! Sport with our poverty! Blighted care, have you no Robespierre in the land? Shall we never get to glut our ire? Shall we never be let to satiate copiously our thirst in blood of this voluptuous vampire oligarchy that can thus dally (*sic*) our degradation? You men that knows and feels for the state and prospects of the country, are you again tost and set aside to let our people commit *felo de se?* Are we once more to be self-murderers and disinheritors of immortality by nauseously hungering unto death in the midst of abundance? If so, the sin and shame will be upon you. Do not belie the image of God for want of manhood. Have even common animal instinct, self-preservation. Have not even the birds of the air an instinct, when the shyest of

birds, etc.* Then, courage, true men; band and knit and fealty together. You have all the elements of success in your keeping. Use it not alone to clear the land, but to *bet* (*query* beat?) the Saxon on his own soil. There are enough of you in all their large towns, to illumine the earth with the red glow of destruction; when that quivering glare ascends the skies as the most acceptable and holy of holocausts;—that another Sodom is destroyed, that another Gomorrah is obliterated, that another Pompeie (*sic*) is overwhelmed, is overwhelmed in ashes. Do this and your souls are saved. You are ashamed to do it and you prepare stripes."

The foregoing piece of rant, miserable as it may appear, is still valuable as revealing the animus of a multitude of Fenians. A vein of malignant hatred of England—a ferocious thirst for the blood of the Saxon—runs through it, and gives only too much meaning to what would otherwise be so much sounding nonsense. The author was a retired grocer—a man of some means, worldly wisdom, and experience, and not an ignorant peasant. If such a man, a type of the well-to-do tradesman—could think and prate in such a way, what was to be expected from the men of the class beneath?

The seducers of the soldiery did not neglect the aid of rhyme. The following verses were found upon one:

> And shall we bend and bend for ever,
> And shall no time our bondage sever,
> And shall we kneel but battle never,
> For our loved soil?

* Here it is evident that the author considered it unnecessary to write down the illustrations on which he might enlarge to any extent.

And shall our tyrants safely reign,
On thrones built up of slaves and slain,
And nought to us and ours remain
But chains and toil?

No; round their graves our oaths we plight,
To watch and labour and unite,
Till banded by the nation's might,
Its spirit steel'd,

And then collecting all our force,
We'll cross oppression in its course,
And die, or all our rights enforce,
Upon the field.

This was signed "Maurice D'Arcy, T(rinity) C(ollege), D(ublin), Deptford, S.E., London."

The Fenian "Charter Song," was of superior order. It was composed in America by "Private Myles O'Reilly" (General Halpin), and universally sung at Fenian meetings. It is in the measure of Moore's "To ladies' eyes a round, boys":

Where glory's beams are seen, boys,
To cheer the way, to cheer the way,
We bear the emerald green, boys,
And clear the way, and clear the way,
Our flag shall foremost be,
In battle fray,
When the Fenians cross the sea
And clear the way.

That home where valour first,
In all her charms,
Roused up the soul she nursed,
And called to arms—
One trial more 'tis worth,
'Tis worth our while
To drive the tyrants forth,
And free our isle.

We love the gen'rous land
In which we live,
And which a welcome hand
To all doth give.
May God upon it smile,
And swell its fame!
But we don't forget the isle
From whence we came.

Things soon may take a turn;
There's no one knows;
When the stars and stripes may burn
Against our foes.
When Yankee guns shall thunder
On Britain's coast,
And land our green flag under (*sic*)
The Fenian host.

Oh, let us pray to God,—
To grant the day,
We may press our native sod
In linked array.
Let them give us arms and ships;
We ask no more;
And Ireland's long eclipse
Will soon be o'er.

Of course all the oratory of the Fenians was not of a piece with that of Patrick Delany, retired grocer of Kilkenny. Among the members of the Brotherhood were many who could speak coherently. But not one of them ever made a speech that deserves to be remembered on its merits. As to the poetry of Fenianism—of which we have seen much—it is, for the most part, beneath contempt, hardly ever attaining mediocrity. When we consider what preceded Fenianism and its literary results, we cannot help exclaiming—paraphrasing a line of Moore's—"Oh for the men of '48!"

We may as well state that Delany—the author of the ferocious stuff we have cited—was the head of the I. R. B. in Kilkenny town, and that he had for subordinate Thomas Haltigan, who was registered as printer of the *Irish People.* Delany was arrested and tried for seducing soldiers, in 1863, but was acquitted, as more of a fool than a conspirator. Thus well did the leaders of the Brotherhood carry out their plan of making the conspiracy wherever it leaked out appear contemptible and merely local, and under the direction of people little more than simpletons.

We have shown how the soldiery were seduced and given the reason why. We shall conclude this chapter with a quotation from an article penned by Stephens himself, showing how the chiefs of the I. R. B. reasoned and argued on the subject.

"England has no army worth naming. The means of raising such an army as fought at Waterloo do not exist. There has not been an Irish regiment recruited for England these twenty years. The movement of '48 gave the first impulse to the non-enlistment of Irishmen for the English service. Famine and emigration had, doubtless, proved an all-sufficient cause to account for the scarcity of men in Ireland; but, after the frightful reaction had set in and ceased, the people began to consider the question of enlistment. Not only was Ireland ruled by the English garrison, but the stalwart sons of Ireland were enlisted to be the garrisons of England at home and abroad. There is no more pitiful or painful period in the history of Ireland than the victories of England, gained by the power of Irish arms. It was

not enough to be slaves, but the life-blood of Ireland must be freely and voluntarily offered up to secure the honour of our common enemy. There is nothing in such a recollection to make us think much of ourselves. England never paid Ireland such a compliment as that contained in her refusal to permit the Irish to become volunteers on the same plan as in England and Scotland.

"The greater part of the English army, as at present constituted, is always stationed in Ireland. The real Irish portion of that army—such regiments as the 22d, the 88th, and the 3d Buffs—are sure to have their quarters assigned them in England, Scotland, or probably on some foreign station, during times of political excitement in Ireland. That's another good sign,—another compliment. There are twenty-five thousand Irishmen in the British army. These fine fellows know that their position is worse than one of common slavery. Every man of them, no matter where situated, should look upon himself as the avenger of his country. Allegiance to his country is a thousand times more imperative on his conscience than the perjury which binds him in allegiance to England. The so-called oath of allegiance to England is not an oath binding on any Irishman. That oath was taken in ignorance, and truth is the first essential part of an oath. England is not a legitimate ruler of Ireland, so that any oath taken by Irish soldiers, in the belief that the same is binding, becomes null and void. It is the duty of every Fenian who may have a friend in the English army, to make known to that friend that duty to Ireland makes it imperative that he should desert the English service.

That is a righteous act on the part of an Irishman. He owes it as a duty to his country to do this thing, and those who have it in their power to do it and refrain from their duty, are guilty of treason to Ireland. Indiscriminate desertion is bad, or rather, it is inexpedient, unless the means of escape are sure." (Here we may observe there was a difference of opinion among the more thoughtful heads of the I. R. B. Some of them advocated indiscriminate desertion as confirming the soldier who deserted, on re-capture and punishment, into a still more earnest hater of the British service. Besides, as they argued, the presence of a great number of re-captured and punished deserters in a regiment could not but demoralise it in another and more effective way than that hinted at by Stephens a little lower.) "Some people counsel the present state of things to continue as they are until an opportunity shall arise when Irishmen may desert the English service, in a body, for that of Ireland. This should not be so. Desertions demoralise an army, and the English army should be thoroughly demoralised. Besides, those who desert now can become soldiers of Ireland at once by joining the I. R. B. at home. Even the I. R. B. should be in a position to maintain all deserters, giving them, *at least*, the same pay they obtained in the British service. Once such a system as this prevailed, the desertions would become more numerous and the deserters could easily be converted into recruiting sergeants to swell the ranks of the I. R. B. Some weak-hearted people, possessed of too much sense, may object to this on the grounds of danger. This cry of danger is a parrot cry,

and should be passed by unheeded. No one denies that there is danger, and plenty of it too, in carrying out a programme for the establishment of independence in Ireland and the overthrow of the British domination. But those who were not prepared to encounter danger and hardship and suffering and loss are unworthy of enrolment in the Fenian Organisation."

How well the I. R. B. carried out the principles of the article just quoted is known. That they are acting upon them now quite as energetically, *we* know; and here we cannot help giving the War Office a small piece of advice which, if followed, will, we think, seriously diminish the number of desertions from the British army, a number which is now simply enormous,—*Let the oath of allegiance be administered to Roman Catholic recruits by a Roman Catholic priest; and let a sufficient number of Roman Catholic chaplains be appointed to the army—one at least for every station during peace*, and, during war, a certain number to every division in the field, in proportion to the number of Roman Catholic soldiers in each division. With the lower order of Roman Catholics an oath loses half its solemnity when it is administered by a layman,—and much more than half when that layman is a Protestant. Then, for many reasons, military chaplains are even more indispensable to Roman Catholic soldiers than to the soldiers of other creeds. To the former it is a real hardship not to have a spiritual guide of easy access; and to the service itself it is seriously injurious that so large a number of its members, whose conduct is so much influenced by the supervision of clergymen, should not have adequate provision made for such supervision.

CHAPTER VII.

EVENTS IN IRELAND—THE FUNERAL OF M'MANUS.

THE I. R. B. claimed credit to themselves as teaching the Irish people to distinguish between the priest as a clergyman and as a politician; they opposed him and were opposed by him; the priests, from Cardinal Cullen downwards, denounced the Brotherhood, and in return the Brotherhood issued circulars denouncing the priests. One of these Fenian priest-denouncing circulars is now before us; we shall give it in its proper place.

But though the priests and the Brotherhood were thus opposed, the latter claim to have learned several striking lessons from the former. Let us see what Charles J. Kickham, than whom there could not be a better authority, has written on this point in *The Irish People*. He quotes the saying of O'Connell,—"Liberty is not worth the shedding of a single drop of blood," and remarks, "The no-drop-of-blood doctrine was, we believe, a lure to induce the dignitaries of the Catholic Church to enrol themselves under his banner. The no-drop-of-blood doctrine, which well-nigh converted a nation of men into a nation of helots, was promulgated in order to convert bishops and priests into agitators. Strange to say, it was reserved for the bishops and priests to sweep the last vestige of the abomination

from the face of the land. The temporal authority of the Pope was encroached upon, and the Holy Father wanted men and money. He wanted soldiers to fight,—that's what he wanted. We wonder had his Holiness any notion of what a precious thing a drop of blood was in Ireland. Well, our bishops and priests, forgetting (when it suited them) the pricelessness of the commodity, actually appealed to the young men of Ireland to gird up their loins, and, leaving fathers and mothers and country and friends, to go forth to the battle-field and pour out their drops of blood under a foreign sky, and leave their bones to bleach far away from poor old Ireland, where to fight would be a sin and a shame. For the Pope said there was no use 'reasoning with a robber,' which, indeed, is very true. The bishops even insisted, greatly to the disgust of pious and wealthy English Catholics, who would do anything for the Church short of endangering their precious lives, that *the Green Flag should be unfurled.*

"Ah, your Grace, could you? Did you not know that not one among your Irish soldiers could look upon that flag without cursing in his heart the 'British Constitution,' of which your Grace and your Lordships are such admirers? Did you not know that the Irish soldier, when he fixed his gaze upon that trampled banner, would pray to the good God to spare him,—oh! to spare, now that he is a soldier,—for

> 'One day upon his own green land
> Like that of Fontenoy?'

"Oh, your Grace and your Lordships, how could you encourage so wicked a spirit of hatred against the refulgent

constitution, the defects of which, you tell us, are like the spots on the sun? Alas! that we should say it,—this sacred emblem of a once proud and happy nation was flaunted before the eyes of the people who loved it merely for the purpose of keeping the ranks of the 'Brigade' filled up. We thank your Grace and your Lordships nevertheless. The necessity you saw for unfurling the old 'rebel' flag was the strongest testimony that nationality was a living reality in Ireland.

"So we have to thank the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood of Ireland for sweeping away for ever the coward creed that 'Liberty was not worth the expense of a single drop of blood.'

"We have shown how the hierarchy and the priesthood swept away this monstrous doctrine; but we have to thank them for more than this. They have shown us how real work (as distinguished from talk) must be done in Ireland. When the bishops and priests decided on sending soldiers to the Pope, they did not begin by forming a league. They were determined to do the work and not to talk about doing it, and therefore they set to work silently, as men always do who are in earnest. They took all possible precautions against detection. So well managed was the affair in this respect that even to this day the names of those who formed the directory are not generally known. Recruiting agents were appointed throughout the country, with strict orders to treat only with your men of good character, and to be wary of all from whom there might be the slightest ground for apprehending treachery. These agents (generally clergy-

men) evinced both prudence and courage in the discharge of the duties assigned to them. They did their work well, though the Government proclamation warning all whom it might concern of the pains and penalties to be incurred by a violation of the 'Foreign Enlistment Act' stared at them from every street corner. For a reason we do not like to make the details of their proceedings public. We shall only say that *secrecy*, *discipline*, and *silent action* were the soul of the movement which was planned and executed in a manner that Wolfe Tone himself might have envied. So strictly was discipline insisted upon, that one over-zealous priest, we are assured, who forwarded some recruits to Dublin without being duly authorised to do so, had them sent back to him. This foolish priest and a few others, were for doing everything in a manly way, as they thought, openly and above board (as a certain class of patriots are for freeing Ireland), for which folly their reverences were very properly snubbed. We think the following authentic anecdote worth repeating. An athletic Kerryman presented himself before a certain bishop, whose admiration for the British Constitution* has become proverbial, when the following dialogue took place :—

"*Bishop.*—'Well, sir, what is your business with me?'

"*Kerryman.*—'To fight for the Pope, my Lord.'

"*B.*—'Perhaps you wish to emigrate to Italy?'

"*K.*—'I want to fight, my Lord, for the Pope.'

* Kickham meant Bishop Moriarity, and here attempts a witticism obvious only to members of the I.R.B. Bishop Moriarity was credited with a remark which gained him the title of the "Hell-fire Bishop,"—the epithet applied to the Bishop being Kickham's synonym for the "British Constitution."

"*B.*—'Well now, my good man, just listen to me. I have nothing to say about fighting, but if you want to emigrate to Italy (here his Lordship smiled knowingly) I may be able to assist you.'

"*K* (*astonished*).—'Is that the way?'

"*B.*—'That's the way' (with a look and a smile which the obtuse candidate for military glory failed to smoke however).

"*K.*—'Nothing to say about fighting! Och, to the D——, I pitch it, at that rate.'

"Whereupon the unsophisticated Kerryman turned upon his heel, pronouncing the whole thing a humbug.

"We really cannot imagine how this bishop could have reconciled it to his conscience to do anything contrary to the laws of which he is such an enthusiastic admirer. Without knowing it, his Lordship taught something to those who struggle for Irish independence. The recruiting for the Irish Brigade afforded a lesson to the people which they have taken to heart. It showed them that when men are in earnest and mean to *act* and not to *talk*, they do not begin by forming 'national leagues' and 'legal' and 'constitutional associations,' with the chieftains of glens at the head of them. We return our best thanks to the bishops and priests for this good service. It will not be easy to convince the people that it would be criminal for them to follow the good example set them by their spiritual guides. The return of the Battalion of St. Patrick to Ireland gave an impulse to the military spirit that was growing up among our young men. It was the means of helping on the education of the people *two* steps

in the right direction. It showed them the value of *silent cautious* (albeit *illegal*) action, and it helped to make soldiers of them.

"To finish their education the people required one more lesson, without which all this knowledge they had acquired were valueless. This most necessary lesson was the knowledge of their own power. They required to be taught that it was quite possible for them to march on to liberty without 'the *elite* of property' at their head. And this invaluable truth was splendidly demonstrated at the MacManus Funeral.

"Our history during the last fifteen years presents no such noteworthy event as the funeral of Terence Bellew MacManus. In that magnificent national demonstration, from its inception by the shores of the Pacific, to its completion under the wintry night sky in Glasnevin Cemetery, we see Ireland's strength and Ireland's weakness revealed, as if in a panorama. The sneer of the recreant, the depreciation of the craven-hearted, one cold word of the doubter, the closed church door—in these we see Ireland's weakness. But triumphing over these, bearing them down like a flood, we see Ireland's strength—the ordered enthusiasm of the people.

"Free Ireland, with her own senate, her own army, her ships upon the sea, all the resources of a Sovereign state at her command, could have given no grander funeral honours to her greatest citizen, than enslaved Ireland gave to the patriot who was torn from her shores in the chains of the tyrant, and died a broken-hearted, proscribed exile in a foreign land. This was the work of the people. Yet it

was necessity that made it so. A providential necessity we now call it; though at the time we regretted the backwardness of those who had been the leaders of the people (the men of '48 then in Ireland), in accepting the position which was tendered to them—nay, which they were implored to accept. But these leaders wavered and hesitated."

For a long time they could not be persuaded that the proposal to carry the dead patriot's remains over two oceans and a continent was anything but Irish-American "buncombe"—and of course they could not allow their names to be mixed up with a sham. These men had no faith in the people—they never had—they have not now. Irishmen in America had learned to do their own work, with their own hands, independent of aristocratic headship. The M'Manus funeral, as a matter of course, was conducted by the people in San Francisco and New York. But at home they never depended upon themselves alone in any movement. The hesitation of the "leaders" compelled them to try the experiment for the first time.

The Dublin and Cork Committees, and the minor committees through the country, were composed of humble men, most of them belonging to the ranks of labour. Yet no one will venture to deny that the M'Manus funeral was admirably conducted. Forethought, order, and good taste characterised its every detail. Let it never be forgotten that it was essentially the work of the people alone; above all, let the people themselves never forget this. It is true, indeed, that when the news had reached them that the first act in the drama had been splendidly performed by the shores of the distant Pacific,

some of the doubting patriots came forward to join in doing honour to the memory of their dead comrade. They could not, even if they would, hold back longer, without being utterly disgraced.

One leader * wrote a letter to the newspapers in praise of M'Manus, in which he denounced "professional revolutionists." If it were not for the men whom he could so stigmatise, there would have been no M'Manus funeral at all. The people understand all this quite well now. John Mitchell, in a letter from Paris, to an American newspaper, begged of his countrymen *not* to think of sending the dead patriot's remains, as that island was not in a fit condition to receive them. But he soon found that he was mistaken, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Surely the touch of that dead hand will rouse the young men of Ireland to *conspire* at last!" John Mitchell, too, declared his disbelief in the possibility of a military organisation in Ireland. We trust the day will arrive when he will discover his error on this point also.

Thus we see that the people were not only left to depend upon themselves alone, but actually had to contend with the opposition of the very men to whom they had been accustomed to look for advice and guidance. The people went ahead and dragged the leaders after them. Nothing can withstand the people when they do "go ahead."

"The M'Manus funeral proved to the world that the spirit of nationality lived and breathed in Ireland. Would this proof ever have been given, if the people had waited

* Smith O'Brien and John Martin both wrote such letters; the latter is here alluded to, or rather *denounced*.

for men 'of station' to lead them? We put this question to the men of station themselves—and ask them even now, at the eleventh hour, to acknowledge the supremacy of the people.

"In the funeral of Terence Bellew MacManus we have the struggle for the independence of Ireland prefigured. We see the people taking the initiative. We see the 'leaders' holding aloof from them, or endeavouring, in vain, to stop their onward march. We see them preorganised, disciplined, and obedient to authority. We see them, in a word, depending upon themselves alone, and assuming so proud an attitude that men of all classes fall into the ranks with them, and even genteel heads are uncovered as the *cortége* passes the spot where the head of Robert Emmet fell under the axe of the executioner.

"We saw all this while the people bore the dead patriot to the grave. So shall it be when they lift the living land to her rightful place among the free nations of the earth. But woe to the people if they do not depend upon *themselves alone.*"

Than the foregoing, which appeared in an early number of the *Irish People*, no piece of composition more able or full of meaning was ever penned by the *litteratcurs* of the I. R. B. Every sentence of it deserves to be weighed; the whole spirit of the conspiracy breathes in it. That conspiracy was eminently popular; therein the people were everything; and the triumph they expected was to be all for them. They wanted with them the leaders of the past, on account of their name and standing, but they did not want them as leaders in the present, and assuredly

not as leaders in the future. The organizers of the conspiracy in Ireland and America were continually denouncing the leaders of '48 as mere incompetent talkers.

"It was not the Irish people who were beaten in '48," said John O'Mahony, speaking in Fanueil Hall, Boston, "but their leaders. The Irish people were never properly led; and I now say in public what I have often repeated in private to my brother Fenians, that the mistakes made that year would be amply sufficient to demoralise an army of veterans."

To similar purpose spoke Colonel Michael Doheny at a meeting held in Astor House, New York, in January '61, —the year of the funeral. "The leaders, not the people of Ireland, were to blame for their disasters thus far. They had depended too much upon the effects of spoken purpose. The passing of resolutions and making noisy speeches had been their bane."

We may remark that "the passing of resolutions and making noisy speeches" was eventually the bane of the Fenian conspiracy, and to a far greater extent than in the case of the men of '48. The passing of three notorious resolutions at the Chicago Convention in 1863 was, as we shall have occasion to notice, in conjunction with the "noisy speeches" made by Fenian orators in the United States, one great cause of failure.

But, despised and vituperated as they were, the men of '48 were wanted, in appearance at least, on the side of the I. R. B. It would give the thing more of the look of a great national movement. Besides, it would divert suspicion from the real heads. As the I. R. B. flourished

unnoticed under the shadow of the various "national, legal, and constitutional associations," so the leaders of the I. R. B.,—Messrs. Stephens and Company,*—could carry on their doings behind such important persons as Mr Smith O'Brien without attracting attention.

Another thing is glaringly manifest in Mr Kickham's remarks on the M'Manus funeral; it is one which we meet everywhere in the doings of the Fenians and of the I. R. B. There was unquestionably much ability, patriotism, devotion, courage, and, at times, something very like heroism, manifested by the members of this fraternity; but always and everywhere they display a contempt for,—perhaps it would be better to say an absolute ignorance of and a complete inability of understanding,—that nice sense of honour, that respect for pledges actually given or understood, which prevails, not only among gentlemen, but among thoroughly honest men. Leaders of '48 were at large in Ireland at the period of the M'Manus funeral. They were at large on the condition, which their acts showed they accepted, of keeping aloof from further conspiracy. The I. R. B. condemned these men, whom, be it observed, they despised as leaders, because they would not take part in their conspiracy—the I. R. B. knowing perfectly well the while the position of these men of '48 with respect to the English government.

* Thus writes "Celt"—James Stephens himself we believe—in the *Irishman* (of which he was then a regular correspondent) of March 2d, 1861, concerning one of these associations:—"The existence of the friendly sons of St. Patrick as an organization meeting in its utmost numbers, on St. Patrick's Day, from year to year, whether national liberty is attained or still to be struggled for, can be no hindrance to organization *within* the Brotherhood for national purposes."

As the I. R. B. would have had the men of '48 act, so they acted themselves. No pledge ever restrained them; there never was any such thing as nice sense of honour among them. We find one of their leaders, Duffy, released on bail on account of failing health, taking advantage of his enlargement to conspire more vigorously than ever. We also find him, when re-arrested and convicted, denouncing the government as condemning him to a death, which was only the more painful, because it was lingering. We find others of them released on condition of quitting the country. These were American adventurers; "captains," "colonels," etc.; and in nearly every instance, we find these men remaining to take part in deeds of violence which had seldom the shadow of a claim to be considered deeds of war. In the same way we find soldiers encouraged to acts of the grossest treachery. Indeed, in the view of the Fenians and of the I. R. B., every consideration was to give way to the interests of the conspiracy; all actions, however infamous, were to be purified by the fact that they were performed in these interests; all the sentiments of right and honour and all laws, human and divine, were to be disregarded at the call of these interests. The conduct of the Fenians and of the I. R. B. on ten thousand occasions prove this.

Smith O'Brien affected to consider himself unfettered by any condition from doing as he had done before, or in going any farther in his actions than he had gone before. In this same year of the funeral of M'Manus, he published a pamphlet in which we find

the following expressions:—"It has been insinuated that I am bound by an engagement not to overthrow British Rule in this country. Now I challenge the British government to produce a single line of evidence of any kind, which can tend to prove that, from the day of my capture in 1848 until this present hour, I have directly or indirectly entered into any compact, avowed or implied, that I would abstain from endeavouring to substitute an Irish government for an English government in this land. In 1854 I was told that I was at my liberty to leave Van Diemen's Land, and I left that colony. In 1856 I was told that I was at liberty to return to Ireland, and I did return; but I would not consent to live a week in this country if I did not consider myself to be, in all respects, as free as any other Irishman to promulgate my opinions respecting all the interests of Ireland."

This affectation of stubborn independence was, however, qualified until it meant nothing, or next to nothing, by certain opinions which the writer had adopted since '48. In the very same pamphlet he wrote—"Irish freedom must be won by Irish courage and Irish firmness. I have no desire to impose upon my country one description of servitude in the place of another, for I believe that the liberty of Ireland, and its redemption from its present position, were they won by foreign bayonets, could only be retained in its possession by foreign bayonets; and, therefore, it is not my desire or intention to place my country under foreign dominion." He adds that no wrongs, insults, or invectives, whether personal or national—

"shall tempt me to encourage my fellow countrymen to engage in a course of proceedings which will eventuate in disaster, and throw back for a century the progress we might otherwise expect to attain." Thus O'Brien was completely adverse to Revolution as the Fenians and the I. R. B. contemplated effecting it. He would not have it, if attained by the aid of foreign bayonets; neither would he work for it by means of conspiracy at home.

Now let us see how the M'Manus funeral originated.

While O'Mahony was in Ireland in 1861,* various plans were discussed, by himself and the leaders of the I. R. B., for getting up a great national demonstration in Ireland, which, without attracting too much of the attention of the government, should effect, in their view, the very important purposes of showing the strength of the I. R. B. in numbers, enthusiasm, and discipline; of displaying also the overwhelming feeling of the Irish people in favour of Revolution, and of exciting their patriotic enthusiasm, and thus disposing them for joining the I. R. B. in masses. The continental experiences of O'Mahony and Stephens taught them the value of such demonstrations—the influence they exercised over the national mind, especially among peoples of Celtic blood. O'Mahony also wanted such a demonstration for his own satisfaction, and the satisfaction of his clients in America; so did friends abroad who patronized the conspiracy, and sympathising friends at home who shrank as yet from joining it. Neither O'Mahony nor these friends would be satisfied with a mere St. Patrick's Day gathering, as such

* The next Chapter will explain how O'Mahony came to make this visit.

a thing would unite men of every shade of opinion and prove altogether deceptive.

While casting about for a suitable base for their demonstration, the news of the death of Terence Bellew M'Manus in San Francisco reached the conspirators at home; it was the very thing they wanted. Measures were immediately taken to turn the "good thing" to account. M'Manus had been one of the "leaders" whom the Fenians and the I. R. B. so thoroughly contemned and incessantly denounced. But, on this occasion, they thought fit to forget all that and remember nothing but his patriotism. The word went forth, and immediately the emissaries of the conspiracy were at work exciting the enthusiasm of the Irish race in both hemispheres for Terence Bellew M'Manus. It was easy to persuade the excitable people that he must be honoured with a national funeral, whose procession should extend from the utmost shore of the Pacific to New York, and thence across the Atlantic. The idea, it must be allowed, was not without grandeur, and no sooner was it suggested by the mouth of authority than it was accepted and carried out with much effect.

Early in May, headquarters in New York, and a little later headquarters in Ireland, were apprized that the Fenians of San Francisco had taken the initiative. The fact was thus announced to all whom it might concern in the columns of the Fenian organ *The Phœnix*. "By resolutions which will be found elsewhere, our readers will see that it has been determined by our friends in California to remove the remains of M'Manus to Ireland. They propose to bring the body to New

York, and have it so far accompanied by an escort worthy of the man. Hence it will be accompanied to Ireland by another escort who will superintend its burial in consecrated soil. With a deposit so sacred in charge, many men will visit Ireland who never had hoped to set foot on her shores again, nay, who would not, under any circumstances, stand up again where the felon flag of England waved. They will feel themselves relieved from the degradation that flag would entail on them, by the sacredness of their duty and the holiness of the mission they will be there to fulfil. The proposition originated with *The Phœnix*. With us it was a simple suggestion. The good men of the Golden State have converted it into a reality, for it must now be accomplished, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it an act of incalculable value, and one that will stamp its impress imperishably on the age and on the names of those engaged in it. It will be most dear to the dead and dearer yet to the living. It is a species of tribute which has never yet been paid to a martyred Irish exile. If ever yet deed of love, and faith, and holiness fructified, this one will. The dear remains will be carried over thousands of miles to be laid in the mother isle. This will show the world what strong love, what an inflexible purpose, what profuse generosity, prompt the task and propel the hearts of those who undertake it. At present it may be premature to enter into further details. Suffice it to say that the remains will be brought to this city from San Francisco at the expense of our friends there, and translated thence to Ireland, at the expense of the people of these States."

The following were the resolutions adopted in San Francisco:

"Whereas the Irish citizens of San Francisco have commenced a subscription to erect a monument over the remains of our late deceased, ever-to-be-lamented, and respected brother-patriot, Terence Bellew M'Manus, in commemoration of his great sacrifices in the service of our common country; while we recognise the devotedness of our friends, their zeal and respect for his memory, we sincerely and fraternally would suggest that the dear old land that he loved, and the people for whom he suffered, have prior claims to the possession of his remains, and moreover, that though the mandates of our tyrant foe, Great Britain, have denied him, whilst living, a glimpse of his land:

"*Resolved*—1st, 'That we his countrymen, will see that his ashes shall rest in the soil that gave him birth, that his requiem may be sung by an united people, and that their tyrants in England may stand rebuked by the action of the Irish nation doing honour to the name of their Rebel Chief.'

"*Resolved*—2nd, 'That the directors of this society be empowered to communicate our wishes to the Committee of the M'Manus movement.'

"*Resolved*—3d, 'That the officers of this Society be ordered to use their best endeavours to have the monument fund appropriated for the before-mentioned purpose, viz., that of removing the remains of our illustrious brother to Ireland for interment.'

"*Resolved*—4th, 'That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the M'Manus Monument Fund Committee of this city, and to our Head Centre in New York.'"

Due preparations were made in the Eastern states, especially in New York, for the reception of the body and its transmission to England. In Ireland the following advertisement appeared in all the national journals, in the last week in May 1861:

"Terence Bellew M'Manus.

"The National Brotherhood of St. Patrick.

"The Committee of the Central Association of the National Brotherhood of St Patrick, Dublin, having learnt that it has been

decided by the Irish Nationalists of America to send home the remains of our noble and lamented exiled patriot, TERENCE BELLEW M'MANUS, for interment in his native land, respectfully request a meeting of the Brotherhood, in the Rooms, 2 Marlborough Street, on Monday evening, June 3d, at Eight o'clock, to take into consideration the fittest means of receiving and doing honour to the remains of this distinguished patriot."

This advertisement was signed by the Secretary of the Association and met with due response. The meeting took place, and the arrangements were made, altogether in accordance with the views of the I. R. B., which shows how exceedingly well the latter had obeyed the advice of their leader, to organise *within* existing legal and constitutional associations; for they had, thus early, got the management of the Brotherhood of St Patrick altogether into their hands. Subscriptions were called for from all true Irishmen, and the appeal was responded to liberally, especially by the I. R. B. The national journals publish the letters accompanying the remittances. A great majority of the names attached to these letters were names which afterwards acquired notoriety in the various state trials. Indeed it would not be very difficult to estimate the extent of ground over which the conspiracy had spread by the summer and autumn of 1861, from these letters.

At the outset there was a serious difference of opinion as to where the remains of M'Manus should be deposited, when they reached Ireland. The Californian Irish suggested that they should be buried over the remains of Robert Emmet; the New York Irish desired to have him placed side by side with Wolfe Tone; the men of Dublin

made up their minds to inter him, along with so many other patriotic celebrities, in Glasnevin Cemetery. This difference of opinion, under other circumstances, would in all probability have quashed the whole affair. The heads of the conspiracy, however, were despotic; they saw reasons to prefer Glasnevin; and the fraternity on both sides of the Atlantic gave way to their wishes, or rather commands.

It was the 21st of August before all necessary arrangements could be completed on the coast of the Pacific, and on that day the remains of M'Manus were borne by steamer from California. It was accompanied by Captain Smith, an envoy from New York, and a man who afterwards distinguished himself in the active doings of the conspiracy, and by Jeremiah Cavanagh, president of the San Francisco Fenians. All this, including the position of Cavanagh, was announced to the world at large. It was a specimen of the remarkably blatant folly which invariably neutralised the exceeding skill and cunning of the Fenian chiefs.

Immediately following the announcement, came—in *The Irishman*, the organ of the I. R. B., until they established a journal exclusively their own—a paragraph written by Stephens. It is eminently characteristic, and we give it: "Closer and closer the hour approaches. Nearer and nearer that pulseless heart, which once throbbed for Ireland, approaches our shores. Are we ready to receive it, with the hope it inspires, the faith it invokes, and the principle it involves?

"No woman's cry, or coward's crone, or affecting scene

is wanted now; but the respect alone of manly dignity begot of common sense and silent resolve. Let the grave of an unimpeachable patriot be also the grave of national discord. Let the scattered elements that once gave strength and stability to the assertion of Irish rights, be again gathered together, and firmly knit over the bier of Terence Bellew M'Manus.

"Let it be borne in mind that no mock heroic harangue should be suffered for a moment to herald the occasion, or make that mournful event the opportunity for an essay of subtle and diverting policy.

"He is to be carried back to his own dear land, not in the remembrance of the magnitude of his achievements as a soldier of liberty, but for his lasting fidelity and his magnanimity as a man.

"All those who would pay a fitting tribute to honour and probity, irrespective of creed or party, should now come forward. No man's opinions are compromised here; no caste is lost. No assistance or identification is claimed that any Irishman, be he Protestant, Catholic, or Dissenter, need feel ashamed, or ought to be afraid of.

"For the sake of the living, and in memory of the dead, where myriad hearts will kneel and pray with uncovered heads, under the canopy of an autumnal sky, in the cypress avenues of Glasnevin, may it be an honour to Ireland, 'our dear Island Mother;' she who is watching for her children with a mother's inherent love, clasping them to her breast, kissing the cold sweat of death from their pallid brows, kneeling at their shrine, and blessing them in their shroud."

This was a command, shrouded under the mask of advice. All the I. R. B. who read it recognised the signature B., which meant the "Brotherhood" (then and always Stephens thought, as Louis XIV. spoke—"the Brotherhood, that is Me"); and understood that they were to prevent, if needs were by violence, any attempt at leadership and oratory on the occasion, by the former leaders of the people. Perhaps Stephens would not have been so stern against "talk," had he been eloquent himself. He could speak to the point; he could persuade and conduct; but he was not an orator, and he knew it.

The remains of M'Manus reached New York on the 13th of September 1861. They were conveyed to the Astor House Hotel, in the first instance. From thence, on Monday, the 16th, they were transferred with much pomp, at the head of a multitudinous procession, to the Cathedral. Here "a solemn high mass requiem was sung by the clergy and the choir." After mass, the Archbishop of New York delivered an address, in which he explained the conditions which would justify rebellion, in the eyes of the Church, with remarkable clearness. When we read this spoken essay—for such it is—we feel that we have before us, not a warning to intending rebels, nor a dissuasive from rebellion, but simply a set of instructions for harmonising rebellion with the laws of the Papal Church. But we will give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves:—

"It is a great deal for us to know, and to be able to state, that the deceased, whose remains are now before the altar, loved his country. In all times, in all nations, and

under all circumstances, whether of savage or civilised life, love of country has always been held as a virtue, for in the teaching of her doctrine the love of country comes next to the love of God; next to that comes the love of friends, relatives, neighbours, and society. Now, this love of country has generally been understood as that by which men defend their native or adopted soil, and support the government, when that government is lawful, and not oppressive. If that government should degenerate into oppression and tyranny, then would come the love of country, but not of government. This has been the rule, not by authority, but by recognition of the Catholic Church, in all ages, and throughout the world. It is manifest, and it is sometimes made a reproach, that our principles lean, as some say, too much to the side of what is called Conservatism. This is, to a certain extent, true; but, if true, it is the more deserving of approval. We have not read that in the propagation of the Catholic faith, even in the ages of the Cæsars, the Neros, the Caligulas, the Diocletians, the Christians ever took the case into their own hands and rebelled. They had not in the gospel, which they came to teach, any precept to that effect. Whenever they went to other and distant nations to proclaim the truths of the gospel, they did not find in the charter of their mission any special authority to overthrow the established civil States. Nevertheless, some of the most learned and holy men of that Church have laid it down, with the general sanction and authority, that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist and overthrow a tyrannical government. The instances, indeed, in history

are not many; but there is one to which all English-speaking people refer, and that is the contest between King John and Cardinal Langton and the Barons of England at Runnymede. That was a lawful resistance; and it was one to which the tyrant had to succumb. But, on the other hand, it must be observed that those rebellious barons sought only the recovery of rights, of which that tyrannical prince had sought to deprive the English people. Little by little, the throne had been encroaching on the rights of the people, and those men, as protectors of these rights, took their stand, and finally succeeded in obtaining what is called a Magna Charta, the great broad seal of English liberty. And yet no man ever saw that Magna Charta, either in manuscript, or in print. It was handed over to the keeping of tradition, and the violation of it would be a justifiable cause of resistance against the government, down to the present day. This is a right which the Catholic Church recognises. The only difficulty is to know—at what given point an attempt to redress the grievances complained of, may be commenced. The same authorities to which I referred, particularly St Thomas Aquinas, lay down three distinct conditions to authorise such an attempt. The first of these is, that the grievance should be a real one, an actual oppression; for it is very difficult to re-establish a government when once overthrown. And we have seen that it is not more than twelve or thirteen years ago when new ideas gained the mastery over old governments. Changes were made, but the reforms were very few. The conditions then laid down are—first, the grievance must be a real one, either a new

oppression, or an old one magnified almost beyond endurance. The second is, that a war of resistance—that is, the impulse to resist—should be a general one, taking in the whole population of the injured country, with their united will, their common sense of the wrong inflicted, and their determined purpose to stand by each other, shoulder to shoulder, until they have obtained redress. The third condition is, the possession of the means and ability wherewith to accomplish, with a reasonable hope of success, what they undertake. For, if they have not the ability and the other conditions requisite, it becomes a crime to undertake the task. It is, at all times and under all circumstances, an immense responsibility to commence a revolution, an insurrection, a rebellion, or by whatever name it may be called. It is attended with immense risk to the bodies, and frequently to the souls, of those who undertake it, without feeling their way, and knowing thoroughly what they are about. Nevertheless, in the case to which I have referred, there can be no reproach. The young man whose brief and chequered career has come to an end in a distant land, to whose memory and remains you pay your respects, was one who was willing to sacrifice —and, I may say, did sacrifice—his prospects in life, and even his life itself, for the freedom of the country which he loved so well, and which he knew had been oppressed for centuries. When the effort was made, it is true, he did not stop, he did not dally to enquire about the circumstances, as laid down by St Thomas, but he went into it disinterestedly, and willing to undergo all the risks and responsibilities of the contest. But this is not all. The

traditions that surround his name represent him to us a man, not, perhaps, of the most brilliant capacity, but one of a constant heart and mind, and what is still more, one who, because he loved his country, did not on that account cease to love his God. Through life, with whatever imperfections are common to humanity, he loved his Church, and died in her holy communion. And it is for this, besides the public honour you pay to his remains, that these remains are brought before the altar of God, and every solemn rite is offered up for his eternal welfare. This is the part of the occasion which would refer to me more particularly, and it now only remains for you to unite your prayers for the repose of the departed soul, and reflect that, whether taken away in the prime of life, or at an advanced age, all must reach the same goal at last. This is the end of life, and if any one wishes to study the whole of his nature, and the great object for which God placed him in this world, he will know that it is to do his duty to God and man, and by so doing, to prepare himself for the enjoyment of another world, in which there will be no insurrections, nor oppressions, nor tears, nor sorrows."

In the foregoing address the Archbishop took one or two strange liberties with facts. It is hardly worth while noticing his assertion respecting Magna Charta. It is otherwise, however, with regard to his observations concerning the origin of that document. Notice how carefully the speaker places Cardinal Langton at the head of the rebellion. He does more; he makes the Cardinal in a great measure the rebellion. It is evident that he meant his audience to infer that the great Charter derived its au-

thority from the approval of the Church; he insinuates that England owes it to the Church; and, no doubt, he wished it to be inferred that resistance to infractions of that Charter were justifiable, chiefly because the Charter was the work of the Church.

The whole speech gives much plausibility to a statement we have received, to the effect that the Roman Catholic clergy, in the first instance, not only looked with favour on the American portion of the great Celtic conspiracy, but sought to obtain its direction; that John O'Mahony, a devout Roman Catholic, was more than inclined to place his organisation under clerical sway, and that a main purpose of his mission to Ireland, in December 1860, was to win over the heads of the I. R. B. if possible to these views. It has been added that James Stephens, not being then as firmly established in his leadership as he desired, and for other reasons, while fully determined never to accede to any such thing, being resolved, indeed, to confine the priest to his sacerdotal functions, the moment he should obtain the power, yet did not absolutely say no to O'Mahony. To the clergy of America, at least, there remained considerable hope of obtaining predominance over the Fenians; and, therefore, the Archbishop of New York played the part we have shown in the funeral of M'Manus. Therefore, also, Father O'Flaherty was allowed to take high place among the brethren, and to devote most of his time to the promotion of their prosperity. Considering the condition of the United States at the period, with the Southern States in open revolt, it is plain that there must have been some very powerful reason for the delivery of

such an encouraging homily to rebels, in the very heart of the Northern States.

The remains of M'Manus were transmitted from the Cathedral of New York to the steam-ship intended to convey them to Ireland, with even greater show, with greater multitudes following, and amid a mightier gathering of spectators, than when carried to the cathedral. This last imposing procession was termed "The American Funeral." It took place on the 18th of October.

On the last day of October the body of the exile reached Cork. Here the Roman Catholic bishop refused to admit it to his cathedral. A resting-place, however, was found for it in the church attached to the Mercy hospital, which stands in the diocese of Cloyne. Thither it was conveyed in state, and there it remained until the Sunday following. It was then conveyed through the principal streets of the city to the Kilbarry station of the Great Southern and Western Railway. During the whole of these proceedings there were patriotic gatherings wherein patriotic addresses were read and patriotic speeches were made, on every possible occasion. Excitement was at its height in Cork. Not a pleasant kind of excitement, however; it was one very ominous of what was coming. And the fierce and threatening show, formed by the transmission of the remains to the railway station, narrowly escaped illustration by a tragedy.

The procession that wound through the streets of Cork was immense, and the sympathising crowd that witnessed it was still larger. There was funeral music, and plenty of it; flagstaffs, with banners drooping, half-

mast high, rose in all directions; every breast bore the tokens of mourning. At different points along the route might be seen groups of soldiery, mostly non-commissioned officers in full-dress uniform, watching the proceedings with great interest; and finally, as the *cortège* crossed Benson's Bridge, and wound along Bridge Street, some dozens of them joined it in a body. This was in obedience to orders from the C. O. I. R., for every man of these soldiers was a member of the Brotherhood. The American deputation, delighted with this proof of the extent of the conspiracy, was immediately to receive still further gratification. An English officer of some rank accosted some of these soldiers, and ordered them to withdraw from the procession. As he was not in uniform, the soldiers declined to recognise him, and would not quit the ranks. The officer repeated his command, and angry feelings began to manifest themselves unmistakably among the crowd. Some of the committee of management observing this, came up and interposed between the officer and the people. He still persisted on calling upon the soldiery to withdraw. He was assailed by a number of ruffians, and in spite of the exertions of the committee, received several severe blows, which, gallant gentleman as he was, he did his best to return. There can be no question of what the result would have been had his assailants been allowed their own way. The Committee, however, managed to force the gentleman into a shop,—he facing his antagonists to the last,—and thus the shroud of M'Manus was saved from the stains of bloodshed in no honourable way.

The train conveying the remains to Dublin was watched

along the route by vast crowds. In several places these crowds were armed, according to their means, and fully prepared for rebellion. At one spot in particular, on the confines of Tipperary, the excited multitude was only restrained from an insane movement against a small detachment of soldiers in the vicinity, by James Stephens himself. The mob was collected on a hill overlooking the line of railway. Fierce harangue and fervent hope had intoxicated them beyond all restraint. As the funeral car hove in sight, a yell arose among the mass, and it vibrated to and fro, in its rage, until a voice rang out calling for vengeance, and exhorting to an assault on the next barracks. Stephens saw the danger, and took the proper remedy. "Down on your knees, men!" he shouted, appealing to their superstitions. Down they went as one man, praying earnestly until the train was out of sight. Then, a few words from the C. O. sent them home pacific.

The remains arrived in Dublin at half-past four on Monday morning. Here, as in Cork, the Cathedral and indeed all the churches were closed against them by order of Cardinal Cullen. They were therefore conveyed to the theatre of the Mechanics' Institute, which had been suitably prepared. And through it flowed a continuous stream of people so long as the body remained within.

The final funeral took place by torchlight, on the evening of Sunday, November the 10th. It was as imposing as enthusiasm and a multitudinous procession could make it. It is no part of our purpose to describe it at length. One or two circumstances, however, we cannot overlook. The four pall-bearers were members of the I. R. B., the

principal of them being John Haltigan, deputy head centre for Kilkenny, and the registered printer, in after-days, of the *Irish People.* The deputations from various districts were the principal leaders of the I. R. B. in these districts. For instance, from Cork, came John Lynch; from Clonmell, Denis Dowling Mulcahy; from Callan, James Cody, afterwards president of Colonel Kelly's Assassination Committee.

The route was chosen with deep and various purpose. Every spot that could call up a vengeful memory was included; no turning was neglected from which a silent bravado could be flung at the government. It proceeded through Thomas Street, indissolubly associated with the memory of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, every head uncovering as it passed the house where that nobleman met his death, and the church where he was interred. A third, the most striking pause of all, was made at the scene of Emmet's execution, where national feeling vented itself in a groan that was half a yell. A similar mark of respect was accorded to the house in High Street where the remains of Wolfe Tone had been deposited, previous to their removal to their last resting-place. In passing the castle the procession slackened its pace to the utmost, and lingered on its way in silent, but stern defiance. Then it took its course by the Exchange, through College Green, and in front of the Parliament Houses. Thence it wound through Westmoreland Street to Carlisle Bridge, and so to Glasnevin.

Here, as in Cork, soldiers in uniform joined the ranks, but not in a body. Whether their numbers

were large or small could not therefore be distinguished. As a demonstration, the funeral was everything that its projectors could have wished. Not one disagreeable incident; not one hitch occurred, from beginning to end. It was wound up by two addresses—one delivered by the notorious Father Lavelle, the other by Captain Smith, one of the American deputation. Neither of them deserve further notice.

The funeral was followed by the presentation of addresses by the various deputations to the Americans. It is unnecessary to remark on them; our readers will have no difficulty in surmising what they were like.

One result of the funeral was to exhibit the priesthood of Ireland, with few exceptions, firmly and consistently arrayed against the I. R. B. On Sunday the 29th of November, was read a pastoral of the Archbishop of Dublin, in all the churches of his diocese. It contained the following paragraphs: "Those who engage in secret societies only render more intolerable the grievances they are pretending to redress, and frequently implicate themselves in the most serious crimes and outrages. Drunkenness is encouraged by the meetings of such societies; the members of them are taught to violate the rights of property; and how often do their deeds of darkness terminate in bloodshed and murder." (Here follows a somewhat lengthy enumeration of various secret societies and their effects, and a denunciation of their leaders as deceivers and promoters of heresy). "You (the priests) will caution your flocks against all combinations and secret societies, it matters not by what name they may be designated, and

you will point out to them the censures and excommunications to which all Catholics are subjected, who bind themselves by oaths in such secret societies. All Catholics enrolling themselves as Freemasons, or Ribbonmen, or entering into any society or brotherhood established for purposes detrimental to civil society or religion, and bound to secrecy by oath, fall under the severest censure, and are *ipso facto*, excommunicated."

This was speaking out with no uncertain voice. But so long as there were archbishops and bishops in America to do the very contrary, and so long as there were priests in Ireland to denounce Cardinal Cullen and argue him in the wrong, and to laud the American bishops, the excommunication of the cardinal could have but trifling effect.

Stephens was rejoiced at the decisive rupture between the I. R. B. and the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Always jealous of rivalry, he dreaded no rivals so keenly as those likely to arise among the clergy. But now this rivalry was removed from his path at once and for ever. Henceforth his course in Ireland was plain, at least so far as his view—one tolerably far reaching—could extend.

Another result of the M'Manus funeral was a large influx of recruits. During the six months following it the I. R. B. doubled its numbers. Of the earliest of these recruits the more interesting were two men of a very different character, Pierce Nagle the Informer, and Edward Duffy, afterwards Head Centre for Connaught. The former was a national schoolmaster near Kilkenny at the time, and no very distinguished member of his profession. Shortly after joining the I. R. B. he was

compelled to resign his situation in order to escape dismissal.

Duffy, a mere youth in '61 (he was born in '41), was of origin as humble as Nagle; his father was a national schoolmaster like the latter. The son, born near Castlebar, was apprenticed to a country draper. He obtained an appointment in a Dublin draper's shortly before the funeral, was carried away by the enthusiasm of the period and joined the Brotherhood, wherein he soon attracted the attention of the Chief, and became an especial favourite. In character and person he greatly resembled Philip Gray, the first founder of the conspiracy. He was ascetic, ardent, indefatigable, and, unfortunately for himself, consumptive. He devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cause he had embraced. He regarded Stephens as a divinity. He lived, however, to be undeceived, and to denounce his idol in terms more temperate than those used by some others, but, on that account, all the more scathing.

Perhaps the most signal of all the results of the funeral was the position in which it placed the remaining "patriots of '48." They were not allowed to direct the funeral, it was not of their suggestion; and they dared not keep altogether apart from it. All Celtic Ireland, whether of the I. R. B. or not, had caught the enthusiasm which it had excited; and for any Celtic notoriety to have opposed the demonstration, even in the negative form of taking no part therein, would have been to hold himself up as a renegade from the cause which he had once asserted. So felt Smith O'Brien and many another. Greatly, there-

fore, against the grain—their dislike of making a march which they felt would be, so far as they were concerned, a march through Coventry, only overcome by the consciousness of what they would lose by abstaining—and also we must allow, by respect and affection for their old comrade—they joined in the procession. Stephens never achieved a greater success. Here were the men who despised him, who had repelled his overtures with contempt, and whom therefore he hated; compelled to follow in his wake, compelled to minister to his purpose in spite of themselves. He witnessed the scene from a window commanding the spot where Emmet had been put to death, and when the procession halted there and uncovered, he burst into a fit of triumphant laughter which compelled him to withdraw from his post of observation.

Some of the more impulsive of the "Young Ireland" party were caught, more or less, by the funeral; the O'Donoghue and Mr P. J. Smyth* being conspicuous among them. And immediate use was made of these gentlemen by the I. R. B. About this time the news of Admiral Wilkes's queer feat against the West India Mail Steamer reached Great Britain. The circumstance was opportune. A great meeting was assembled in the Rotundo, Dublin, to express sympathy with the Americans of the Northern States—the movers and managers being members of the I. R. B. Of this meeting they contrived to make the O'Donoghue chairman. He inaugurated the proceedings with a fervid, thoughtless speech, saying a good deal which he lived to unsay both in word and

* Now M.P. for West Meath.

deed. The mover of the first resolution was Mr P. J. Smyth.

This resolution has been variously reported. In *The Irishman*, a journal notoriously in the interests of the conspirators, we find it softened thus—

"Resolved—That the population of the Great Republic, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Shores, being largely composed of men of Irish birth or Irish blood; a war by England against America, would necessarily be a war against the Irish race upon that continent."

The Nation, for very good reasons, soon to be explained, altogether opposed to James Stephens and his organisation, with both of which its editor, Mr A. M. Sullivan, was very well acquainted, gave a truer version—

"Resolved—That the population of the Great Republic, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Shores, being largely composed of men of Irish birth or Irish blood; *it would be unnatural to suppose that Ireland could remain an indifferent spectatress of a struggle between England and America.*"

The Irishman had its reasons for modifying the last two lines. The meeting was a failure, so far as its principal purpose was concerned. It did not commit the "young Ireland" party; it did not win over the chiefs of that party even in appearance—with perhaps the solitary exception of the O'Donoghue for a time. It was thought wise, therefore, to throw what occurred therein as much as possible into the shade.

Having read the resolution which he was called upon

to move, Mr Smyth made a speech which abounded in sneers against England. The tone of his voice was pitched, and his accent carefully suited to convey his meaning. He said that an insult had been offered to "our" flag—thereby capping the denial, made shortly before by the chairman, that Irishmen accepted the flag of England as their own. He alluded to the "mere Yankee captain, who was not of noble blood, but who for all that dared to fire a shot across the bows of the right royal *British* steamer," although she was "under the flag that had 'braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,'" thus forgetting that "*Britons* never failed," etc., and altogether regardless of the *British* captain, his storming, his swearing, and his exposition of *British* international law. After more of this kind of thing—the word "*British*," figuring in every sneering sentence—the speaker went on to observe that England had got up indignation meetings, but that Irishmen knew how to be indignant too. Here he looked around him with peculiar expression. The look was understood, and elicited a storm of applause. Then came a panegyric on America, which introduced and strengthened the diatribe that followed against England, "the nation that had levelled their homes, banished them and scattered them as outcasts throughout the earth, and denied them the ordinary rights of mankind—even at that very hour forbidding Irishmen to bear arms." Thus, added Mr Smyth, should Irishmen read the characters of the antagonists (England and America), "the one the best friend of Ireland, the other her inveterate enemy," and act accordingly. How

the speaker expected his countrymen to act in case of war between the two countries, he showed a little later—when speaking of those already in the field on both sides in America, he declared that "the moment England entered into a war with America, they (the Irishmen serving the North and the South), would forget all past differences and be arrayed against England. The speech closed with an enumeration of the difficulties and dangers threatening England, which drew forth reiterated cheers. The resolution was then duly seconded and carried.

A second resolution, akin to the first, and which like it has been softened by pro-fenian reporters, was moved by Dr O'Brennan of *The Connaught Patriot*, a person who was afterwards the defendant in one of the State trials. The substance of the resolution was this—that they had met there that night for the purpose of manifesting, by the majesty of their numbers, their sympathy with America, if a struggle should arise between their historic oppressor and their true friend. Mr George Hopper, whose sister Stephens afterwards married, seconded this resolution, which of course was carried.

The third resolution, a short one, ran thus—

"Resolved—That the events of the hour imperatively dictate to all Irishmen a forgetfulness of past differences, and a united rally for the old cause of their country."

This resolution having been carried, the meeting was about to break up, when one of the American deputation, Kavanagh of San Francisco, stepped forward to move the resolution of the evening, one that had been carefully prepared by the heads of the conspiracy, and of which

not the slightest notice had been given to the chairman, or to anybody else who was not a conspirator. Various persons on the platform opposed this, but the chairman decided that Kavanagh should be heard. He moved—

"That a chairman, two secretaries, and twenty-one members—each having been duly and separately proposed and seconded—be chosen by a majority of voices at this mass meeting, to take into consideration the advisability of an organisation in the present state of affairs at home and abroad."

Kavanagh supported his resolution in a characteristic speech. It was seconded by one Underwood, in what was decidedly the longest and most extravagant speech of the evening, and carried unanimously.

The committee was immediately appointed. Here are the names of the members, which the reporter of *The Irishman* very conveniently contrived *not* to hear—E. J. Ryan, N. Underwood, Andrew Nolan, Joseph Denniffe, Hugh Brophy, Lieutenant Hayes, Maurice O'Donohoe, Denis Cromeyn, James Shields, Dr Waters, James O'Callaghan, Bernard O'Connor, George Hopper, *P. F. Smyth*, Thomas Clark Luby, N. Walsh, Joseph Lennon, Thomas Ryan, John Clohissy, John Healy, Daniel Hayes, Isaac Varian, George H. Moore, and James Plunket.

Of the foregoing twenty-four names, twenty-two are the names of members of the I. R. B., for the most part notorious members, as Brophy, O'Connor, Hopper, Luby, and the pike-maker Moore.

The next morning brought coolness and reflection to three of the gentlemen. They felt that they had allowed

themselves to be made mere tools of by the I. R. B. All these gentlemen—the O'Donoghue, Mr Thomas Grey, and Mr P. J. Smyth—wrote to the journals repudiating certain portions, the most important portions, of the proceedings into which, as they declared, they had been entrapped; these particular matters not having been mentioned in the programme, but sprung upon them in the heat of the moment towards the close of the meeting. The whole thing was a fair example of the way—cunning, audacious, and unscrupulous—in which Stephens did most of his work.

The disclaimers of Messrs O'Donoghue, Grey, and Smith nullified the proceedings. The committee never sat.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN EVENTS; CONSTITUTION OF CHICAGO, ETC.

In 1867 John O'Mahony published an account of his connection with Fenianism, which we propose to make the basis of our sketch of the organization in America. In the earlier portions of this narrative the author is very measured and reticent; but we shall be able to supply from other sources much that he leaves in blank. This account was written as an apology for his own conduct, and as an indictment of his enemies. It is, however, only towards the close that the feelings which dictated it are allowed to appear. Even here it is nowhere deliberately false, though it does exaggerate and suppress. On the whole, it is far more trustworthy than most documents composed under similar circumstances. Besides, its statements may be qualified, its obscurities cleared up, and its passion eliminated by comparing it with other documents of which there is an abundance—penned by the personages whom O'Mahony blames.

"I accepted the position of Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, with the understanding that my duty should be to unite and organise, as far as possible, the Irish element in America, and to concentrate its moral and material forces, and to direct them systematically. The

understanding was—that the Irish revolutionary brotherhood should be organised *secretly*, with James Stephens as its leader and chief." Here O'Mahony leaves in studied obscurity the position he held himself with regard to Stephens and the I. R. B. It was a question much agitated between the branches of the conspiracy from an early date; it produced much ill-feeling between the rival heads, induced each of them to intrigue against the other and to claim superiority over the other, and it led to the overthrow of O'Mahony, and indirectly, but still very powerfully, to the failure of the conspiracy.

Looking at the position of either chief and no further, a good deal might be urged in support of the claim of the one or the other to superiority. Stephens held the post of danger; he was the head of the Home Organisation, and, therefore, of the Irish nation, for whose benefit the conspiracy was intended; and to this Home Organisation that in America was confessedly auxiliary. On the other hand, O'Mahony could plead, and did not fail to plead, that he was at the head of the wealth and intelligence of the Irish race; that his position was beyond the reach of British law; and that, as Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, numbering such a vast body of electors in the States, and supplying so many valiant recruits to the armies of the States; his was a power which could not but exercise great influence over American politicians, and sway them to do much in furtherance of the plans of the conspirators.

These arguments, had there been no other very nearly equal in value, would have left the dispute undecided.

Nor did the remaining arguments advanced on either side tend to give the decision to either O'Mahony or Stephens. For, if the latter could urge—what was the truth—that it was he who had introduced Stephens to his friends in Ireland, and thus paved the way towards his elevation to the post of Chief Organiser; and that, as he possessed—what Stephens could never attain — the confidence of numerous influential personages, it was through him only that the conspiracy could hope to gain the adhesion of these personages; if O'Mahony could urge these things, Stephens could retort that he was by far the more capable organiser; that it was he alone who had given form and extension to the I. R. B.; that it was owing to his exertions in 1858, that the F. B. had attained success; and that O'Mahony's continuance as Head Centre of the F. B., after so many failures, was the work of him, James Stephens.

Unfortunately there was no power independent of both and superior to both in the conspiracy which could settle these rival pretensions. Fenton Lalor was dead, Philip Gray was dead; and the other directors of the original conspiracy had either become the lieutenants of Stephens or sunk into utter obscurity. Stephens was the autocrat of the I. R. B., acknowledging no controlling power save the general opinion, and not much of that, of his followers. In America the case remained pretty much the same with O'Mahony up to the Autumn of 1865.

In Ireland and without the conspiracy, there were numerous notabilities who were quite aware of its existence, and who, if not altogether approving of its constitution and aims, certainly did not discourage it, but rather regarded

it with satisfaction as inimical to English rule. These people disdained Stephens and his lieutenants as plebeian upstarts, and would persist in looking upon them as mere agents and subordinates. O'Mahony they regarded as the head and heart of the organisation. He was one of the old '48 men; he was a gentleman; he was opposed to revolutionary ideas as they prevailed on the continent; he had a fitting respect for the Church, the clergy, and the landlords; he was as conservative in his insurrectionary views as the leaders of '48, and the best of the nationalists who headed such legal and constitutional associations as "the Brotherhood of St Patrick." O'Mahony therefore, and O'Mahony alone, was the leader of the conspiracy recognised by the nationalists of Ireland who refused to join the I. R. B. under Stephens. Many of these gentlemen corresponded with him; and by not a few was he assured that—Stephens and his clique thrown overboard, and the I. R. B. purged of its atheistic and socialistic elements—they would join him (O'Mahony) and his conspiracy, heart and soul. The support of these gentlemen, such as it was, taught O'Mahony to consider himself the superior of Stephens and many of his (O'Mahony's) adherents to think likewise. It even had some effect over the minds of the I. R. B. It certainly had an effect on the mind of Stephens himself,—one which we have already had occasion to mention.

"The I. R. B.," continues O'Mahony, "were to make their own opportunity by landing a supply of arms and disciplined men in Ireland. No movement was to be made without this aid, or in the event of England being

involved in foreign war. To this policy I faithfully adhered up to the year 1865.

"When assuming the direction of the Fenian organisation on this continent,—a thing which I did with painful reluctance,—I felt fully conscious of the extreme peril in which I thereby placed my name and character, both of which I prized much more than life, and fully as highly as I did even the freedom of my native land. In order to protect these objects so dear to me, I resolved never to deceive or mislead either my constituents on this side of the Atlantic, or my allies and correspondents at the other, by the wilful promulgation of false statements, or by making reckless promises respecting the position and progress of the movement. I also held the belief, and still hold it, that the holy cause of Ireland can never be won by men of lying tongues and deceitful hearts, however pure and unselfish their motives, and however great their devotedness; honesty, I was fully convinced, was the best policy for men aspiring to redeem and elevate an enslaved nation.

"Having been thus influenced, as well by personal as by patriotic and political considerations, I persistently abstained in all my official relations, not alone from direct falsehood and misrepresentation, but also from exaggeration, and rash or unscrupulous promises, I neither indulged in them myself, nor did I knowingly countenance them in my associates. This was the origin of the DRAG CHAIN POLICY, so-called, which up to the very day of the disruption, had constituted the head and front of my offending in the eyes of the impatient hot-brained enthusiasts, and the scheming, ambitious knaves, whose combined efforts

have ultimately succeeded, not only in effecting my political ruin, by means of the most villainous frauds and treacheries, but in lying away my private good name by a tissue of as foul and as malignant calumnies as were ever invented by the depraved ingenuity of the most corrupt and shameless scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity."

Here we have to remark that, in explaining his own rule of action, O'Mahony designedly utters the bitterest censure on James Stephens. When the former impresses upon us that he was always strictly truthful, that he never uttered rash or misleading statements, and that he was careful never to deceive any one knowingly, he means it to be inferred that Stephens was rash, misleading, deceitful, and untruthful. This is severe, but not too severe, nor, as we have shown, was O'Mahony alone in his estimate of the C. O. I. R. Still the sentence in which O'Mahony describes the eventual managers of the American branch of the Brotherhood, is infinitely more severe. O'Mahony admits that a man of lying tongue and deceitful heart might still be actuated by a lofty motive ; but as for the others, they were—in O'Mahony's view—"the most corrupt and shameless scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity." The denunciation, in many instances, was not altogether unmerited.

"It can be proved, by the records of the Brotherhood, which are fortunately still in existence, under the control of honest John Savage, C.E.F.B. (Chief Executive of the Fenian Brotherhood), that every statement made by me to its members in relation thereto, had been based, from the very beginning of my official career, upon a con-

tinuous succession of deliberate and circumstantial reports furnished to me by parties in whose honesty and truthfulness, I had then, with some few exceptions, every reason to confide.

"The first envoy that reported to me *from* Ireland,* was one who is now a manacled convict on account of the sincerity of his love for Ireland. (This was Luby.) He arrived in New York in '59 whilst the movement was almost in its infancy. He remained in my central office for some months, and gave me valuable assistance during the trying crisis through which the organisation was then passing.

"Next in order, and during the same year, was one of the Phœnix prisoners of Skibbereen (P. J. Downing), who was the bearer of despatches from James Stephens. He was followed at short intervals, between their several arrivals, by others of his companions in durance. Three of these gentlemen afterwards attained rank and distinction in the American army; one of them, the genial and gallant Captain William O'Shea, of Banbury, was slain while bravely leading his regiment, the 42d New York, at the desperate battle of Spottsylvania." (Downing, the first of these refugees, joined the Federal army, and lost his leg at Gettysburg. He was afterwards transferred to the reserve, becoming eventually Colonel of Volunteers. In the Federal army he was active in disseminating Fenianism.

* Here it is well to observe the form of expression—*from* Ireland. As we have already mentioned, there had been envoys, theretofore, from America. Besides, the visit of Stephens to America in '58 made a new era in the history of the Brotherhood.

Indeed he was delegated to that duty by his superior, along with a number of others.)

"In the course of the next twelve months I sent successively two influential members of the American organisation, as my accredited agents to the home branch.* I did this in order to render myself thoroughly certain with respect to the solidity of the basis whereupon I was building up, and with the view of defending the Brotherhood in this country, by a comparison of the reports of my own agents with those received from my correspondents at home.

"In November 1860, I sailed for Ireland myself for the purpose of making a personal examination into the state of the movement there, and of estimating its prospects and resources. I visited France and England on my route, and spent nearly six months on my mission.† One of my principal objects in making this visit was to qualify myself, of my own actual knowledge, to confute and repel the multiform attacks, with which its wily and influential opponents in this country (O'Mahony wrote in America) were seeking to overwhelm the Fenian Brotherhood.

"It was during my stay in Ireland, on that occasion, that I had my first definite understanding with James Stephens and the heads of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, with respect to the exact amount of foreign or American aid that would justify an uprising of the Irish people."

* "Pagan" O'Leary was one of these envoys.

† In Paris O'Mahony had more than one interview with imperial functionaries; some say even with the Emperor himself. In England he saw the Revolutionary Committee.

Here O'Mahony says nothing of what took place during this journey. We have already filled up some portion of the void, and here we fill up a little more. In a letter written by Charles J. Kickham occurs the following interesting passages:—"Mr O'Mahony left America in the winter of 1860, and having spent some time in Paris, and several months in Ireland, did not return to New York until the month of May 1861." "I had the honour of conversing with Mr O'Mahony during his stay in Ireland. I was prepared to meet the *beau ideal* of a guerrilla leader, but I parted with him doubly impressed with his calm, statesman-like wisdom, as well as with the gentle kindliness of his disposition. The last time I met him he had just received a letter from the gallant Colonel Corcoran, of the 69th Regiment, who was then undergoing the ordeal of a court-martial for having refused to parade his regiment in honour of the Prince of Wales, and who was acting as chief of the Fenian Brotherhood during Mr O'Mahony's absence in Europe. I recall the terms of warm regard and admiration in which he spoke of Mitchell (whom he had visited in Paris) and of Meagher, who was one of the last to grasp his hand in New York. I was gratified to see afterwards that these kindly sentiments were returned; for Meagher, in one of his latest lectures, in alluding to the men who never waned in their allegiance to the poor old country, used these words—"O'Mahony, whose love for the old land time only makes cling closer and greener, like the ivy round the ruin." And John Mitchell, in his letter to *The Irishman*, at the time of the threatened rupture between the United States

and England, in consequence of the Trent affair, exultingly told how tens of thousands of Irish-American citizens were ready to cross the Atlantic, and he added—"Shields, Meagher, and O'Mahony will be with them."

It will be seen that O'Mahony says nothing of the arrangements which he made, while in Ireland, for the funeral of M'Manus; neither does he notice the effects of that demonstration in the United States, when alluding to the funeral in a subsequent paragraph. We have already described its effects in Ireland. In America it was quite as powerful in exciting enthusiasm, and in drawing recruits to the Fenians. In America, as in Ireland, months were spent in raising the enthusiasm of the Celtic race to the highest pitch. Committees were formed all over the States. There were daily meetings, with fiery orations and flaming resolutions. Lectures were delivered in all quarters glorifying *Erinn* (the spelling of the days of Moore was abandoned, the Irish adherents of Fenianism seemed to think there was an occult power in the double *n*), and of intensifying Irish hate to England. And full advantage was taken by the Fenian leaders, of the enthusiasm around them, and of the civil war already raging, to manufacture their followers into soldiers, by urging them into the Federal armies. From the first, too, all was done that their cunning could suggest to produce a war between England and the United States. And the Fenian chiefs found many and powerful abettors among the civil and military servants of the Northern States. Some of these certainly worked in thorough understanding with O'Mahony and his associates. And of others—as of

Admiral Wilkes, in his singular stoppage of the British mail steamer, and his seizure of Messrs Mason and Slidell—it is difficult to say that they were not calculating on Fenian support. The Fenians, in America, and the I. R. Brotherhood at home made adroit use of such actions as that of Wilkes. But to continue with O'Mahony's narrative:—

"Almost immediately after my return to New York, my reverend and deeply lamented friend and fellow-worker, Father Edward O'Flaherty, of Crawfords Ville, Indiana, proceeded to Ireland on his own account, for the purpose of investigating the state of the national cause for his personal satisfaction. He remained several months. His reports to me, and his addresses to the Brotherhood at large upon his return, are still extant.

"In this same year the memorable funeral of Terence Bellew M'Manus took place. This was in itself a grand and most convincing report, not alone of the extent and discipline of our organised brothers in Ireland, but of the patriotism and vitality of the whole Irish people. Colonel Michael Doheny, Captain Francis Welphy, and Michael Cavanagh, from New York; Colonel M. D. Smith, and Jeremiah Cavanagh, from San Francisco; and John Mahony, from Philadelphia, attended at that ceremony as Fenian delegates."

In one of the foregoing paragraphs O'Mahony mentions the "wily and influential" opponents of Fenianism in America. Chief among these was a section of the Roman Catholic priesthood. American Fenianism was, in its earlier days, a secret organisation. As such, being

avowedly revolutionary, and bound together by oaths, and seeking to achieve its purpose by violence and bloodshed, it was open to the censure of the Roman Catholic Church, and had been censured accordingly by several Roman Catholic bishops. The ban was effectual in preventing many conscientious men from joining the fraternity, so long as it continued a secret society. To remove their objections, and to convert the sympathisers into members, it was thought necessary to make American Fenianism to a great extent open in 1863. Before, however, relating this event and the circumstances connected therewith, it will be as well to examine shortly the views of the Roman Catholic Church concerning secret societies.

To fall under the censures of the Papal Church a society must be "secret," "bound by oath," and "aim at the subversion of religion and just and legitimate government." Up to 1863 there were four Papal documents expressly treating of and directed against "secret societies." First there was that entitled "*In Eminento*," promulgated by Clement XII., April 27th, 1738. Then came that one issued on the 15th of March 1751, by Benedict XIV., and known as "*Providas*." The third was published on the 6th of September 1821, by Pius VII., and is entitled "*Ecclesiam*." The last—"*quo Graviora*," was given to the world on the 3d of March 1825, by Leo XII. The first two were levelled at the Freemasons; the third included the Carbonari; while the fourth embraced *all* secret societies holding similar views to those already denounced. The penalty was the incurring of the *major* excommunication, by members of such societies, by those who dared to

keep their books, or who did not hand over these books to the bishops, or to those appointed to receive them; and by those who did not denounce members of such societies to their clergy.

All this was well known to members of the Roman Catholic Church; and, as the Fenians had been denounced from certain altars in America, as well as from most altars in Ireland, by order of certain American bishops, a good many recruits were deterred from joining the band of which O'Mahony was the head—that is, a good many of the more scrupulous. The stronger-minded, however, could find enough even in the documents levelled at secret societies to satisfy themselves that Fenianism had been wrongly denounced by such of the clergy as had denounced it. For instance, the earlier documents had made various mistakes concerning the Freemasons; and Fenianism had been denounced as akin to Freemasonry, which it was not. Then, it so happened, but whether unfortunately or by deliberate intention we shall not attempt to decide, that the overthrow of "religion" and of "legitimate government" had been mentioned in the papal denunciations in such a way as to make it seem that excommunication could not be incurred unless the two things were intended by the same association. Besides, there might be a good deal of doubt as to what constituted a "legitimate" government.

Thus, those who felt inclined to disregard the papal prohibition to conspire against the British government, and who possessed sufficient intelligence, could find a good deal of excuse in the prohibition itself. And those who were not endowed with the necessary keenness of intellect to

discover these excuses for themselves, had no lack of advocates among the clergy, who could and did explain these prohibitions as by no means applying to the I. R. B. in Ireland, or to the Fenians in America. Such priests, conspicuous among whom was "Father" Patrick Lavalle—found this task rendered all the easier after 1863. Fenianism, as we have already explained, applied only to the American portion of the conspiracy, and Fenianism had by that date ceased to be secret. But—and this must be marked—the term "Irish Republican Brotherhood" was not then in common use. The whole body was known and always denounced, under the American title. The Irish conspirators, therefore, could plead that—in the first place, Fenianism, not being a secret society, did not incur the anathema; and, in the second place, that as they themselves were not Fenians, they were not the persons excommunicated. As some of our readers may doubt whether such paltry quibbling was ever seriously attempted, we quote a couple of paragraphs from a letter which was written by Father Lavalle, and which was published in *The Irishman* of April 16th, 1864:

"Is the Fenian Brotherhood secret? Its first officer and Head Centre, than whom there breathes not a more truthful and honourable man, Colonel J. O'Mahony, of New York—publicly declares that it is not. 'It is,' he says, 'an American institution, not an Irish one, and its avowed object is the overthrow of British domination over Ireland.' There is no secret in this; and, therefore, the whole question, as regards the condemnation of the Fenians, is set at rest for ever. But, still further,

Colonel O'Mahony assures us that 'it does not exist as an organisation in Ireland.'

"Next, Colonel O'Mahony distinctly denies the existence of a ruling, or inner circle, bound by the obligation of an oath in the Fenian Brotherhood. 'By our constitution no oath is required from any member of our body, in order to qualify him for holding any position in our ranks, from the highest to the lowest. . . . Neither have we any secret signs or pass-words by which we can recognise a Fenian from any other citizen.' To me this seems conclusive—even *ex abundantia juris*. The official and truthful mouthpiece of the Fenians proclaims that his organisation is neither secret nor oath-bound; nor having for aim aught but that end for which may all martyred fathers pray—the overthrow of British domination in Ireland. 'Can we,' adds Father Lavalle, towards the close of his special pleading, 'as men of sense imagine that, in the interests of the Church, Rome would anathematise the secret foe of the Church's greatest enemy.' 'Those whose simple aim was "the subversion of intolerable tyranny," they (the popes) left untouched in their constitutions. In their soul of souls they prayed—as I pray and would act—for their success.'"

In the end the decree by which the Irish conspiracy in America became open while in Ireland it remained secret, did more than secure this equivocal impunity from clerical censure. A good many of the higher placed Roman Catholic ecclesiastics of the United States recognised and fostered American Fenianism as a meritorious thing. The Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, the organ of the archbishop

of that city, and edited by his brother, the Very Rev. Ed. Purcell, vicar general, contained the following paragraph, dated, January 21st, 1865 :—

"A congress of delegates, from various cities in the United States, assembled in Cincinnati, during the past week, to represent the Fenian Brotherhood. Persons who attended their secret sessions represent the proceedings as very dignified, and the members as men of intelligence. In all they do for the welfare of Ireland we wish them success, and we are with them heart and hand; but where they use a political organisation to attack the Church, they cannot expect true Catholics to co-operate with them. Last week one of their writers, in the *Daily Times*, informed the public that the Fenians would treat with contempt the Bull of the Pope, if it interfered with their ideas. Now this is a poor way to hope to succeed by insulting people who are relied on to achieve the liberty of Ireland. There is no necessity for such language, and it only places us, who are devoted to the cause, in a false position. As the Fenians claim that their organisation is not a secret one, and bound by no oath, we may all, so far as we know, unite in the movement; but Heaven is dearer than Ireland, and hence the religion of the people who will be relied on chiefly in the struggle, should not be needlessly insulted, nor its Pontiffs defied."

This plain writing rather alarmed the more sober-minded Roman Catholics of Cincinnati. So the next issue of the *Catholic Telegraph* contained the following qualification, entitled a

CARD.

"1st. The undersigned, in order to correct present or future misapprehension of his views on Fenianism, takes this occasion to refer

to what he has said on this subject, in public addresses in the Cathedral, and in the St. Xavier's Church in this city, within the last twelve months.

"2nd. He also desires to remind all whom it may concern that he long since published, in the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph, the constitution, bye-laws, and oath of the said society, attested and circulated by the late Rev. E. O'Flaherty, proving said society to have been, at the time of the circulation of those documents, an oath-bound secret society, and as such to be shunned and avoided by every sincere and loyal Catholic.

"3rd. It is claimed that the oath is no longer enforced, and that the Fenian Brotherhood is therefore no longer liable to condemnation, or distrust, as an oath-bound secret society. But this I regard as simply an evasion. For in the proceedings of the First National Convention of the Fenian Brotherhood, held in Chicago, Illinois, in 1863, and published in the same year by James Gibbons, Philadelphia, I read what I regard as equivalent to the strongest kind of oath, the following pledge of membership :—

"'I solemnly pledge my sacred word of honour, as a truthful and honest man, that I will implicitly obey the commands of my superior officers in the Fenian Brotherhood.'

"4th. Furthermore, in the xviii. Resolution adopted in said Convention, I read of the monstrous arbitrary power conferred on the Head Centre to confirm or annul the election of all State Centres, and Centres of Circles, and that, through this despotic monarchical chief alone shall the Brotherhood receive any communication from all parties whatsoever.

"5th. If this does not constitute a supreme irresponsible tribunal, and bind the members hand and foot to its behests, I know not where such tribunal and such enslavement can be found on earth.

"Finally. I love Ireland, I desire its independence, I deplore its sad fate for the last three hundred years, especially under the galling yoke of England's injustice, inhumanity, and tyranny ; but I have no faith that the Fenian Head or State Centres could govern her, if they had the chance. On the contrary, I believe they would give her a worse constitution, and make her condition worse than it is at present. And I therefore conjure every man who has any respect for my judgment and advice, to have nothing to do with the Fenians.

"† J. B. PURCELL, Archbishop of Cincinnati."

Here it will be observed that the archbishop wrote as a private individual, and only besought those who had "any respect for his judgment and advice, to have nothing to do with the Fenians." As an archbishop he was silent. It may be questioned whether the mischief done by his lament for "the sad fate" of Ireland, "for the last three hundred years," etc., did not more than counterbalance the good effected by the other portions of his "Card."

We must be fair, however, to the Roman Catholic prelates of the United States. Archbishop Purcell was only a specimen of one class. A specimen of another and as numerous a class, was Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis. In August '65, he forbade the funeral of a Fenian brother, with Fenian observances in St. Patrick's Church in that city. He also announced that the members of that Brotherhood were not admissible to the Church Sacraments, and that he regarded the association as immoral and illegal in its objects, exciting rebellion in Ireland, and tending to unsettle the relations between the United States and Great Britain.

Thus in Ireland the prelates and the great body of the clergy opposed the conspiracy from beginning to end. Only a few headstrong priests of small standing sided with it. In the United States the prelates and clergy were divided, according to their individual inclinations, and as these inclinations were more or less under the control of conscience.

Meanwhile, from the visit of Stephens in '58, every effort had been made to manufacture the able-bodied Fenians of the United States into disciplined soldiers. They were

encouraged to join the United States Militia. In the large cities regiments, exclusively Irish, were formed. A striking proof of the spirit of these regiments was given during the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States in 1860, when Colonel Corcoran refused to parade his command in honour of the visitor.

Corcoran had been an immigrant. Formerly a member of the Irish Constabulary, where he received a military training that gave him great advantages in the career he adopted in America, there was no more inveterate foe of England than himself. He was brought to a court-martial for his conduct in 1860; but the outbreak of the war of secession, and the refusal of his regiment to march without him, caused the proceedings to be quashed. Corcoran distinguished himself in various actions, and managed to sully his fame by the slaughter of a brother officer, Colonel Kimball, under questionable circumstances. He died in the heat of the war in consequence of a fall from his horse.

Corcoran was, however, by no means the chief of American Fenianism in the Northern armies. There we may state, the Irish enlisted in multitudes. Many of the regiments were Fenian to a man; and there were few in which circles were not organised. This was encouraged by the authorities, for Seward, Stanton, and other leading statesmen of the North, were avowed patrons of the fraternity. The Head Centre of the body for the army of the Potomac was Brigadier-General Thomas Smith, second division, second corps. Corcoran was one of his subordinates, and one Colonel Matthew Murphy, afterwards killed in action, and who belonged to the sixty-ninth New

York ("the Corcoran legion"), was another. Other distinguished Fenian Army Chiefs were General Gleeson, the Halpins, the Kellies, the Burkes, etc., many of whom we shall have occasion to notice at greater length hereafter.

It is now time to notice the system of organisation, adopted by the American Fenians up to 1863, when it was somewhat modified with the view of disabling clerical opposition. We give it in the words of General Halpin, a leading member of the fraternity. From this outline of the original constitution, it will be seen that the Head Centre exercised despotic power over the F. B.—his rule of course being restrained, as in all despotisms, by the force of popular opinion. This would be all the more powerful since obedience was voluntary on the part of every individual. The outline of the constitution will also be found to throw a good deal of light on that of the I. R. B. In the latter arrangements respecting circles in "good" or "bad standing," members requiring to change from one circle to another, members guilty of perfidy, etc., were much the same as in the former.

The American Circles were more democratic than the Circles in Ireland. In the home portion of the conspiracy, the superior officers appointed the Inferior officers. To become the centre of a circle, it was necessary that the candidate should not only be commissioned by the Chief Organiser, but form his Circle for himself. In like manner the captain had to form his own company, and the sergeant his squad—the officer who filled up his quota naturally taking command. It was only in a few cases, and under exceptional circumstances, that the members

of the I. R. B. were allowed the right of election. In America, however, the right of election was recognised by the Head Centre to a very much larger extent than in Ireland. Every day tended to render the F. B. still more democratic, until, in 1863, election became its pervading principle, every officer, from the Head Centre downwards, becoming subject thereto; and the powers of the Head Centre himself being seriously diminished and checked at every remaining point, by the election of a council which he was bound to consult on all occasions, which could confirm his proceedings and thereby render them legal, or veto them at will, and thus hold them in abeyance until a final decision could be given by the congress elected by the circles and sitting once a year.

"The chief officer of the order in the United States and other countries of the new world, is called the Head Centre of North Ameriea. This Head Centre has very extensive powers, and is the only medium of communication between the Fenians on this, the Atlantic, and the Fenians in Ireland, and other provinces under the British Government."

All circles are either in "good" or "bad standing." Circles not in "good standing" are such as have not made regular and satisfactory reports, for three months, through their immediate District Centres to their State Centres, and through the latter, to the Head Centre in New York.

The Head Centre is assisted by officers appointed by himself. These are the Central Treasurer (Patrick O'Rourke), the Assistant Treasurer (Patrick Keenan),

and the Central Secretaries. The financial officers of the Brotherhood have to provide sufficient security. The State Centres of the order are appointed and commissioned by the Head Centre, on the recommendation of a majority of delegates from the various circles, entitled to vote, that is in "good standing," in their respective States. The Head Centre has power to reject such nominations ; he may even remove such State Centres as he may consider inefficient, and appoint more trustworthy men in their places. The State Centres are charged with establishing District Centres, and organising circles in their respective States and territories, settling all minor disputes, and reporting twice a month to the Head Centre, the progress, numbers, and financial condition of their charge.

The circles of the Brotherhood range in number of members from sixty — the minimum — to about five hundred, probably averaging throughout the States about two hundred. Circles are first formed by State agents, who visit the different localities, beat up recruits, and initiate members enough to make a provisional organisation. This organisation then elects a provisional Centre, who must fill up the circle to, at least, sixty, before applying to the State Centre for his commission. The circle numbering sixty, its members elect a permanent Centre, who, if approved of by the State Centre and the Head Centre, will then be confirmed by the latter. These Centres, on the 25th of each month, make out, in duplicate, full reports of all their proceedings, receipts, and disbursements, increase or decrease of members, &c., one

copy being sent to the State Centre, and the other forwarded for file and comparison at the Head Centre's headquarters. Any circle failing to report for three months will be set down as in "bad standing," and will be cut off from all connection with the Brotherhood, unless full and satisfactory explanations are forwarded.

The initiation fee of each circle shall not be less than one dollar. Many rich and patriotic members have volunteered as much as five hundred dollars; and the monthly dues of each member shall not be less than ten cents—about fifty cents being the average actually paid in by each member. Candidates for membership must be proposed by one Fenian Brother, and seconded by another. Their names and evidence of their moral character are then submitted to the Committee of Safety of each circle. This committee is nominated by the Centre of the circle, but must be approved of by a majority of all the members; and its report on each candidate for admission has to be submitted for acceptance or rejection to a regular meeting of the circle.

In the United States it is not required that members be able-bodied, or take the oath of military service and obedience—two points which are the first prerequisites of the Fenian army of independence which is being organised in Ireland. When a candidate for admission is accepted, he is required to take the following oath:—"I solemnly pledge my oath, as a Christian and an Irishman, that I will labour with earnest zeal for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of England, and for the establishment of a free and independent government

on Irish soil; that I will implicitly obey the commands of my superior officers in the Fenian Brotherhood, in all things pertaining to my duties as a member thereof; that I will faithfully discharge my duties of membership, as laid down in the constitution and bye-laws thereof; that I will do my best to promote feelings of love, harmony, and kindly forbearance among all Irishmen; and that I will foster, defend, and propagate the aforesaid Fenian Brotherhood to the utmost of my power."

All political discussions as to any but strictly Irish national affairs are peremptorily excluded from the deliberations of circles; while religious discussions of any kind are excluded altogether.

Centres of circles correspond with State Centres; State Centres with the Head Centre. All correspondence with the Brothers in Canada, Ireland, or elsewhere in foreign parts, has to pass through the Head Centre—a law the more easily enforced as only the Head Centre knows the true names and addresses of the I. R. B. in Ireland, the Canadas, and elsewhere. Members of the I. R. B. coming from Ireland, must first be certified by the Head Centre, to whom they shall show their credentials, as brothers in "good standing," when they left their native land. The names of all Fenian brothers, or members of the I. R. B., expelled for perfidy, are sent by the Head Centre to all State Centres, these latter communicating them to their subordinate Centres of circles. When brothers are about changing their locality of residence, they must procure—for a trifling fee—letters of introduction from the Centre of their late circle to the Centre of the circle they are

about joining. If these are in different States, the introduction must be avouched as correct by the State Centre as well. The decision of the Head Centre is absolute on all points within the association. By "perfidy" is meant betraying the secrets of the Brotherhood, neglecting to discharge important duties when it is clearly within the power of the member to discharge them, or wilfully obstructing the action, or frustrating the plans of the F. B.

We must observe that it was sedulously taught among the F. B. and the I. R. B. that, under all circumstances, the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic once taken, it remained binding until the "freedom of Ireland" had been accomplished to the satisfaction of the leading conspirators. This condition wanting, nothing could release the swearer from his oath save death. No matter how long he might have been in "bad standing," and cut off, therefore, from connection; no matter how perfidious he might have been, or how formal his expulsion, in consequence, he was still regarded as subject to the laws of the conspirators. The full meaning of this doctrine was only developed when assassination committees were formed by the various branches of the association. The doctrine was widely accepted by the Brotherhood; indeed, the rank and file had no choice in the matter; it was forced upon them. That is one reason why it is so difficult to get at the full facts of Fenian history.

Attached to Halpin's sketch of the constitution of the F. B., we find the following very suggestive paragraph:— "Of the contributions in officers and men made by the Fenians to the United States armies, we can only call

attention to a few of the more prominent examples in regiments sent from New York. Nearly all the officers of General T. F. Meagher's original and famous Irish Brigade, as also the Corcoran Legion (including Corcoran and Meagher*), were Fenians. Colonel M'Iver, of the 170th New York Volunteers, belongs to the order; as does also General Gleeson, of the 63rd, formerly of the Pope's Foreign Legion service in Italy. In the Corcoran Legion alone last year (1862-3), twenty-four Fenian officers were killed, or crippled, including Colonel Murphy. The 164th New York was originally raised and officered by Fenians, who had graduated in the 99th New York State Militia, otherwise called the Phœnix or Fenian Regiment—a regiment which has educated and sent into the army three full sets of officers within the past few years, together with over 1,200 men of rank and file. In Milford, Mass., out of a circle of one hundred and fifteen Fenians previous to the war, eighty at once enlisted in a body, under their Centre, Major Peard, and of these but twenty-three are now alive. In Connecticut one whole circle of about two hundred volunteered unanimously; but, as their State quota was full, they went off in the 10th Ohio Infantry, as the records of the State will show. Two-thirds of the 9th Massachusetts Infantry were Fenians, who went off under a Fenian colonel, who was shot through the head while leading his regiment. The 'Douglas Brigade,' of Illinois, chiefly raised in Chicago, was in great part Fenian; as was also the brigade raised by the late lamented Colonel Mulligan, who was high up in the order. In the 'Ex-

* There is an error here; Meagher never was a Fenian.

celsior Brigade' a large proportion of the officers were Fenians; and the 42nd New York, raised by the late lamented Colonel W. Kennedy, was chiefly organised by Lieutenant-Colonel Michael Doheny, one of the original founders of the order, whose two sons, both of the same faith, have since done gallant service, and received glorious wounds in the army of the Potomac."

The service of the Fenians in the army of the Federal States had two purposes—to manufacture themselves into effective soldiers, and to purchase the favour of the authorities. In both purposes they were successful. Even, however, with these advantages, it is most extraordinary that such a conspiracy should have been allowed to grow up openly, in a country at peace with the State against which it was directed. There is nothing like it in modern history. But it was not merely allowed to flourish. It was encouraged in every way; to a great extent it was acknowledged by the rulers of the Federal States—we might have said, "the States," without any qualification, for Fenianism had its ramifications all through the South, and had circles in the armies of the South as well as in the armies of the North. One of many such instances, Colonel O'Bierne, private secretary to a leading northern statesman, was well known as a Fenian centre. Federal officers in high command were actually allowed to absent themselves from their posts, in the heat of the strife, in order to attend to Fenian business.

A case of such leave of absence—that of General Gleeson—attracted the attention of certain members of the English House of Commons, and was made the

subject of query to the Government of the day. In answering the question, Mr Layard actually misnamed the General as "Leeson," from which one is strongly inclined to infer that in spite of the publicity of the whole thing, at least on the other side of the water, the Government, of which Mr Layard was a member, knew little or nothing about it. If this were so—and, remembering a statement of the Irish Secretary (Sir Robert Peel) already quoted—we must say it looks like it—why was it so? Did our ambassador do his duty? Or did the Government treat his information with contempt? We remember that, much about the same time, the late Emperor of the French proposed that England and France in conjunction should recognise the independence of the Confederated States. The English Government refused to entertain the proposal. It was a generous act under any circumstances,—something more than generous if the English Government was then fully aware, as it ought to have been, of the nature of American Fenianism, and of the encouragement it received from American statesmen.

As to the extent of Fenianism in the Southern States and in the armies of the States, there were Fenian Circles there as in the north; and in the armies of the north. General Cleborne—fighting Cleborne as he was called—said to have been a deserter from the English Guards, was a Fenian Centre. It is a fact that when it became necessary for the American Head Centre, John O'Mahony, to communicate with the Southern Circles, his officers obtained passes to and fro. We ourselves know of an

instance in which one of Morgan's raiders, having been captured red-handed, would have been hanged, but for his connection with the Brotherhood. At his capture the man received a wound, which for ever disabled him as a soldier. He was released immediately after his discharge from hospital, and as he was energetic, intelligent, and tolerably educated, besides being a hardened soldier, he was sent across to Dublin where he became a salaried officer of the Conspiracy.

Perhaps the strongest instance of the favour shown by American rulers to Fenianism was contained in their conduct to Stephens, when he visited the States in 1864. He was passed from one end of the northern armies to the other, examining every Circle therein as he went, under the name of Captain Daly.

Certainly Fenianism was of great use to the Northern States during the civil war. It provided them with thousands of admirable recruits. At the close of the strife, the military Fenians counted 15,000 men. And it is not too much to say that at least as many more perished on the various fields of battle, or in the hospitals. Several of the Fenian regiments were recruited bodily three times over, and yet returned from the war the merest skeletons. In the extremity of the times,—for two years the South was victorious,—the statesmen of the North might have had some excuse for coquetting with the Fenians, within certain limits. But this coquetting went to lengths which no extremity could excuse. *There was an understanding between the Fenian Head Centre on the one side, and the Executive of the Northern States on the*

other that when the war should be triumphantly closed, the Fenians should receive not merely countenance, but material aid in the struggle they purposed to open with England.

Such conduct has no example in modern times among statesmen. Had any other great power save England been the third party, there cannot be a question as to what would have been the result. No quibbling or sharp practice in the way of negotiation could have averted it. England, however, would not allow herself to be provoked; though whether that is to be attributed to the magnanimity or to the fatuity of the Government of the day, we do not pretend to determine.

To the British possessions in America Fenianism spread rapidly. The first organiser in this quarter was "Captain" Moriarity, an immigrant from Kerry. He was afterwards notorious in connection with the Campo Bella expedition. He dubbed himself "Captain" on grounds somewhat better than many other of the Brotherhood, having obtained that rank in the Canadian militia. In this position he contrived to unite treachery and patriotism, in much the same way as the thing was done by the Fenians in the British army.

As in New York, the Canadian organiser of Fenianism found the ground well prepared. For "The Hibernian Society," a form of Ribbonism was established in 1851, in Toronto, in opposition to Orangeism, and not long thereafter extended far and wide. At an early period the Fenians of Canada reported themselves to headquarters at New York as numbering 2500 in Toronto, 1000 in Quebec, and 1300 in Montreal. Thomas D'Arcy

Magee, founding his calculations on their contributions to the general fund at half-a-dollar a head per month, reduced these numbers to 800 for Toronto, 355 for Montreal, and 200 for Quebec. This, however, was greatly under-rating the strength of the body in the places named, since he made no allowance for home expenses, which in the aggregate would not amount to much less than the sum sent to New York.

In the British possessions the Society was secret, as in Ireland. It does not seem to have extended much there after the first three or four years. Still, the most extraordinary statements were published of the numbers of their Canadian adherents by the Fenians of New York. At one time they were said to number 70,000, at another 180,000, and eventually as many as 250,000! All this was rank nonsense. But Fenian impudence went considerably further. It dared to assert that the various associations formed by the French-speaking Canadians—notably that one known as "les Fils de la Liberté," were affiliated with their own!

The Congress held at Chicago in 1863 forms an epoch in the history of Fenianism. Thenceforward the organisation grew in America like a mushroom, to progress however steadily and undeviatingly to its ruin.

This Congress had long been called for by influential members of the Brotherhood. It was assembled by O'Mahony with much reluctance. He dared not, however, resist the pressure that was brought to bear on him by friends and enemies. The ostensible motive for calling together this body was, to alter the constitution of the

Brotherhood. It was to be changed from a secret and oath-bound association into one seemingly open, wherein the members were to be merely pledged to the conspiracy. This was intended to effect a double purpose ; in the first place, to conciliate the Roman Catholic clergy ; and, in the second place, to satisfy influential patrons of the F. B. in the Congress and in the Cabinet of the United States by conforming the Brotherhood as much as possible to the laws of the Union.

Further, constitutional changes in the F. B. were resolved upon from other causes. Hitherto, the position of the branches in America and Europe, with respect to each other, had remained undefined in several points. While the conspiracy was yet in its infancy this was of little moment. But, as it grew powerful, the ambition of the Head Centres, Stephens and O'Mahony, developed. The one and the other became desirous of being recognised as the chief of the whole. Each could urge plausible arguments in support of his claim ; and each, also, was backed by a strong faction among the followers of his rival.

In Ireland, O'Mahony was stronger beyond the I. R. B. than within it. He possessed the confidence of nearly all the nationalists, with one notable exception, Mr Sullivan the editor of the *Nation*. By these nationalists he was regarded as the chief of the conspiracy ; while Stephens was looked upon merely as an agent. This gave him much influence with his countrymen at home. Then O'Mahony had made a very favourable impression on the lieutenants of Stephens during his visit to Ireland in 1861. From that time forward Kickham was his enthusiastic admirer. Most

of the envoys also who went and came between the branches of the organisation were, to a great extent, won over by O'Mahony. And up to the close of '63 the Fenian Head Centre exercised considerable direct sway over members of the Brotherhood in England, with whom Stephens had so far very little to do.

Successful as Stephens had been in his organisation, he had not given perfect satisfaction to the more powerful members of the I. R. B. There was a good deal of caballing against him from the era of the funeral. Members, in great numbers, were becoming weary of this organisation that seemed never likely to come to an end. They wanted action, some equivalent for the money they had given, the labours they had gone through, and the risks they had run. To others Stephens was obnoxious, because, as was well known, he kept various leading personages out of the organisation. There were parties, also, who had been disgusted by his despotic ways; and others who did not like his private character. All these, encouraged by O'Mahony, plotted against Stephens. To what lengths they went will be seen from the following extracts from a letter written by T. C. Luby, and dated the 3d of September 1863:—

"Minor matters being despatched, I come to what is of importance. My first resolution regarding this *feeling* of which I spoke to you in my last was to say nothing about it, to leave it to others to tell you of its existence and nature. However, as many spoke to me about it (I believe the intention of some, at least, in speaking to me, was that I should apprise you of the nature of the case),

and continued speaking to me, and the thing looking worse and worse, threatening dead lock, or even smash up of the Dublin branch of the Firm,—all this, I say, being the case, I at last decided that I should place myself in a false position, that I should be acting unfairly by you if I did not give you an inkling of this wide-spread discontent. First, however, as it was evidently strangling the paper movement,* I resolved on speaking at length to the committee on the subject (showing the danger likely to arise from the feeling), as I had already spoken to individuals. Well, I spoke at considerable length last night ; also hearing what others had to say. I showed the ruin that would ensue to the national hopes if any split in our Firm took place, and that a split, or even a smash, would ensue if you were not sustained ; that without you nothing could be done ; that, as everything now looked hopeful for us everywhere, it was just the wrong time to lose heart, and faith, and unity ; that a split now would even prove to me that the Irish were an impracticable people,—a people for whom nothing could be done ; a people, in short, incapable of being regenerated, &c., &c. Things, accordingly, are now better. I have, at least, beaten down talk of a directory ; brought home to their minds the stupidity of such a notion (one or two had spoken of a directory ; John H., of R.,† seems also to have got this crotchet into his head). I believe, too, that now at length the paper movement will go ahead. I think it will be necessary for me to attend the

* Stephens was then at work founding the *Irish People*, — a Journal to be described presently.

† This was "Jack" Highland, the national schoolmaster, commanding Connaught under Edward Duffy.

committee meetings for two or three evenings. All save one (who, by the way, doesn't share it, Stephen O'D.) thought that I should apprise you of the existing bad feeling; but all save one, Mr O'Neil, who also is not a sharer in the feeling, deemed it would be wrong to bring you from your present good work immediately to Dublin. I should observe that I commenced proceedings last night by reading your encouraging letter from Cork, and this helped me in my effort to work a salutary change in the feelings of the discontented portion of the meeting. It would, I agree with the meeting, be wrong to interrupt your present career of success in order that you should come up to Dublin. Nevertheless, when you do come, it will, I think, be necessary for you to summon your chief friends and hear what they have to say of good or evil. You must yourself get at the kernel of the mystery. This letter ought to absolve me from further responsibility in the matter. I want in no way to be mixed up with it. It is not fair, after my exertions over the water, * to drag me into an unpleasant entanglement, with the progress of which I had nothing to do, of the growth of which, of course, I could know nothing. All the talk helped to keep me sick; it deprived me of the elasticity of mind necessary to combat my disease. For the first time in my life I was content (or perhaps better, *pleased*) to be an invalid. I lay for eleven days on the sofa, sleeping most of the time, and content to remain in that torpid state. This, I assure you, is true. This business and the question of what I ought to do, have latterly absolved all my thoughts. I regret

* In the United States.

that you ceased to see the men while I was away. I think you said your sore eyes caused this. It was unlucky, for they are no longer properly in hand. Dublin is in danger, and in the present stage of our course, it is all-important. Could you have offended the *amour propre* of any? Men will have their opinions right or wrong. The mind of the nation is backward in many respects; but it is in vain to snub individuals for national mistakes. Few individuals can be much in advance of this generation. If some men be better than the herd, let us be content with them. There is, no doubt, great wisdom in what you say of unquestioning obedience, yet some of our most deferential obeyers are also, I must say, sneaking and servile men I would not like to rely on; while, on the other hand, some of those who stickle most for private judgment, for their own opinions, are to be looked on as our staunchest and most reliable friends—men whose loss couldn't be supplied—men especially to be relied on in another 5th December business. In fact, in minor matters I would humour our friends, even make concessions to them; above all, I would avoid irrelevant discussion with them. You ask, who are the originators of this feeling? That I can't tell, for it is shared by men who apparently have little or no communication with each other. Some of your best friends seem discontented. The worst feature about the whole is that criticisms of your policy and conduct are uttered in the lower and lowest grades of the firm—by men, in short, who in all probability never saw you—at least, they tell me in more quarters than one that this is the case. It is said, too, that men have often visited you, and have

seemed to agree with you in everything, who, as soon as they get outside your door, make little of what they had just to appearance coincided with. This feature of the Irish character you have pointed out to me more than once. To end this topic I repeat there was evidently at the close of last night's proceedings, a considerable restoration of confidence. This result I ascribe to your encouraging letter and to my address. One fact I look upon as a fair proof that confidence was somewhat restored: it is this, the most discontented of our friends came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary, would be even improper, to interrupt your present good work by dragging you up to Dublin immediately. Let the paper be established, and all will be reconciled; if we go in with the work of producing harmony once in a kindly and affectionate spirit, one of mutual consideration, things would soon flourish as of old."

It is unnecessary to make much comment on this letter; it tells its own story pretty clearly. How serious was the hitch in the conspiracy is shown by its effect on Luby, and Luby's fitness for lead in conspiracy is shown by his conduct in perhaps the only serious difficulty in which he found himself involved previous to his arrest.

But if matters within the conspiracy were thus serious in Ireland towards the close of 1863, they were even more serious in America. In the F. B. there was a powerful section known as "the Men of Action." They belonged chiefly to the Western States, were composed of the hardiest, most energetic, and most intelligent of the Irish immigrants, and had their headquarters at Chicago. These

"Men of Action" were disgusted with O'Mahony's slow, quiet, methodical system; they wanted activity, dash, sensation—something to dazzle their supporters. The best of them, in addition, saw clearly that O'Mahony was not a business man; that he was the dupe of his subordinates; and that he had not the acumen to perceive the peculation that was going on before his very face, or if he saw it, that he lacked the firmness to put an end to it. The more ambitious detested his exclusiveness; they wanted to share the power he wielded—some of them, it must be admitted, with the view of using it with the best effect to promote the objects of the conspiracy; but there were many who wished to turn the organisation into one purely American, and with only American aims; and there were also many who had no purpose save the base one of turning the Brotherhood to their own private advantage.

These foes of O'Mahony were all partisans of Stephens, and in constant communication with him. The Chief Organiser of the Irish Republic was of quite another character than the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood. He was not pious; he was not precise; he cared nothing about the private doings of his coadjutors provided they were zealous, clever within certain limits, and perfectly docile to his will. Then—and this was another great recommendation to the Men of Action—Stephens was and would continue to be chiefly engaged in another hemisphere, and could not therefore—should he become Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, instead of O'Mahony—exercise any very strict supervision over his American lieutenants.

Acting in harmony with the views of Stephens, who had won golden opinions from the American Irish by his conduct during his visit to the States in 1858, and claiming to share his confidence, while they understood very much better than O'Mahony how to manipulate the Irish race in America, these Men of Action, in a very few months, acquired a formidable following in the F. B.—one whose outcry ere long silenced the voices of O'Mahony and his partisans. "You are starving the conspiracy at home," said the Men of Action. "Stephens is always craving money," was the retort; "he will not account for the sums he has already received; he refuses to say what he means to do with the sums for which he asks. Then, we are not rich. Outside the army we number less than 20,000 men. The expenses of organisation are large, and much is withheld from Head Quarters." "Additional reasons these," replied the other side, "for calling a Congress to modify the constitution and to take such other measures as may seem best adapted to render the organisation properly efficient."

Between the chiefs themselves apart from their factions, fierce antagonism was growing up. They were beginning to hate each other as rivals. O'Mahony disliked the private habits, and a good many of the opinions of Stephens; he had small trust in his probity as to money matters; and he resented his airs and especially his intrigues in America, although he was himself engaged in very similar intrigues in Ireland, against Stephens. The latter worthy disliked the puritanism of the Head Centre, shrank from the full and particular accounts of expendi-

ture which he exacted, and hated his pride—while hating the whole man for the influence which he exercised in Ireland, and for the uses to which he was putting it in attempting to restrict his (Stephens') powers.

O'Mahony was aware of the objects of those who demanded that a Congress of Fenian delegates should be assembled. He foresaw what were likely to be the results of such a proceeding. But, with characteristic weakness, he gave way—partly to the outcry of "men of action," and in part to the advice of treacherous counsellors—and the Congress was summoned, with due ceremony, to meet at Chicago, the stronghold of the adverse party.

The mandate issued by O'Mahoney in September 1863, calling the Convention of Chicago, specified how it was to be formed. The State Centres were to be members of the convention *ex officio*. The circles in good standing were to elect delegates in proportion to their numbers. There was to be one delegate for every circle containing not less than one hundred members, and not more than two hundred circles containing more than two hundred members were to have an additional delegate.

The Congress, which met in October, remodelled the Constitution, rendering it altogether elective. The Head Centre was to be elected annually by the Congress. He was to be assisted by a central council of ten members, to be nominated by himself. But this nomination was to be confirmed by the next annual Congress. In the same way the principal officers were to be nominated by the Head Centre, and confirmed in their appointments by the next

Congress. The Central Council was to elect its own officers. Its president was to assume the office, and perform the duties of Head Centre, in case of the death, removal, or impeachment of that officer. It might also call conventions of State Centres or a general Congress in any emergency, —such bodies, when summoned, having power to impeach or remove any officer. It was charged with the audit and approval of all financial transactions. It was made a part of its duty also to report progress once a-year to the General Congress.

The Head Centre's arbitrary power over Centres of Circles and State Centres was curtailed; he was rendered answerable to the next Congress for the deposition and replacement of any of them. All disputes between him and the Central Council were to be decided by the General Congress.

Though striking thus at the very roots of O'Mahony's power, the Men of Action were not yet prepared to dispense with him. He accordingly was elected first Head Centre under the new Constitution.

O'Mahony writes thus concerning the Chicago Convention:—"Thus far at least all my representations to the American organisation respecting the state of revolutionary progress at home, had been invariably based upon unquestionable evidence, consisting of written despatches, my own personal experience, and the verbal testimony of a large array of men of unimpeached character for honesty and devotedness. The report which I laid before the Chicago Convention was founded solely and entirely upon the aggregate of the evidence so accumulated. I falsified

nothing; I exaggerated nothing. In the same manner my despatches to Ireland had ever been in strict accordance with the exact state of the Fenian movement here. I made no unfounded statements to the men at the head of our associated brothers there. I never concealed from them any of the obstacles that impeded my work at this side. I never pandered to their impatience and rashness by holding out false hopes to them. I never made them reckless promises with respect to any matter that happened to be beyond my immediate reach. This conduct was condemned and ridiculed by certain self-styled "Men of Action" amongst us. My whole policy was, however, endorsed by the above mentioned Convention, by the unanimous adoption of a series of resolutions which I drew up myself, and laid before it in exposition of my conception of the principles and policy upon which our movement ought to be conducted. They were, in my opinion, the only ones that could lead to success."

Of these resolutions, twenty-one in number, all but three —the twelfth, the thirteenth, and the fourteenth—were immediately published in America. They were republished in Ireland while the Convention was yet sitting. There is, for example, a copy of them in *The Irishman* of December the 5th, 1863. By the first resolution it was declared that "We the centres and delegates of the said Fenian Brotherhood, assembled in this our first annual Convention, do hereby emphatically proclaim our organisation to consist of an association, having for its object the national freedom of Ireland, and composed for the most part of citizens of the United States of America, of Irish birth or

descent, but open to such other dwellers on the American continent as are friendly to the liberation of Ireland from the domination of England, by every honourable means within our reach, collectively and individually, save and except such means as may be in violation of the constitution and laws under which we live, and to which all of us, who are citizens of the United States, owe our allegiance. We furthermore boldly and firmly assert our unquestionable right, under the said constitution and laws, to associate together for the above named object, or for any similar one; and to assist with our money, our moral, and our political influence; and, if it so pleases ourselves, with our persons and our lives, in liberating any enslaved land under the sun."

The second resolution declared "entire allegiance" to the constitution and laws of the United States.

The third resolution, recognising the imminence of war between England and the United States, and attributing the cause to the arrogance of the ruling classes in the former country, recommended the several circles of the F. B. to study military science, with the view of offering their services against England.

By the fourth resolution it was declared that every man of Irish descent, dwelling on the American Continent, without distinction of creed, was admissible to the Brotherhood.

The fifth resolution forbade all discussion on religion or American politics between members of the Brotherhood.

The sixth resolution proclaimed that the association

was no longer secret, and protested against its being considered illegal, or being interfered with by the state authorities.

The seventh resolution, adopted the form of a pledge to be taken on admission by the brethren. It was identical with the oath which we have already given.

The eighth resolution made it incumbent on members of the Brotherhood to promote "amongst Irishmen everywhere feelings of fraternal harmony and kindly love of each other," with unity of action and common policy respecting Ireland.

The ninth resolution pledged "the representatives of the Fenian Brotherhood to labour with all their energies and talents, with stern will, stedfast zeal, and ceaseless exertion, to organise, combine, and concentrate these great elements of national power which an all-wise Providence has, it would seem, for the purposes of retributive justice, placed within the reach of the present generation of Irishmen; and that they should direct their whole force, moral and material, from all points, towards the overthrow of British tyranny in Ireland, and the establishment of an independent government in its stead."

The tenth resolution, in magniloquent terms, exhorted all Irishmen to rally round Fenianism, and "gird up their loins silently and sternly for the inevitable struggle."

By the eleventh resolution, the Irish people was declared to constitute a distinct nationality, and, as such, entitled to self-government.

The fifteenth resolution was a double one, expressing sympathy with the Poles, then in revolt, and "gratitude

and filial respect" towards the Pope, "for his paternal solicitude in the cause of suffering Poland."

The sixteenth resolution declared Fenianism a fixed and permanent institution in America, until the attainment of its object.

The seventeenth resolution provided for the holding of similar conventions, and for the election of a Head Centre for the ensuing year, with a treasurer, sub-treasurer, and directory of five.

The eighteenth and nineteenth resolutions defined the powers of the Head Centre.

The twentieth resolution determined that the organisation should be "divided into State Circles, Circles, and Sub-circles," to be governed by State Centres, Centres, and Sub-centres.

The twenty-first resolution pledged the members of the convention to abide by the foregoing resolutions.

Of the unpublished resolutions the twelfth ran—"That we the Centres and Delegates of the Fenian Brotherhood, assembled in this Convention, do hereby proclaim the Republic of Ireland to be virtually established; and moreover that we pledge ourselves to use all our influence and every legitimate privilege within our reach, to promote the full acknowledgment of its independenee, by every free government in the world." The thirteenth resolution acknowledged "the Central Executive Officer" (James Stephens) as "the representative of the Fenian Brotherhood in Europe, and the Supreme Organiser of the Irish Race." The fourteenth had it that "Whereas the Convention is honoured by the presence of our brother,

Charles Kickham, be it resolved that copies of the two preceding resolutions be forwarded through him, to James Stephens, central executive, with our individual support and confidence."

The Convention of Chicago, so bold and daring in its views and proceedings, and so evidently representing a powerful body, could not be overlooked by the party chiefly concerned, the English Government. Its doings were published to all the world. The resolutions adopted, with the exception of the three specified, were in the hands of everybody. And the three withheld from publication were communicated to so many of the Brethren that it was impossible for them to remain secret. Neither was there any great secrecy as to the delegates from the British Possession, who signed the above resolutions, but whose names were suppressed, while those of the delegates from the United States were given in full. On Monday, May 15th, 1865, Thomas Darcy M'Gee, speaking in Wexford, made the following statement: "I have myself seen letters from some of the brethren, from Chicago, Cincinnati, and other places, offering their secret minutes and members rolls for sale." We know that the British Government was aroused by the Chicago Convention to what was going forward. The resolutions, published and unpublished, reached them as rapidly as the mail could transit them. They had the names and addresses of all the American chiefs. They knew beyond all doubt who was the Irish chief. And proper precautions were immediately taken. Trusty men were appointed to watch the office of *The Irish People*, just established. Others were

directed to follow Stephens, whithersoever he might journey, without once losing sight of him. And one—a man of fearless courage and great personal strength—the policeman Talbot,—was designated to trace the doings of Pagan O'Leary among the soldiers—a task which he performed with skill and rare audacity for nearly two years, carrying his life in his hand every day of that time.

But the Fenian Organisation and its Resolutions, as adopted at Chicago, to our thinking, concerned more than the British Government. The first resolution proclaimed the right of forming similar organisations against any other government by American citizens, and declared that thereby they did not infringe the laws or the constitution of the United States. The impunity with which the Fenians were allowed to organise and act up to the last moment confirms this first resolution.

"The promulgation of these resolutions," writes O'Mahony, "gave great offence to James Stephens and to his admirers in Ireland; and, upon after consideration, to the partisans of immediate action." James Stephens, who saw that one effect of the publication of the resolutions would be that which we have mentioned—to excite the attention of the British Government—had good reason to be dissatisfied with the act, if it were only for this. But there was that in the resolutions themselves which he considered more offensive still. They had been drawn up very carefully. In none of them was there any supremacy awarded to either of the rivals over the other. O'Mahony was recognised as "Head Centre" of the F. B.; Stephens as "Chief Executive" of the I. R., and "Supreme Organ-

iser" of the Irish Race. The branches of the Brotherhood were kept distinct, but there was that in the new constitution of the F. B., which not only struck at the despotic authority in which Stephens delighted, but also at the independence and even equality of the Irish branch of the conspiracy. It was clear to him that the democratic principles triumphant at Chicago, would ere long cross the Atlantic and assert themselves among the I. R. B. It was clear, also, that the F. B. meant to dominate the conspiracy. Hitherto it had been auxiliary to the I. R. B., and consequently really, if not nominally, in subordination thereto.

Stephens manifested his displeasure by taking not the slightest notice of the flattering resolutions which had been forwarded to him. From this time forward he was convinced that the conspiracy must prove a failure. And he took his measures to meet failure in the way most satisfactory to himself. He could not realise his ambitious dreams, but he could secure his own safety; and he could gratify his animosities, of which he had a number that were strong. Stephens was not a man to take any one into his innermost confidence; he said no word of what he intended to do. But deeds far better than words designate the motives of such men as he. If ever there was a man whose deeds bespoke his motives, it was James Stephens, during the space between the Chicago Convention and the collapse of his conspiracy. There is no mistaking the meaning of these deeds; they demonstrate that it was his settled purpose to destroy the organisation which he had built up. To destroy it with effect, it was necessary to

develop it still further—to go on as if nothing had happened.

Kickham, it will be seen, had attended the Chicago Convention. Preceded by Luby, he was succeeded by O'Donovan Rossa, O'Leary, and others. Indeed, Stephens was always careful to maintain a trusty and intelligent representative at the American head quarters.

Besides the double-headed system of action laid down for these agents—that is, as envoys between the different branches of the conspiracy, and as intriguers against O'Mahony, Messrs Luby, Kickham, Rossa, and O'Leary had another object in view. Though well served by *The Irishman*, *The Connaught Patriot*, and other Irish journals, Stephens was not perfectly satisfied with them. He wanted an organ of his own, a journal that should "educate" the Irish people up to the proper revolutionary pitch, and also to enable him to assail and calumniate to his utmost desire. He was raising money enough in Ireland, but all that was wanted for other purposes. What were these purposes? Facts answer—such facts as these. The landlord of Rowantree, the successor of Pagan O'Leary at a subsequent period, bore witness to the "sumptuous" living of that patriot. He was only a subordinate, and his superiors were as little ascetic. Stephens attended race courses, etc., and possessed a splendid wardrobe. To establish his paper, then, Stephens required much money from America; and the money was supplied, for O'Mahony took great interest in the success of the paper. It was established towards the end of November 1863, under the title of *The Irish People*, and a month

later we find the American Head Centre sending the following circular to his subordinates.

"SIR and BROTHER, I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that great progress has been made by our cause since the Fenian Congress. Enclosed I forward you your commission as State Centre for ———. I also urge upon you the necessity of supporting *The Irish People*, our Irish organ, and of making up clubs of subscribers for it wherever possible. A subscriber for this paper is pecuniarily as good as an actual member of the Fenian Brotherhood, for the profits derived from it go to support the Organisation at home."

The last sentence of the above circular is ingenious. It does not attempt to limit the uses of the paper to that of being merely a party organ. It frankly states that it was meant to be a source of profit also. And of much profit we may add. But we shall say more of this journal when we return to Ireland.

The Convention of Chicago gave rise to something else besides matters already stated. From the enthusiasm that surrounded it, sprang the Fenian Sisterhood, presided over by Miss Ellen A. O'Mahony (sister of the Head Centre) —a lady who was designated "Head Directress of the Fenian Sisterhood," or shortly, H.D.F.S. In a published apology for this branch of the association—one which was the subject of much sharp censure—Miss O'Mahony states "on behalf of the Fenian Sisterhood, that we are an organised body of ladies, whose object is the attainment of an Irish government for Ireland. In the furtherance of this object, we will strain every nerve, use to the utmost of our ability those talents which God may have given us, and, in every possible way, prove our devotion to the land of our birth. In our mission we have accom-

plished much that was long deemed impracticable. We have nerved our men, if possible, to fierce energy. There are Spartan mothers in Ireland now; and 'those Irish girls' would annihilate with shame and scorn the cravens who deemed them false to their country. This is our hope, to behold our darling country free—to regain our lost nationality. They call us rebels, and we glory in the name." Then follows a very long passionate tirade, whose style may be surmised. The document closes with the following characteristic paragraph:—"Branches in good standing will communicate immediately to Box 2,155 Chicago, stating strength of each, amount of dues remitted to H. C. F. B. up to this date, etc., in compliance with article X. of the constitution and bye-laws. ELLEN A. O'MAHONY, H.D.F.S."

The following are the Constitution and Bye-Laws of the Fenian Society:—

"1. The F. S. is an organised body of ladies whose object is the attainment of an Irish government for Ireland.

"2. Ladies, Irish by birth or descent, are admitted as members of the Organisation.

3. Each member must be regular in her attendance at meetings, and obedient to the regulations.

4. Each accepted candidate will take the following pledge, viz., I solemnly pledge my sacred word of honour, that I become a member of this Association, actuated by patriotic and honest motives, that I will faithfully fulfil my duties of membership, that I will foster and extend feelings of intense and intelligent love of country amongst Irish men and women.

"5. The Organisation shall be controlled in chief by a head directress, and each branch by a directress, a secretary and a treasurer.

"6. Meetings shall take place twice a month at such time and place as may be deemed most conducive to the interests of the Organisation. Any member absenting herself from four meetings

without valid excuse, shall be liable to a fine of fifty cents. Any member constantly absent or careless shall be expelled. Those who wish to join the Organisation will have their names proposed in meeting, and will be ballotted for under the superintendence of the directors.

"7. The initiation fee shall be fifty cents, and the monthly due twenty-five cents; the balance in the hands of the treasurer being remitted on the 25th of each month to the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood.

"8. The Head Directress shall be appointed by the chief officer of the F. B. She shall administer the Constitution and Bye-laws. The Directress to give counsel and pronounce decision. She will report, on the 10th of each month, the condition of the Organisation to the H.C.F.B.

"9. The Directress presides at the meetings. She is elected by the branch, which election must be confirmed by the H. D. She will always subject her branch to the regulations established by Constitution and Bye-laws.

"10. The Secretary is also elected by the branch. Her duties are keeping the dues book, recording the minutes, and the preparation of the reports, in accordance with the Constitution and Bye-laws. All official papers must have the signature of the directress, the secretary, and the treasurer. Upon the 25th of each month the secretary will prepare her report, the amount of dues remitted by the treasurer to the H. C. F. B., which report shall be despatched to the H. D.

"11. The treasurer is elected by the branch. She will receive all initiation fees and dues, pay all bills approved by the branch, and remit balance in hand to the H. C. F. B. on the 25th of each month.

"12. Order of business—First rule, payment of dues; second, reception of new members; third, reports; fourth, miscellaneous business.

"13. The deportment of members must be in strict accordance with the strict requirements of etiquette. The Directress must always be addressed at meetings. No personalities allowed in discussion. No matters foreign to the Organisation shall take place at meetings. No grievances of any kind whatever shall be brought before the meeting, but before a committee elected by the branch. This committee shall hear grievances, and shall report when such steps shall be taken as shall seem to it best.

"14. In the absence of Directress, a presiding officer shall be elected *pro tem.* In the absence of the secretary or treasurer, the Directress shall appoint substitutes *pro tem.*

When this Association got into full working order, it paid pecuniarily, as well as in exciting the men to "fierce energy." Five hundred dollars were remitted to the H. C. F. B. in one six months—we have the records before us—by the F. S. of New York city.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PHŒNIX NEWSPAPER.

So far we have dealt with the great American Irish Conspiracy—as a conspiracy merely. From a very early date, however, it was something more. It was active against all appearance of rivalry, and especially against all who dared to oppose it. Early in 1862, Mr P. J. Smyth spoke very strongly concerning "the system of moral assassination," which was then beginning to be keenly felt by Irishmen who were demonstratively patriotic in a Celtic sense, but who were not of the I. R.B. To these men, who attempted to identify the name of nationality with everything bold, open and straightforward, and who therefore shrank from joining secret associations, overtures were made in the first instance to gain them to neutrality, because, as it was significantly intimated, "It was better to be on terms with them, as they would be able to melt any man's character." If the overtures were repelled, then "the system of moral assassination" was directed against them.

Not a few of the Irish journals were rendered accomplices of the moral assassins of the I. R. B. *The Irishman* opened its columns to them with something like passionate eagerness. Other journals aided them with more or less willingness. But the American organ of the Brotherhood,

The New York Phœnix, whose chief editor was John O'Mahony, had columns regularly appropriated to slander and denunciation. One column, headed "ROCK'S HUE AND CRY," ran thus—we quote from the issue of the 20th April 1861—

"BLACK LIST.

"Callaghan, Pat, Callan, County Kilkenny. Five feet six in height, stout and squarely built, twenty-seven years of age; supposed to be in New Zealand.

"Carolan, Ballynahinch, County Down. Five feet seven in height, sixty years of age; blue eyes, gray hair and long, thin features; supposed to be prowling round Belfast.

"Donoghue, Daniel, Skibbereen, County Cork. Five feet nine in height and well proportioned; twenty-four years of age, straight light brown hair, and scanty beard of the same colour on the chin only.

"Newman, Henry, Betsborough, Skibbereen, County Cork. Five feet nine in height, and with a stoop; fifty years of age, black hair tinged with gray, dark complexion, with a peculiarly sharp expression of countenance, and an active bustling gait.

"Nogher, Pat, Braggan, Corlish, County Armagh. Five feet nine in height, dark complexion, and wiry build.

"William Everett. Is about forty-five years of age, five feet ten inches in height, with a lank body apparently possessing the flexibility of a bamboo, and suggesting the idea that it was with reluctance nature threw him on the earth as an encumbrance. Poor wretch! nature at his

birth was niggard of her bounties. He may depend on it, Rock has a long memory, and that his police are watching the movements of the spy.

"Michael Burke. The fellow needs no further notice from Rock. He is mad, and lodged in Doctor Osborne's Asylum. Number one. What a grim moral follows the history of his 'information.' Had he not sold himself for gold, he would have been to-day in no lunatic asylum.

"Henry Newman. This craven wretch has disappeared —Rock struck terror in his soul. He was not at the root-show; he was not at the cattle-show; he was not at the coursing-match; he was not at the Union Workhouse; and being the sneak that figured most ostentatiously at these exhibitions, people begin to ask, 'Is NEWMANEEN mad too!'"*

Thus witnesses and approvers in political trials, attorneys who pleaded against prisoners, magistrates who took depositions against them, etc., were held forth to Celtic wrath. Libels, coarse and brutal, accompanied most of these descriptions, and frequently threats, which were hardly necessary, as "he may depend on it Rock has a long memory, and that his police are watchful of the movements of the spy."

More suggestive still are the notices contained in the columns of *The Phœnix* set apart for what were called "General Orders." Here are a few:—

"GENERAL ORDERS to the officers and members of the Fenian Brotherhood. No. 1. The Committee of Safety, being specially

* In Irish the affix een is a diminutive of contempt, as *Shuaneen*, poor little John.

charged with the investigation and correction of all matters affecting the wellbeing of the Fenian Brotherhood, hereby order that all communications intended for its consideration shall be enclosed in double envelope—inside marked 'private'—to John O'Mahony, Box 5010, P. O., N. Y. (Post Office, New York).

"No. 2. The centres and sub-centres of every circle or sub-circle connected with the above organisation, are ordered to make full returns of the names, present residences, and native parishes of every man who has joined their respective commands since their formation, specifying the members who have deserted their ranks, and making special note of all such of them as have striven to injure the organisation by word or deed.

"No. 3. All detached members of the said Brotherhood who are now residing in New York, are ordered to enrol their names, residences, and birthplaces without delay, with the chief officer of some circle, company, or club connected with the aforesaid organisation.

"By order of the Committee of Safety. *The Secretary.*"

One of these general orders—perhaps the most important of all—was directed against the mention of the association and its affairs in the confessional. By it all members were prohibited, on pain of expulsion, and its consequences, from mentioning their Fenian connection to, or consulting, or advising about the Fenian Brotherhood, with any person whatsoever, on any pretence, or in any emergency whatsoever. This prohibition was eventually turned into an oath. How well it was kept will be seen in the cases of men shot by order of the Fenian chiefs, and who, surviving their wounds for some days, retaining their senses the while, yet refused to make any disclosures concerning the society.

How Irish Protestants were to be dealt with is told in *The Phœnix* of December 1st, 1860:—"If the Protestants be an element of society that cannot be reconciled with the wellbeing of the majority of the nation, there is *but*

one remedy to apply to them. No sane man would cherish a cancer while it eats into his vitals, if he could *cut it out.*"

Concerning landlords of every creed, the following was the counsel of *The Phœnix*, May 18th, 1861:—"At home there is no bold voice raised from press or pulpit against the extermination of the people. There are complaints innumerable, there are remonstrances and arguments to show it is wrong, ruinous, inexpedient, to shovel the people from their holdings into the poor-houses and ditches: but it is folly to argue the question, more especially when the press denounces as foul atrocious murder the slaying of one of those arch-exterminators who is to the district he owns as a wild beast at large. It is only by retaliation and reprisal that the Irish landlord can be brought to a sense of justice. Everything else is unavailing."

That this counsel was acted upon, the Irish journals of '61 and '62 show only too clearly. Take a couple of months of the latter year, May and June, and but a small area—the contiguous portions of the counties of Tipperary and Limerick; within that short space and limited area no less than three agrarian murders and one attempt at such a murder took place. The parties accused, and in several instances convicted, were members of the I. R. B. More, an influential member of the I. R. B., Denis Dowling Mulcahy, published several letters in *The Irishman*, some arguing the innocence of the accused, and one letter in particular doing its best to prove one of the victims—Mr Gustave Thiebault—to have been "a bad landlord, an exterminator, a tyrant, and a bigot"—Mulcahy's own

words—and also proving that the priests who officiated at his obsequies did wrong.

"Fifteen reverend clergymen and their bishops," wrote Mulcahy, "have testified to the character, *the good character*, of this Mr Thiebault. Fifteen reverend clergymen, with a promptness and a punctuality which called forth the laudations of the Orange press, came to Rockwell (the residence of Mr Thiebault), and each and every one of them officiated—that is, offered the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of Thiebault's soul, in the little oratory in that mansion, ere the funeral cortège moved. Fifteen reverend clergymen headed the procession, two deep and three foremost, to deposit the lifeless remains of Gustave Thiebault in the vault at the village church of New Inn. It is well to be religious, but if you are rich, more pomp and worldly glory will attend your interment. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' said the Lord, 'for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' But 'blessed are the *rich* in pocket,' say I, 'to them shall all rites be given.' The venerable Archbishop of Cashel testified his conviction in the honesty and humanity of this French-named Scotchman, Thiebault, when he wrote, as *The Evening Post* informs us, to Mrs Thiebault, offering in the most feeling language all the consolations that religion could afford; a pious and holy act, if Thiebault was what the Orange press would have us believe him. But if he were the contrary—if he were an exterminator, an oppressor, and a 'hard man'—what then? Is the exterminator, the oppressor, and the tyrant, to be buried with all the solemn pomp of our holy religion? Is the

tyrant, oppressor, and exterminator to be afforded all the honours of burial without repenting of his cruelty, and making the necessary reparation to those whom, through avarice, through passion, or through hatred to our race, and love insatiable of South Downs, Durhams, and Berkshires, he has thrown on the world to starve, to die, and to be damned—if driven to desperation, and that they die—ere repentance soften their hearts, and that a confidence in God be restored."

Another passage in this letter is too full of meaning to be omitted: "If the pious clergy acted strictly to the letter of the law with these feeders on human flesh and blood, they would stay them and their satraps—circumventing farmers—*fops and frauds* on society, whose avarice, like their ignorance, is beyond conception—whose arrogance excites pity rather than scorn, while their turpitude sits predominant on their vulgar *physiques*. This class, half *shoneen* half *squireen*—a mongrel kind of aristocracy—chiefly belong (*sic*) to the Catholic communion, and are its greatest enemies, next to the depopulating landlords; for both unite in the destruction of the smaller tenantry, who chiefly form the Catholic Church in Ireland. Those satraps are to the landlords what the receiver is to the thief. They, in their savage ignorance and contempt of duty, look on cadaverous man stalking the earth as justly doomed to that state by God Almighty himself."

"All *tyrants*," continues Mulcahy a little lower, "are deadly sinners; and all deadly sinners—dying unrepented (*sic*) and without making the necessary reparation to their

victims *—have very questionable rights to the kingdom of heaven. That being so, the clergy, if they would have themselves believed sincere in their political acts, would rest their objections to officiating—that is, either giving stations, or burial service to such of those who cause the destruction of our race, and so hold them up to society—on the grounds that the tyrant had not, as St. Paul requires, 'proved himself.'

"Reader, was Thiebault a tyrant?" concludes Mulcahy —"and, if so, were the clergy consistent in officiating and thereby harking in with the cry of the Orange press, and prejudiced Jury?"

Mulcahy was a representative man among the I. R. B. He went with Stephens in revolution, as far as Stephens felt inclined to go. But he was not inclined to pause where Stephens would have paused. For these reasons—for the extent to which his independence would have led him, no less than for that independence itself Mulcahy was distrusted by his chief.

We may state that "Tom Halloran," accused of the murder of Thiebault, was a leading man among the I. R. B. of that quarter. Great exertions, therefore, were made in his favour, and by dint of hard swearing, his acquittal was secured.

To return to the denunciations of *The Phœnix*. One of the principal sufferers therefrom was Mr A. M. Sullivan, editor of *The Nation*. The I. R. B. had sought to win him in its earlier years, and obtained in return, denunciation

* A thing rather difficult to do if the tyrant be shot to death in the midst of his tyranny.

at a critical period—towards the end of October 1858*—in the columns of *The Nation*. Mr Sullivan was never forgiven by the Fraternity on either side of the Atlantic. The literary members thereof omitted no opportunity of hitting him hard. So keenly did he feel the notices he received in *The Phœnix* that he drew up an elaborate account of his quarrel with the Brotherhood, which he published in his own paper, in April 1862. Bitter rejoinders appeared immediately in *The Irishman*. An action for libel was brought against the editor of the latter journal, which resulted in a verdict, "sixpence damages." The I. R. B. had so manœuvred with Mr Sullivan that he could not state all he knew concerning them in a Court of Justice, and therefore completely spoiled his case.

The affair, however, is very valuable, as showing how the leaders of the conspiracy worked, and still more valuable as showing that, if the British Government was not even then fully alive to what was going on, it was not for lack of warning. Thus writes Mr Sullivan in *The Nation* of April 19th, 1862: "In the early part of the year 1858, I was waited upon one day by a man whom I had long reason to believe from himself and others, was largely engaged in establishing secret societies throughout Ireland. Indeed, to myself he never concealed the general fact, and I know that a long time before ever the Phœnix Societies were formally introduced into Ireland, he had contemplated 'getting hold of' the Ribbon Organisation, and trying to turn it to his desperate purposes. There are reasons why,

* A few weeks earlier *The Phœnix* men had been exposed to the authorities by the parish priest of Kenmare.

as an honourable man, I should now be silent on his faults, and say as little as is absolutely necessary of him at all. In what I am compelled to reveal, I shall be as rigidly exact as if I stood by the Judgment Seat, and I shall not reveal any more than is imperatively required. He, in the course of a long conversation, offered to me to join the Secret Society—the formal name of which was not referred to then. He of course approached the subject as prudently as he deemed necessary; and he quite as naturally avoided the revelation of particulars which could only be made known to me when I was sworn in.

"I rejected the proposition. I declined to take the oath, after which I would be told more that might make me think better of it. I did not rest satisfied with refusing—and here comes the one crime of mine for which the Head Centre's, John O'Mahony, vengeance will not sleep. I vehemently endeavoured to persuade him from such an enterprise. He argued at great length the advantages of a secret organisation—argued them better than I ever heard them urged before or since. Many a time during the last year (the funeral year), have some of his words, spoken to me then, been revealed to me as if written in fire. . . . Failing to obtain me as a 'member,' the agent, with a cleverness and a wisdom that showed he had brains, and used them well—directed his attention to 'covering his retreat'—preventing harm from accruing to his enterprise through the unsuccessful attempt just made. He sought to exact a promise from me that I would consider the interview as if it had never taken place—that I would not shape my course in *The Nation* by any knowledge I had gathered

that day; but write just as if I were utterly ignorant as before. I saw that this meant that I should write 'over the head of the organisation,' and give it an indirect support. I replied that this was impossible, that I felt bound to direct the journal conscientiously; but that I would most certainly and solemnly undertake not to reveal any of the circumstances or projects discussed, or, as long as it was a secret, publicly allude to the existence of the society, unless in one or other of two cases, viz.:—unless, firstly, the information reached me from other sources with a demand for publication; or, secondly, that I discovered the society was using my name, or that of *The Nation* to aid their propagandism, directly or indirectly. 'You will not dare to allude to us openly in any case,' said he, and he laughed sardonically. 'If you say there are secret societies, we will contradict you, or persuade some one not in the secret to contradict you—and what will you do then? You must stand before the public as having made a false charge, or else divulge facts which the government can subpœna you to prove. You daren't. We will defy you to it.' I saw the difficulty and frankly confessed it. 'Pause and consider well, then,' continued he, following up his advantage, 'before you take your course. A secret organisation could crush a newspaper, or destroy a man in your position, without the possibility of your making a single retort; for you daren't avow you knew them. They could do their ends against you up to your teeth and before your eyes, and you would be obliged to keep silent and blind about them all the while. . . . .

"Months rolled by, and towards July, several of the letters received by me editorially, from correspondents in the country, began to contain, in private postscripts, enigmatical sentences and vague allusions that bore but one interpretation. I disregarded the matter utterly for some time, but neither my colleagues nor myself could avoid coming to the painful conclusion, that it was believed by parties in the provinces, apparently belonging to the secret organisation, that I was an initiated member of the society. Meanings seemed to be put on our articles in *The Nation*, favourable to the movement, and incidents and phrases, in reality of the most ordinary character in national writings, construed to a like intent. We did our best to afford no grounds for mistaking our principles and course of action without, however, as the pages of *The Nation* prove, making even the most remote allusion to the facts in my possession. Towards August, however, downright infatuation seems to have seized on the Phœnix members; for (as was subsequently stated in *The Irishman* newspaper), they made no secret whatever of the existence of their organisation; and in that month I became possessed of the most positive proof that members had joined on the representation made to them that I was in the movement. I felt indignant; but I remembered the difficulty so artfully yet correctly taunted against me by 'the agent.' It had come to pass; what was I to do? I profess to have a conscience, and to shape my course as a public man, not merely by legal lines, popular verdicts, or personal profits, but by defined principles and a sense of moral accountability. Would I, or would I not

become, to a large extent, accountable to every man who might become involved through use of my name, after I had once become aware that my name was thus used, yet silently allowed such use of it to continue? I was perplexed. I contented myself, however, with giving privately, at every opportunity, to those who referred or alluded to the subject in my presence, such unqualified reprehension for my own part of any such mode of political action as would, I hoped, record and define my course in the matter as unequivocal and consistent.

"Subsequently some friends—clergymen and others in the south-west of Ireland (ignorant of such repudiation on my part)—made strong complaints to me on the subject, and, knowing me too well to doubt my real sentiments, they adjured me to remove by an explicit declaration, publicly made, all possibility of my name being used in such a manner. I replied to them privately, declining respectfully to assume the responsibility of dealing publicly with circumstances that would be new, startling, and almost incredible to most of my readers. In the case of one respected correspondent this was deemed quite insufficient; and I then stated that in a few days I would be visiting the South of Ireland on a pleasure trip, when I could, without attracting any attention, make it my business to place my attitude towards the now almost public secret movement, beyond all doubt in the locality.

"Accordingly, I left Dublin by the mid-day train for Cork, on the 20th of August. I am thus particular because it happens that Goulah's brother, on

the hint of the Crown officials, who pointed me out to him,* regularly *set* me for him, in the Court-house of Tralee, during the subsequent trials, swore an information against me, deposing that on that day, the 20th of August, I, on the high road near Kenmare, swore him a member of the Secret Society. The ruffian, it would seem, was aware that my name had been used as above intimated, and, thinking I was a member, thought to strike me down by a chance perjury.

"I reached Bantry on the 21st of August, and spent altogether in the district three or four weeks, most of this time being occupied in cruising round the coast in a small pleasure yacht. It was my first holiday for some years, and I found that most of the Phœnix members were boys, whom I had left in short clothes, when I set out from home a few years before. So far from it being true that there was some secret among the Irishmen of my native town which was not entrusted to me (as Mr J. O'Mahony astutely alleges), I had not been in my native town forty-eight hours when a sworn member of the Secret Society (and as resolute, fearless, and inviolable a man as any they ever owned) not merely entrusted it to me, but confidently consulted with me for swearing together on the whole subject. For a long time he was hurt with the idea that my disclaimers of membership proceeded from a mistrust of him; and I shall never forget the numerous winks, nods, and smiles that encountered my first remarks against the Society—as much as to say—

* Here Mr Sullivan was mistaken. The act he goes on to mention was directed by the C. O. I. R.

'Oh, yes; all right; we understand. It is necessary you should seem to deny, &c., &c.' As a matter of fact, I would have relied to any extent on his resolution; and I know he would have entrusted his life to my secresy. I say this man had been told stories the most cruelly false. He had been led to believe that John Mitchell, Smith O'Brien, myself, and numerous others, as well as several distinguished generals in France and America, were all in the conspiracy.

"Mr O'Brien had some time previously made a tour through Ireland—presented, by the way, in several places with addresses and other marks of popular affection and admiration—and this had been most successfully represented as *a tour of inspection of the branches.* Some of the most trivial incidents in his journey were ingeniously construed to corroborate this idea; though I knew from conversation with Mr O'Brien himself—not to mind the refutation supplied by his whole life—that this was as dire a perversion as that practised with reference towards myself. Scarcely any assurances of mine would remove the belief that Smith O'Brien was in the movement. Alas! thought I, heaven only knows how many a faithful and honest-hearted young fellow is within this net, allured by the use of that potent name.

"I studiously avoided pushing enquiries. I never uttered an allusion to the Secret Societies to any one who did not introduce the subject to me; yet I found it one of the most public-private secrets ever recorded. I returned to Dublin sorely perplexed and grieved by the folly I knew to be on foot; grieved because I had not read in vain the history of

such enterprises, and I was not more certain that next day's sun would rise than that this public-private conspiracy would result in affording the Government a pretext for brutality, and spies a prospect of blood money. While I was debating how best to consult on the subject with some of the leading Nationalists, a circumstance of the most grave and direct importance took place. The bishop of Kerry called at *The Nation* office one day, and, in manifest emotion, stated that he had, within the past hour, heard one of the Government officials narrate, with painful minuteness, a full history of the Phœnix movement in his Lordship's diocese."

In consequence of his conversation with the bishop, Mr Sullivan immediately consulted such of his friends among the Nationalists as were within reach—as Messrs O'Brien, O'Doherty, Dillon, &c. "I proceeded to Dalkey," he goes on to say, "and consulted one of the most trusted and honored men of '48. He told me he was aware of it, and that he understood his own name, too, had been used. We discussed the subject at some length. As to my request for advice, he said it was a difficult matter, and he should not like to undertake the responsibility of directing me, one way or another; that, as I had intimated my intention of consulting the others, I could hear what they might say; but that, for his part, he was of opinion the best course would be to take no public notice of the subject."

While Mr Sullivan was thus perplexed as to what he ought to do—whether to keep silence, or to put the public on their guard against the Secret Society by denouncing it

in *The Nation*, occurred the discovery of the Phœnix branch by the parish priest of Kenmare, its simultaneous denunciation from the altar in no less than seven parishes in the south of Ireland, and notices of it more or less condemnatory in a number of newspapers. Then *The Nation* spoke out, and powerfully—the consequence of its outspeaking being this feud between its editor and the heads of the I. R. B., which continued until long after the collapse of the conspiracy.

It is worth while noticing the attitude of the Nationalists of the '48 pattern with respect to the I. R. B. They evidently knew a very great deal about it; they did not sympathise with it in any way; they detested it for the unscrupulous use which its leaders were making of names and reputation; they looked upon it as a snare to the people, and certain to result in disastrous failure; and yet they shrank from opposing it boldly and frankly. Why was this? Open, frank, uncompromising opposition would have rendered the chiefs of the I. R. B. powerless, as against the names and reputations of the Nationalists of '48. It would have preserved thousands from being misled by those chiefs. It would have saved the country from years of harassing excitement. Were the men of '48 afraid of personal consequences?—afraid of assassinations? Did they dread a diminution of their individual popularity? Or were they so exceedingly hostile to British rule, that they preferred to suffer themselves from the I. R. B. rather than take any course which would render it less of an annoyance to the British Government? The men of '48 were not cowards; fear of assassination,

then, was not a motive which influenced their conduct towards the I. R. B. But they were vain, greedy of popularity, and selfish enough to prefer the mischief which the existence of the I. R. B. was likely to occasion the British Government, to the great good which its speedy extinction must produce to Ireland.

Strangers to Ireland—especially to the Ireland of the years between 1840 and 1862—will hardly understand how gentlemen of education and standing, and also of unquestionable ability, could think and act in this way. The perusal of the Irish journals of this date will, however, explain the enigma. Therein everything Irish was persistently cried up, and everything English as persistently written down. Irishmen were credited with all that was noble and generous, and Englishmen with all that was selfish and repulsive; the English journals were searched for records of atrocious crime, and these things were quoted and commented upon in Irish journals as fair samples of English daily life; a harsh sentiment uttered by a wrong-headed Englishman was similarly exhibited to the Celtic race as the customary way of Englishmen when speaking of them;—all this was done until the great mass of the Irish people came to look upon themselves as something little less than angelic, ruled by a nation of ruthless, iron-hearted demons.

There is one curious passage in Mr Sullivan's account of his interview with the "agent" of the I. R. B. He says, "There are reasons why, as an honourable man, I should now be silent on his faults, and say as little as is absolutely necessary of him at all." In penning this

passage, did Mr Sullivan intend to be understood that the agent was Michael J. Doheny, the '48 man, and one of the founders of the Fenian Brotherhood, news of whose death, on the 1st of April 1862, had just reached Ireland? If this was intended, what was the reason? *Doheny was not the "agent;" the man was Stephens himself.*

The quarrel between the editor of *The Nation* and the heads of the Irish conspiracy in both hemispheres, followed as it was by the action for libel against *The Irishman*, rendered the existence of the conspiracy sufficiently notorious. It would have sufficed had there been nothing else to awaken the attention of the authorities. But there was much more besides to direct that attention towards the I. R. B. Early in February of this same year (1862), it was denounced by the "Central Catholic Young Men's Society." The Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland were perpetually denouncing it. And ere the year (1862) had run half its course, the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, seeing clearly that the Brotherhood of St Patrick's—established as a purely open and legal association—had become by that time merely a phase of the I. R. B., included it also in its denunciations. Thenceforward the Brotherhood of St Patrick's began to decline, as much because its work was done, as on account of clerical denunciation. It soon disappeared.

But even before the Brotherhood of St Patrick's died the American organ of the conspiracy—the New York *Phœnix*. During the absence of its principal editor in Europe, it had indulged in matters foreign to O'Mahony's disposition. The first act of the latter on returning to

America was to close his connection with the journal, which very shortly afterwards was allowed to expire.

It was quite time; even in America it had lost character on account of its unscrupulousness, which was not confined to slanderous and murderous paragraphs. Mr P. J. Meehan, of *The Irish American*, tells the following story concerning it. We prefer giving his own words, because they are substantially true, and for another reason. Many of our statements respecting the plot and the plotters are sure to be controverted. When, therefore, we give the very words of conspirators themselves—as we always do when we can—denial and qualification or odious charge cannot apply to us. Mr Meehan's story, too, throws a light on the men of the conspiracy and their ways which it would be wrong to disregard. Let it be understood that O'Mahony had just made a statement, in January '66, at a time when the Fenian Brotherhood had fallen asunder, and the chiefs of the various sections were manifesting intensest hostility to each other; that P. J. Meehan had been expelled from the Brotherhood, for treason thereto, in 1859.

"In 1859," writes Mr Meehan, "I was not a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, which was then a body constituted very differently from the organisation of the present day. Mr O'Mahony, therefore, could not expel me from what I did not belong to; but he undertook to fulminate such a sentence against me nevertheless, and for the following cause:—When the Phœnix men were arrested, in 1858, an appeal was made to *The Irish People* here (in America) for money to defend them. That appeal was

written by the late Colonel Doheny, as well as that which subsequently appeared constituting John O'Mahony treasurer of this 'Irish Patriotic Defence Fund,' as it was called. Together with the official card signed with John O'Mahony's name, they were published in *The Irish American*, and for three months the thing went on, large sums, as Colonel Doheny stated, being received by the treasurer, who never gave the smallest intimation that the money was designed for any purpose save the defence of the prisoners. At length a letter was received from Jeremiah O'Donovan (Rossa), complaining that the report of the sums collected in America had prevented anything being done in Ireland to help the prisoners to the defence, which they could not pay for themselves, owing to the utter ruin in which their arrest had involved them; and that, while their hands were thus tied at home, not one penny of the money collected in America had ever reached them. On being shown this letter, I demanded an explanation from the parties in *The Phœnix* office. My inquiries were evaded at first, on the ground of Mr O'Mahony's absence; but on his return to the city an official announcement was made in the columns of *The Phœnix* that the money *was not* to be applied to the defence of the prisoners, and had never been intended for any such purpose. As this was contrary to the representations which had been made in the appeals for the 'Fund,' it became necessary that the matter should be stated in its true light before the readers of *The Irish-American*, who had been induced to subscribe to it; but on doing so, I did not 'assail' John O'Mahony, as he falsely asserts. I did not

even question the integrity of his motives, and, above all, I did not write or publish one line against the Fenian Brotherhood, or the principles it professed to embody. It may as well be stated here, that the fund was not applied to the defence of the Phœnix prisoners, the expense of which was defrayed out of money raised in Ireland by Alexander M. Sullivan, whom John O'Mahony now styles 'the Goulah of the Irish press.'

"Mr O'Mahony, then, in the exercise of the plenary and unrestricted power for which he evinces such a penchant, fulminated his edict of excommunication against me; and to show how terribly in earnest he was, indicated a committee to see to its execution. Of that committee I remember the names of only three—the late General (then Captain) Michael Corcoran, Messrs John D. Hughes and Patrick O'Rourke. Between myself and General Corcoran there existed the strongest feelings of friendship, contracted long before, when he and I shouldered our muskets *in the ranks* of a military organisation which was designed to prove the devotion of men to Ireland by deeds, not professions, ere John O'Mahony had set foot in the United States, or had been heard of in Irish-American politics. It may give some idea of the value of Mr O'Mahony's denunciation of me, in the estimation of men like General Corcoran, to say that our friendship continued unbroken until the lamented death of that gallant soldier." . . .

"It is as false to say that in my private correspondence I endeavoured to destroy the credit of the Fenian Brotherhood, as it is to assert that I assailed it publicly; for there is not a line in existence written by me to prove the accusa-

tion. For upwards of a year I was abused weekly through the columns of *The Phœnix*, a paper bearing on its imprint John O'Mahony's name as its official director. To the first of these assaults I replied in a letter, which was published in a garbled manner by Mr O'Mahony's organ. After that I let the calumniators have it all their own way, knowing that, with truth and justice on my own side, I could afford to wait, and that in good time my vindication would come. It came, and at a time and from a quarter from which I had the least expectation." But the rest of Mr Meehan's apology belongs to another chapter, for which we reserve it.

As the Phœnix dealt with Mr Meehan, so did the F. B. and the I. R. B., in and out of print, deal with every one who ventured to oppose them, and even with those who dared to state a truth which told against, without any purpose of injuring them. A single act was sufficient to incur their hostility, which was never limited to a solitary retort. The objects of the conspirators' wrath were struck at incessantly, so long as they were considered to retain any influence.

And the F. B. and the I. R. B. were just as unscrupulous in crying up their advocates and agents. Among these advocates and agents were men notoriously vile, several who had been convicted of *mean* crime in courts of justice. But if they showed energy, and especially any ability in promoting the conspiracy, or if any services were expected from them, biographies were published of them, in which their evil deeds were carefully suppressed, and their better characteristics exaggerated.

With friends and enemies the same system of misrepresentation was invariably pursued; in America and in England they were presented to the public by the conspirators, not as they were, but as it was wished that they should be esteemed. This was a portion of the policy of conspiracy borrowed from the conspirators of the continent of Europe.

O'Mahony was personally an honourable man in every sense; of that there can be no doubt. But as a conspirator he sank too often to the level of James Stephens. As to his quarrel with Meehan, that was made up to some extent on his return from his visit to Ireland in 1861. "On the evening of the day on which the public obsequies of Terence Bellew M'Manus were celebrated in New York," writes Meehan, "the Philadelphian delegation, who tarried in the city, were entertained at a private dinner by some of the organisation here. John O'Mahony occupied the chair; and in the course of the banquet he proposed my health, as one of the toasts of the evening, stating that he had known me since his arrival in America, and had always found me to be a true Irishman, and one of the best friends the national cause had on the American press."

Thenceforward *The Irish American* became the recognised organ of Fenianism. In this Meehan saw an interest, just as O'Mahony saw an interest in conciliating Meehan. The latter wanted an able organ. As to the former, the funeral had given an impulse and an extension to Fenianism which raised it to the dignity, in many eyes, of a national movement. The conductor of an Irish newspaper could not afford to disregard it; could not, dared not, remain adverse; had no choice, indeed, save to become a partisan, and

Meehan became a partisan. But he never forgave O'Mahony for his diatribes, and he never forgave Fenianism as being the cause of these diatribes. His talents, for talents he possessed, eventually raised him to a leading position in the organisation. And ere long he was the means, or one of them, whether willingly or not, of frustrating its purpose.

CHAPTER X.

THE I. R. B. FROM THE FUNERAL.

THE Rotunda Meeting of March 1862, so cleverly arranged by the I. R. B., and still more cleverly managed by them, resulted in the name of the O'Donoghue, who had acted as chairman, being struck from the list of Irish magistrates. In return he received innumerable fulsome addresses from patriots of all shades, and was flattered and petted by the I. R. B.—so far at least as words could go—for some years, until in fact he opened his eyes, and seeing what the I. R. B. really was, repudiated all connection with it. Then he met the fate of other "patriots," who had done the same thing, and was vituperated and slandered without stint.

The O'Donoghue had been courted by the I. R. B. with a shrewd purpose on the part of its leaders. In spite of the prate which had been scattered and continued to be scattered so abundantly among the Irish people, and which had been so greedily swallowed by that people, concerning liberty, the realisation of the idea was about the last thing desired by the Irish. That race looked to severance from England in the first place. A great many of them looked no further, hardly caring what was to come after. And, of those who did look further, the vast majority saw only a king over them of Irish blood, a

descendant of one of their ancient monarchs, by preference a descendant of the hero of Clontarf; if such a one was not to be obtained, then the representative of some other ancient line.

Smith O'Brien, springing from the eldest son of Brien Boru, would have been their choice, but he refused to have anything to do with them. Then their glance was attracted by a descendant of Brien's fourth and most heroic son, General MacMahon. He possessed other things besides race to captivate Irish affection. A valiant soldier, who had fought on the triumphant side in a great war; a leader in the French army; a favourite of the French monarch; beloved, too, by the soldiery he led; this man, with his ancient lineage, his personal renown, his position, and his presumed influence, was just the man to govern independent Ireland. How he was to govern it few cared. MacMahon himself was not averse to the projects formed for him by his Irish admirers. But he had not the stuff in him of which the leaders of national independence are made. He was not the man to play the part so well played, and under circumstances fully as difficult as stared him in the face, by Robert Bruce. His sovereign opposed the thing from the first; and MacMahon bowed to his sovereign's decision, but without quite satisfying that sovereign. From the date of the publication of the pamphlet, "MacMahon, Roi d' Irelande," the Emperor was jealous of the Marshal. Another Franco-Irish soldier of ancient lineage, Niel, was taken into high favour, and MacMahon's pretensions to sway the Irish were gradually forgotten.

Still the revolutionary Irish dreamt of a king, and Stephens appeared to gratify their aspirations by holding up the O'Donoghue before them. He had no dread of the result. The man was very well known; he might please the mob for a season or two; he could declaim in popular style and take a *pose* rather impressive in the view of the Irish lower classes, though hardly impressive—very much the other way, indeed—in the eyes of a graver race; but there would be no difficulty in getting rid of him when he should be no longer necessary.

Shortly after the Rotunda Meeting, Archbishop Hughes of New York paid a visit to Ireland. He did not conceal his object; it was to recruit the armies of the Northern States of America. Neither did he deny that he meant to make these Irishmen soldiers—with ulterior views. He stated both these things in Dublin. What were these views? The I. R. B. gave the words of the Archbishop such an interpretation as suited themselves. According to them, the Archbishop intended Irishmen trained in the American armies to fight ultimately for the independence of Ireland. There was much in the antecedents of the Archbishop—notably his conduct during the funeral—to harmonize with this interpretation. But the I. R. B. did not interpret him aright. Some of them knew it, too; but truth was no object with most of them when opposed to the interests of the conspiracy. That we have seen already, and shall see over and over.

The Archbishop had very little thought of Ireland in his "ulterior views" respecting Irishmen trained to war in the armies of the Northern States of America. His idea was

to form an army of such devoted Roman Catholics as Ireland only could furnish for the defence of the estates of of the Church in Italy. Perfectly aware of this, James Stephens and his colleagues in Ireland perverted the meaning of the prelate to suit their own ends. It was a great help to them to be able to point to a man so highly placed in the Church as an active adherent. With their usual cunning they managed to make him commit himself in appearance to them. They got up a deputation to him as he was about to embark for America, snatched an interview, and entrapped him into a few remarks, which seemed to mean all they wished. The trick was exposed and denounced, but the mischief was done.

Turning over the files of the Irish patriotic journals, from the funeral to the arrests in '65, we find every issue overflowing with matter rabidly national and inciting to rebellion. *The Irishman* distinguished itself in this way. Nearly every copy contains an article on national organisation, with numerous letters to the same extent. The most virulent and violent of these letter-writers was the notorious Father Lavelle. He was always vilifying England and English rule; always justifying resistance thereto; and always explaining away the denunciations of conspiracy and secret associations by the Church of which he was a clergyman, and endeavouring to prove that they did not and could not apply to the I. R. B. In his way Father Lavelle was fully as noxious as James Stephens himself.

The same paper, *The Irishman*, began, in 1862, to insert a series of articles addressed to the Protestants of Ireland. In these articles a position was taken which the chiefs of

the I. R. B. omitted no opportunity of maintaining with ostentation. They were ably penned, abounded in skilful allusions to the part played by Protestants in former patriotic movements, and used every possible argument to subdue Protestant alarm at the proceedings of the I. R. B., and to win them into adherents. These arguments, we may say, had little effect. Whatever shade of religion characterised them, the I. R. B. remained Roman Catholic; but it was much more anti-clerical than religious with those who were capable of thinking and forming opinions. Stephens himself had been brought up a Protestant; he was by this time a very free thinker. He was politic enough to subdue his private opinions on this as on every other subject, where their public expression seemed likely to be injurious; but when he thought he could speak freely in private he could be as coarsely irreligious as Pagan O'Leary himself, which is saying a great deal. It is told of him that, sitting down one day to dinner with a family no less pious than patriotic, the preparatory saying of grace excited his high displeasure. He scrupled not to express his opinion, in strong terms, that there could be no hope of Irish independence so long as its people continued thus priest-ridden and superstitious. In reply the hostess rang for Mr Stephens's hat, and so the C. O. I. R. had to do penance for his remarks by losing his dinner.

Early in the following year, 1863, James Stephens threw out a pamphlet, which he intended, as with everything that he did, to serve a double purpose. It was to instruct his followers—to educate them up to his views, politically speaking—and also to serve as a feeler. It bore this title:

"On the Future State of Ireland and on its Capacity to Exist as an Independent State." The author's name did not appear on the title, but the Brotherhood knew well from whom it came.

The pamphlet states at the outset that the enquiry of which it was the result was commenced so far back as 1850 and completed in 1861. It purported to contemplate three probabilities,—1st, that Ireland might one day find herself a province of France; 2d, that she might enjoy national independence under the Imperial flag, paying a revenue by way of national tribute; 3rd, that she might attain total independence, with the concurrence of France and England, following the precedents of Belgium and Greece. After demonstrating the advantages of close and perpetual alliance between France and Ireland, it goes on to state that "the true theory of a government at once rationally free, strongly national, and supported in its unity by a sufficient central authority, appears to be that of an elected sovereign, governing not at will nor with legislative powers, but according to the principles of a settled compact with the people, advised by those best acquainted with the varying wants, interests, and feelings of that people, but acting of his own authority in the details of government, yet strictly as the executive authority, and in the fulfilment only of a settled scheme of law adapted to the constitution agreed upon. Such a government is strong without being tyrannical; it realises a substantial representation of the people without the evils of deceitful show of it; and it is provided with machinery for ascertaining the real wants, opinions, and even pre-

judices of the people, from day to day, far more complete, more reliable, and more effective than the delusive pretence of delegation. Such appears to have been the design of the existing constitution of Imperial France, and the success of the Imperial Government in realising the national ideas of France appears evident in the sudden prosperity and enduring prestige of the revived empire."

After this exordium, the pamphleteer goes on to treat of introducing into Ireland the modern system of France, meaning, of course, its codes of law, its agrarian arrangements, and so on. He says that "president" and "king" are merely equivalents; and that it is not impossible to find a suitable family in which to fix Irish royalty. He suggests, however, a president elected for life, governing by edicts, signed by responsible ministers; a senate; and a chamber of representatives. The president he would have chosen by the senate from a list of three proposed by the chamber of representatives; if less than two-thirds of the senators concurred in the election, an appeal was to be made to the people. In any case the election was to be by popular vote, should the chamber of representatives demand it, within twenty days of the first election. The president was to be either Irish by birth, or by twenty years' naturalisation, or born of Irish parents.

There was to be one representative for every 30,000 inhabitants, together with a member or members for each city. The elective districts were to be determined by the various provincial councils, from time to time. The qualifications of the electors were—Irish citizenship; full age, twenty-one; enjoyment of full legal rights, and the capacity

properly certified to read and write, at least, one language. Electors were to be triennial; the representatives to receive £300 a year each, and to forfeit £2 a day for every day of absence from session, without leave of the chamber. A member might be summoned to attend within twenty-four days, under penalty of having his seat declared vacant.

The chamber of representatives was to be consultative only except with regard to taxes. Projects of law were to be submitted to both chambers—to the representatives only for report. The representatives were to have power to prepare and approve of any law, which was then to be submitted to the senate, the latter having to deliberate and decide thereon within twelve months. The chamber of representatives was to have power to impeach the president or any public officer; but the trial was to be by the senate, assisted by the members of the supreme court. All debates were to be in public, and everybody was to be free to publish true reports thereof.

The senate was to consist of three classes. First, came the *ex-officio* members—viz., the ten superior judges appointed by the president, with the approval of the senate, and five university members similarly appointed from among the members and ex-members of the State Council of Education. Second, were the elected senators—viz., 100 by the chamber of representatives, 5 by the medical profession, subject to the approval of the president and the senate, 5 by engineers and architects on the like conditions, 5 by artists, and 5 by professors of science, with, of course, a similar proviso. Third, were the senators appointed "on account of public service specially de-

clared" by the president, the Cabinet approving—viz., 5 from the army, 5 from the navy, and 5 from classes not before described.

The senate, in the first instance, was to sit for five years, afterwards all vacancies were to be filled up for life. The qualifications were—age not less than thirty, being Irish by birth, naturalisation, or ten years' residence. Each senator was to receive £500 a year, and to forfeit £3 a day for absence without leave—a year of such absence causing the forfeiture of the seat. No one could hold a seat in both chambers at the same time.

The senate alone had power to pass general laws; and its consent was necessary to all taxation laws. No laws were to take effect, or be promulgated, without the consent of the president, unless approved, in the first instance, and, again, a second time, by the chamber of representatives; and passed a second time, and finally, by the senate—not less than nine months, and not more than eighteen, after the first refusal of consent by the president. It was then to take effect without such consent.

The consent of the senate was to be essential to every declaration of war and conclusion of peace by the president, and to the ratification of all treaties. In such cases the president might demand a debate with closed doors. The senate, also, might delegate its powers to a committee of, at least, 21, appointed by a majority of, at least, one-half, exclusive of the 21. The debates of the senate were to be public, and it might dismiss any minister by a vote of one-half. (This, however, was but a deceptive semblance of power. Fifty senators were to be just the

nominees of the president; and the remaining hundred were to obtain their seats only with his approval).

In all trials the Senate was to be assisted by the High Court of Justice; and one-fourth at least was to be present. The decision was to be given by at least two-thirds of the members present.

Every member would be entitled to sit and speak in both chambers, but not to vote, unless he were a member of the chamber in which he sat for the time. The Senate was to determine all salaries, except those which were local, the latter being determined by the local councils.

No act of the president was to be legal unless countersigned by one member at least, who was not to be the vice-president or the chancellor. Any act of the president might be set aside by a majority of two-thirds of the Senate, with the approval of, or upon an address of the Chamber of Representatives. The two chambers were to be convoked for debate on any such law, by the chancellor, on the requisition signed by any ten senators, or any twenty representatives—the session to be held within thirty days of the receipt of the requisition.

The president was not to be accountable personally, unless the act touched the freedom or independence of the State—such act being liable to impeachment.

The president, being accused of a personal crime, was to be tried by the Supreme Court.

The president might summon the chambers at pleasure; but they were to meet at least once yearly, and sit for not less than forty clear days. He might also dissolve them at pleasure; but they were to be re-elected within thirty

days, and to re-assemble within sixty days of the dissolution.

The taxes were to be voted annually by the Senate, and the civil list was to be fixed by law.

The president was to be empowered to coin money, and to commute punishments down to the legal minimum. In punishments decreed against himself or his nominees, he was to have power to commute only by a vote of the Senate. He might pardon criminals tried by the Supreme Court, provided two-thirds of the judges signed the decree of pardon.

The expenses of his establishment were to be defrayed by the State, and were to appear in the Civil List. He was besides to receive £2000 a-year.

The State was to be divided into nine provinces—each being clearly defined by the pamphleteer. Limerick was to be the capital and the seat of the executive. (Here the writer evidently looked to the position of the city, removed from England, open to France and America, and capable of defence against a navy. He looked also to its renown—especially in connection with its two sieges; and to the character of its inhabitants more strongly national than that of the citizens of Dublin.) Athlone was to be the seat of the Parliament. It was to form a province in itself—to be strongly fortified, and to be the repository of the national archives.

The provinces were to be divided into departments; these into cantons; and the cantons into communes.

Such is a summary of the constitution intended for Ireland by James Stephens. It was an arrangement that

would have rendered the president more despotic than any monarch in Europe. Had his conspiracy been successful, himself would have been the first president—that is to say—king; so far did his ambition extend.

The pamphlet was accepted by his lieutenants. For every one of them a leading post was provided in prospect. Some were to be generals, some judges, some senators; the principals were to be ministers. O'Donovan Rossa calculated on being vice-president; Kickham, Luby, O'Leary, Duffy, and a certain Doctor Power, were to be Secretaries of State. The last-mentioned individual was for a long time the double of Stephens. He was not unlike him in person, and he wrote a similar hand, so the chief organiser adopted Power's name in preference to any other of his numerous *aliases* in official correspondence. The doubling went further. Very often Power passed himself off for Stephens to people who were not personally acquainted with the Head Centre, and whom it was not thought judicious to trust. In like manner Stephens often appeared as Power to those whom the business of the conspiracy brought into communication with the latter. Nor was Power the only one of his lieutenants whose name he used. Every one of these lieutenants bore several *aliases*, adapted to times and emergencies; and all these *aliases* Stephens used when he thought it necessary. By this means he could examine everything for himself at any moment. He could see how organisers, agents for procuring arms, agents for perverting the soldiery, acted, by taking their places along with their names. And he could moderate or accelerate

action according to his own judgment wherever it appeared needful.

In 1863, James Stephens began to be alive to the importance of extending Fenianism in England. So far his occupation in Ireland, and his visits to France and America, had absorbed all his time. The constant immigration of Irishmen carried the conspiracy at an early period into English soil. But for a while it was allowed to grow up almost spontaneously. In London, Lancashire, and Glasgow; in Birmingham, Sheffield, and the manufacturing districts of the north-eastern and midland counties—in every quarter whither Irish labour gathered—circles of the I. R. B. were established. Hayes in the Metropolis; Flood and Archdeacon—the latter one of the men of '48—in Lancashire; and White in Glasgow—were among the leading centres in Great Britain at this time. By the commencement of 1863, the doings of these men had attracted much attention even in America, and brought them into direct communication with O'Mahony. This would not have happened had Stephens been then the official director of the I. R. B. in England; for it was the rule that all communications between the organisations under the chief organiser and the Head Centre should pass through these chiefs, and Stephens was too zealous a man not to have made loud complaint, had O'Mahony ventured to infringe this rule. We give one letter in proof. It is dated January the 6th, 1864, and addressed to Archdeacon:—

"My Dear Sir and Brother,—I introduce to you the bearer, Mr O'Shea. He is true, and though not yet regularly enrolled in the

Fenian Brotherhood,* he will hand you a parcel of pamphlets, containing the acts of our Fenian Congress, which you will distribute in such a manner as you may deem best for the propagation of Fenian opinion. I would like that a copy were in the possession of every member of the St Patrick's Brotherhood throughout Great Britain, as many of the delusions under which these men labour might therein be dissipated. Do not let the hearts of your true men fail on account of the severe blow we have received by the death of our well-tried and ever-faithful brother, General Corcoran. It is a sore trial. I know no Irish military man here so available every way for our purposes as he was—none with his wide-spread reputation in American, as well as in Irish circles. But he did not die until he had made some hundreds of excellent young officers of the true Fenian creed, pressing closely upon his heels in the race of military renown, and thousands of lesser note following hard after these again. The army of Ireland's redemption will not, in any case, want enough and plenty of able officers to fill every possible grade. I wrote to you yesterday in reply to your questions in regard to Mr Roche, and some other public men at home. Lest it might not reach you, let me have again to tell you to have nothing to do in a political line, with the gentleman named, unless told to do so by either K(ickham) or Rossa. *The Irish People* is the only paper that merits the support of earnest Irishmen. I remain, yours fraternally, JOHN O'MAHONY, H. C. F. B."

The Mr Roche mentioned towards the close of the letter was James Stephens. Already O'Mahony's distrust of his coadjutor was strong enough to lead him into giving such a piece of advice to those on whom he supposed he could rely. Why he preferred Kickham and Rossa he best knew. That he had some reason for his preference is very clear. The letter goes to prove that, as Stephens meant to overthrow O'Mahony, so O'Mahony meant to do by Stephens, and that the Head Centre of the F. B. had already commenced the work.

* Archdeacon had been one of the earliest members, having been enrolled in America.

If Stephens could do nothing else, he could control his organisation to a certain extent. The letter of O'Mahony reached him, and confirmed and enlarged his purpose. Thenceforward it comprehended the ruin of many more individuals than O'Mahony. Already many of his lieutenants were weary of his arrogance and selfishness ; and if not actively plotting to procure his supercession, yet very willing to see the thing accomplished.

Looking at the Irish conspiracy at this time from the outside, it was imposing, threatening, even awful. Looking at it from the inside—seeing the jealousy that existed between the branches in the different hemispheres, the rivalry between their leaders, the one plotting to overthrow the other, and the intrigues at work against their chiefs within their respective organisations, it was easy to foresee the result.

Meanwhile the conspiracy extended, and seemed to prosper exceedingly. Men were sworn in by fifties. "Within the last eleven days," writes Stephens to Luby in August 1863, the Head Centre being then in Clonmel, "I have made eleven As. and over thirty Bs.," that is, he had organised eleven regiments.

In 1863, the I. R. B. feeling their strength, and magnifying it in their own minds enormously, began to manifest much audacity, not to say insolence. Their drillings were hardly concealed ; their disloyalty and their republican aspirations were things openly shown. This was more conspicuous in the southern counties than elsewhere. On St Patrick's day there was a gathering at Tralee, of which certain priests consented to take the

direction, with the view of keeping it within bounds. When the chair was taken, a series of disloyal toasts were placed in the hands of the reverend chairman, and an attempt was made to intimidate him into giving them. He and his fellow priests quitted the meeting, which went its own way without them.

Shortly afterwards a demonstration was got up, at Skibbereen, in favour of Poland, by O'Donovan Rossa. It was in reality a demonstration against English supremacy. And much about the same time, and in the same quarter, a priest who showed some hostility towards the I. R. B., was burnt in effigy by his parishioners.

Towards the middle of the year O'Donovan Rossa was removed to Dublin. Here he became the registered publisher of *The Irish People.* His duties, however, were multifarious. He was one of the travelling agents of the I. R. B., and especially was he the chosen instrument for obstructing the proceedings of such meetings as were called in the metropolis by patriots who did not belong to the I. R. B. How this thing was done we shall let Rossa himself relate :—

" I lived for a time with him (Mulcahy) and slept with him in Camden Street, up there near the Bleeding Heart (owned by a nice little widow at the time). Denis was always at his books, and at that old Death Skeleton he had in the parlour with us. He 'd never go out at night, and was getting the character of being remiss in attending to the requirements of the organisation. I knew what he was at, and never minded what was said, though perhaps I never said much in defence of him. The Rotundo

Meetings came on, in which we thought that the agitation party of Donoghue and Co. were trying to make capital out of the monument question to the prince who was married to the queen of England. As far as I recollect now, I think we cleared the hustings at the first meeting, but the second was conducted with closed doors. I had two tickets to get in. I presented them at the front door, a ticket-taker named Collins said, 'Come in;' and another said 'no; that man can't come in.' Six policemen were around me, and as I was in their midst backing out from the door, an attorney named Hanley reached in his hand and took a fast hold of me by the beard. I could make no show of resistance, as I knew that only an excuse was wanted to take me off to the station-house. 'Peace was proclaimed,' as the old song says, and when the war was all over I was standing outside of the crowd. This Mr Hanley passed by, and as he did so I cried out, 'Ah, you damned coward, to assault me awhile ago, while I was in the hands of the police.' He moved on, and I moved away too. When I came back by and by, I saw Denis Mulcahy flourishing his blackthorn at five or six fellows, who began to talk of me when I turned my back, and challenging one or more of them to 'come on.' They shied fight, but there was a priest there who availed himself of his privilege (*sic*) to speak. We had a few words, but I lost my temper when he said he could get half-a-dozen London fishwomen to drive the whole of us before them. 'Ah, Father Ryan,' said I, 'when that is your opinion, I suppose it must be the teaching you give your people, and when you believe that half-a-dozen London fish-

women would beat thousands of Irishmen, I do not wonder at us and you being the slaves we are.' Denis was still rampant with the lay portion of the opposition, but as they all slunk away, we went off together, and ever since then I felt confident that our new doctor did not lack the Tipperary spirit of fight."

We cannot better supplement the above reminiscence than with a scrap from the trial of O'Donovan Rossa, in December 1865. O'Donovan Rossa cross-examines Detective-Policeman Cook. "Were you ever watching me?"

Cook. "'Deed, then, I put in a piece of a night after you once."

R. "Well, what did you see me doing?"

C. "Why, then, as you have asked me, you were trying to carry Mr Luby home, he being dead drunk."

R. "Well, at any rate, you did not see me at any drilling or treasonable thing that way?"

C. "No, no, indeed; you were not in a fit way for any drill that night."

R. "What do you mean?"

C. "I mean that it was every second fall between you and Mr Luby on your way home."

To other questions Cook replied—"You were both of you drunk, but Mr Luby was the drunker man of the two." "I swear you were a drunken man that night, but not so drunk as Mr Luby." And as Rossa would persist in questioning further respecting the events of this particular night, the policeman named, one after another, the various taverns—a considerable number—

which these leading conspirators had visited on their way home.

Thus rioting with, and intimidating Irish nationalists, who were not of the I. R. B., and drinking largely—very largely — with members of the Brotherhood, were also among the duties of the organisers.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "IRISH PEOPLE" JOURNAL.

WE begin our notice of *The Irish People* with a letter from Stephens to John O'Leary, who became its ostensible proprietor. The letter is dated August 7th 1863, and was penned in Dublin:—"My dear O'Leary,—I have just been made acquainted with that part of your letter having reference to myself, and regret your inability to visit Ireland during the next fortnight or so. Your presence here would be of material service to me, and, if I mistake not, to yourself also. It is quite out of my power to explain myself as I should wish by letter. I may say, however, just enough to give you some notion of what I expected from you. In the first place, then, I am desirous of having you for my *best man*,* though, of course, I would not put you to any great inconvenience for this alone. So much for the private service. The public one is of a very important nature. And yet I neither want you to edit the paper nor advance funds. I require and shall have £1000, and 5000 subscribers before I start the paper, and I can have an editor. What I chiefly require of you is to take the nominal proprietorship, and to write as much and constantly as you could. This would involve your residence

* This alludes to Stephens' marriage with the sister of George Hopper, then about to take place. His father-in-law kept a tavern at Sandymount, near Dublin.

here. As it might be inconvenient for you to settle down in Dublin, and, moreover, 'as the labourer,' &c. I propose to allow you for your services £150 a-year to begin with. I am confident the paper shall (*sic*) prove a great success. I count on a sale of 20,000 copies. The preceding lines are far from expressing all I wish to communicate, and nothing but a long conversation could satisfy me in this way. As you say it may be more convenient for you to return by Cork, I may as well tell you that I shall be in Cork to-morrow night, and that I purpose remaining there for ten or fifteen days. Without wishing to put you too much out of your way,—allowing my feelings, &c.,—I may say that it would give me real pleasure to meet you in Cork, especially within the time stated. Should you decide on coming, you will hear of me from Mr Brian Dillon at Coppenger's (solicitors), South Mall. — Yours faithfully, I. WILCOX."

We give the whole of the above letter, as a specimen of the epistolary style of the C. O. I. R. His visit to Cork was chiefly to raise funds and obtain subscribers for the projected journal. In this he was highly successful. He admitted that he had been promised £250 there, and that he counted on a circulation of not less than 1000 copies in that city. He received other sums nearly as large from the neighbouring counties. This was in addition to sums received from America.

Another document gives the particulars of Stephens's plan concerning the paper. "Let me begin by stating that I shall have no personal interest in the paper. I shall raise

funds, procure subscribers, appoint a staff, direct the paper, and contribute articles to it, occasionally; but for all this I shall not receive a single shilling. In order to make the undertaking a thorough success, I require £1000 and 5000 subscribers, to be raised (sic) by loans, sums of £1 and upwards, interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, to be paid to these advances. Where lenders require other security than *my word*, solid *legal* security can be given. Lenders to have the right of enforcing payment of principal at the expiration of three years. I reserve the right to refund as soon as convenient. Yearly subscriptions, 8s. 8d.; half-yearly, 4s. 4d.; quarterly, 2s. 2d.; a single number, 2d. These terms are for unstamped copies, 1d. additional for every stamped number. Subscription in advance. Title of paper, *The Irish People*. I need say nothing of its principles. The tone of the paper shall be elevated and calm, prudent and wise; in short, the matter and style, I dare assert, shall be superior to anything yet offered to the Irish people. Size of the paper at least that of the thing called *The Irishman;* the accessories, paper, typography, &c., of the first quality. I authorise you to set about getting in advances and subscriptions, so as to help bringing out the paper on the earliest possible day. A good deal may be done by outsiders. As to our own friends, I am of opinion that every man who can afford it should at once become a subscriber, and for so long a period as his means admit of. Let those who can be persuaded to invest a pound, or more, be persuaded to do so."

The foregoing was a circular addressed to the centres of the I. R. B. The passage concerning the "thing called

The Irishman" deserves notice. *The Irishman* had been the consistent and earnest advocate of the conspiracy; it might be termed its semi-official organ. All the staff afterwards engaged on *The Irish People* had written in it. Still in their estimation it was only "the thing called *The Irishman*." This was a fair specimen of the gratitude of the I. R. B.

Another document shows the effect of the circular. "At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, August 26th, at 8 o'clock p.m., Mr Brophy in the chair, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected a committee to procure subscriptions and advances, and to forward the interests generally of the newspaper :—Messrs T. C. Luby, James Callighan, Hugh F. Brophy, John Healy, John Clohissey, Matthew O'Neal, Denis Comyn, John Hickey, Gerald O'Shaughnessy, Charles Hopper, George Hopper, and Stephen O'Donohoe, with power to add to their numbers." The example of Dublin was generally followed.

Stephens was to be the 'real director' of the paper; and his view of the duties attached to the office, and of the way in which he discharged these duties, may be gathered from the following racy direction to the editor:— "We shall want some report of the meeting for our next impression. Could you not get *Levinge* to give you, for an equivalent, an abstract of his report suited to your columns? High colouring is consistent with truth. If received in time you could between put in a few additional tints." It is a fair specimen of the character of Mr Stephens. He saw nothing wrong in tampering with the reporter of another journal, and in bribing him into

giving the conductors of *The Irish People* an abstract of his report. Neither did he see anything wrong in colouring highly, or adding additional tints. He wanted his matter cheap, and got a good deal of it dirt cheap. The paper proved a great success. The first impression was to the number of 10,000 copies, and several editions were called for, In a short time it attained a permanent circulation of 30,000. Of these the Head Centre in America took 750 copies weekly at six cents the copy, or 45 dollars for the whole number taken. The income from *The Irish People* was large. How it was used we have not been told.

As to the writers of *The Irish People*, some of them were conspirators deep in the confidence of Stephens; these were well remunerated. Not so those who did not belong to the Brotherhood, and who were not in his confidence. O'Keeffe, who suffered so severely for his connection with the journal, tells us how the latter were dealt with. "Of all the newspaper offices with which I was ever connected, the most penurious was that of *The Irish People*, I could never extract from them more than thirty shillings a week. I was always accustomed to get £1 a column for my contributions. It was only when I was arraigned before Mr Strong I learned that these people, who could not pay me without great difficulty—I could not get ten shillings out of them on a Saturday—had overdrawn in their own favour £500, £1000, and £1500. 'Why,' I said to Mr O'Leary in Mr Strong's office, 'you had there hundreds and thousands, and you were wriggling with me about ten shillings.' If I was a Fenian, a brother, I am convinced

they would have given me a fifty pound note and sent me down to Clonmel to organise. So far from supposing they had any money in *The Irish People* Office, the contrary was what they impressed me with, for they treated me most niggardly. Mr O'Leary invited me one evening to take tea with him," . . . "After some conversation about writing, he said he would give me a three months' engagement on *The Irish People*, at a pound a week. No such engagement was ever heard of on the press. These three months passed away, and then Mr Luby told me they would pay no more money and take no more articles. In fact he said they had no more, and he shewed me his purse one Saturday, and said he had not a halfpenny."

There can be no doubt, now, that O'Keeffe, as he stated, never was a sworn member of the I. R. B. The thing is admitted on all sides. He was a mere literary free-lance, of eccentric temper and habits, who could never write calmly or dispassionately. Many of those who knew him best considered him insane. And yet this man was allowed to be convicted and sentenced by the chiefs of the Brotherhood without any interposition in his favour. Not one of them said a word to justify him. This is as disgraceful to them as the treatment he received at their hands as a writer.

The tone consistently maintained by *The Irish People* was adopted in the very first number. Therein the most prominent article was one entitled, "'82 and '29." Thus it opened :—"Since the twelfth century England has been the unsleeping enemy of Ireland, and sometimes she has

affected to conciliate and make great concessions in Ireland." The writer then mentions, as instances in point, the independence of the Irish Parliament in '82, and Catholic emancipation in '29, contending that both were curses rather than blessings to Ireland. Asking, wherefore! he replies—because they were achieved, not by the sword, but by peaceful means.

"In '82 Ireland was on the point of achieving a glorious revolution. Had England not conceded at once, an appeal to arms would have been made by the Irish people, whose military weight and enthusiasm at that moment were well nigh irresistible. That, in the event of a war struggle, Ireland would have triumphed, no one can reasonably doubt. But victory in the field would have made her achievement of independence real and complete—not an abortive sham. It would have precipitated separation; but no war struggle took place. England struck at once and conceded. Thus the parliamentary independence of '82 was won, if not ingloriously, at least peacefully; and the consequence was that it turned out, not independence, but a mockery and a phantom. True national independence never was, and never will be, anywhere achieved save by the sword."

The article, in continuation, told its readers that, within their own ranks, they would find more than sufficient substitutes for the corrupt and degraded persons of higher position who had deserted the Irish cause. They would recruit the national armies with men who had yet to win success, and, from the already victorious hosts of America, which was the only way of making Ireland a nation.

On the 19th of December 1863 appeared an article, in which it was stated:—"Your lost independence, we are never tired of repeating, can be won, but by one method. No other method ever succeeds in winning it. Let any one who can do so point to a single instance in history of a subject nation throwing off a foreign yoke any way but by the sword."

The same lessons were reiterated over and over until the suppression of the journal.

"By force of arms Ireland was wrested from her rightful owners, the Irish people. By no other means will she ever be restored. And is she not 'a land worth fighting for?' The sentence is an admirable one. It indicates at once the means and the end—the only means that can ever prove effectual, the only end that is worth the work. These means are simply the rifle, and the sword, and the cannon in the hands of those who know how to use them."

"The overthrow of tyranny has always been the work of the people. It is by their combined and determined efforts that rulers are made and unmade. America and France have furnished us with glorious examples of this. But in the streets of Paris, and on the rich soil of America, blood was shed before freedom came; and so it must be in Ireland. To win for ourselves an independence, to raise Ireland to her proper rank among the nations, we must not, when the time comes, be chary of our own or the enemy's blood."

Thus *The Irish People* was everlastingly inculcating the doctrine that there was no hope for Ireland in legal or constitutional means, that nothing but successful war could

give them their rights, as they understood the word. But *The Irish People* was not content with calling for war, and preaching up—in exciting phrases, and with examples aptly chosen—the power of the sword and the necessity for bloodshed; it went a good deal further.

"Something more than a successful insurrection is demanded, and what is that? An entire revolution that will restore the country to its rightful owners. Who are these? The people."

There could be no question about the meaning which an excitable people would attach to such a paragraph, and as little concerning its significance in the minds of the writers. No such wholesale transfer of property could take place without something like the wholesale extermination of the pre-revolutionary proprietors.

The landholders, however, and the predominant political power of the day, were not the only parties whose overthrow and ruin was taught by this national journal.

"We saw clearly that the people should be taught to distinguish between the priest as a minister of religion and the priest as a politician, before they could be got to advance one step on the road to independence."

Nor did the writers of the I. R. B. neglect to enforce this view.

"Our only hope is in revolution. But most of the bishops and many of the clergy are opposed to revolution. Is it not, then, the duty of the Irish patriot to teach the people that they have a right to judge for themselves in temporal matters? This is what we have done. We have over and over declared it was our wish that the people

should respect and be guided by their clergy in spiritual matters."

The writer then goes on to state that, when the clergy turn the altar into a platform, it is a "duty to tell the people that the bishops and priests may be bad politicians and worse Irishmen." In another article it was given as the deliberate opinion of the writer, "that priests were no more to be regarded than shoemakers." Indeed, the attacks on the clergy by *The Irish People* were ceaseless. "Pitch into the priests," recommended the real director of the paper in one of his letters; and he was well obeyed. There were various motives for this continuous onslaught —one being that the priests were generally adverse; another as powerful, with a view to conciliate the Protestants. This last object was effected to some extent; for certain English journals were never tired of quoting the *Irish People* on the Irish priests, and lauding its conductors for speaking so plainly and so boldly.

In all this *The Irish People* went no farther than many of its contemporary journals. There were points, however, in which it had no rival—in which it stood alone in atrocious teachings.

Thus ran an article of the 9th of March 1864:—"When men are the champions of freedom, and overstep not the charter to chastise which she bestows, they act as chivalrous heroes have ever acted, and are instruments in the hands of God to take revenge on tyrants. Had Irishmen the power, they would not stoop so low as personal revenge. They had no hatred for the bulk of the English people, taken individually; but, taken in its corporate capacity, England

has butchered, ruined and plundered the Irish people, and if, in rescuing our own lives and liberties and lands from its clutches, the blood of England's hirelings must be shed, and if the shedding of it to such an end be to many as sweet as vengeance, there is nothing unchristian in the act."

In January (23d) 1864, there was an article, of which this is a fair specimen :—"Perhaps, the first blow struck, the people may even find leaders among the *élite* of property; but until that blow is struck, the *élite* of property, so far from leading, will be an obstacle in the people's way, an obstacle which no false delicacy must prevent us from trampling upon if need be."

This was a blow at the patriots of '48 and their gentlemanly adherents, never much respected by Stephens, but as time went on, absolutely detested by him, on account of their refusal to swell his train and become his very humble instruments, in the first place, and on account of their opposition, something more than passive, in the second place.

A propos of the cattle-plague, *The Irish People* wrote, in August 1865, a month before its suppression, "When the Irish people were dropping dead of hunger by the thousand, the landlords did not call upon the government to save them. They hunted the people like vermin off the face of the land. And now these cruel tyrants and crawling slaves whine to their masters to shut out the plague from their pastures. They have not the manhood to dream of independence. Therefore they are doomed."

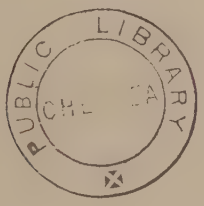
The very same paper declared that the day of the deliverance of the Irish race was at hand, and that neither the priestly robe, nor the priestly station, should shield the traitor from infamy and just punishment.

Convinced as we are that Stephens had made up his mind to destroy the organisation, and had already made all his arrangements to that end, so early as January 1864, it is our deliberate opinion that the tone adopted and sustained by *The Irish People*, was dictated by his thirst for revenge on those who had done much to thwart him—the clergy and the nationalists of the school of '48.

The Irish People, however, was something more than a mere inflammatory journal. Like every other device of its founder, it was double-headed. The office of the paper was also the central office of the I. R. B. It was the scene of consultation of the centres, the depositary of the archives, the magazine of military munitions, and the general rendezvous.

In the same year, an attempt was made to establish a Fenian organ in England by a clerk in one of the government offices. The man—an enthusiast in his way—took a course very different to that pursued by the C. O. I. R. Instead of calling on the people to contribute the requisite funds, whether as gifts or "loans," he sank the savings of his life in the venture! The paper was not successful. It did not suit the tastes of the Irish mob, fiercer, coarser, and more brutal by far in London than elsewhere. Neither was it encouraged by the British chiefs of the conspiracy. It lasted, therefore, but a short time. Its

very name is not worth preserving. As for that of the proprietor, he at least was an honest though misguided man, therefore we shall concede him the mercy of oblivion.



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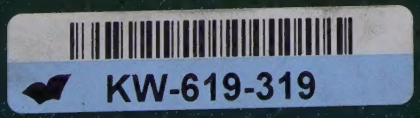
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